

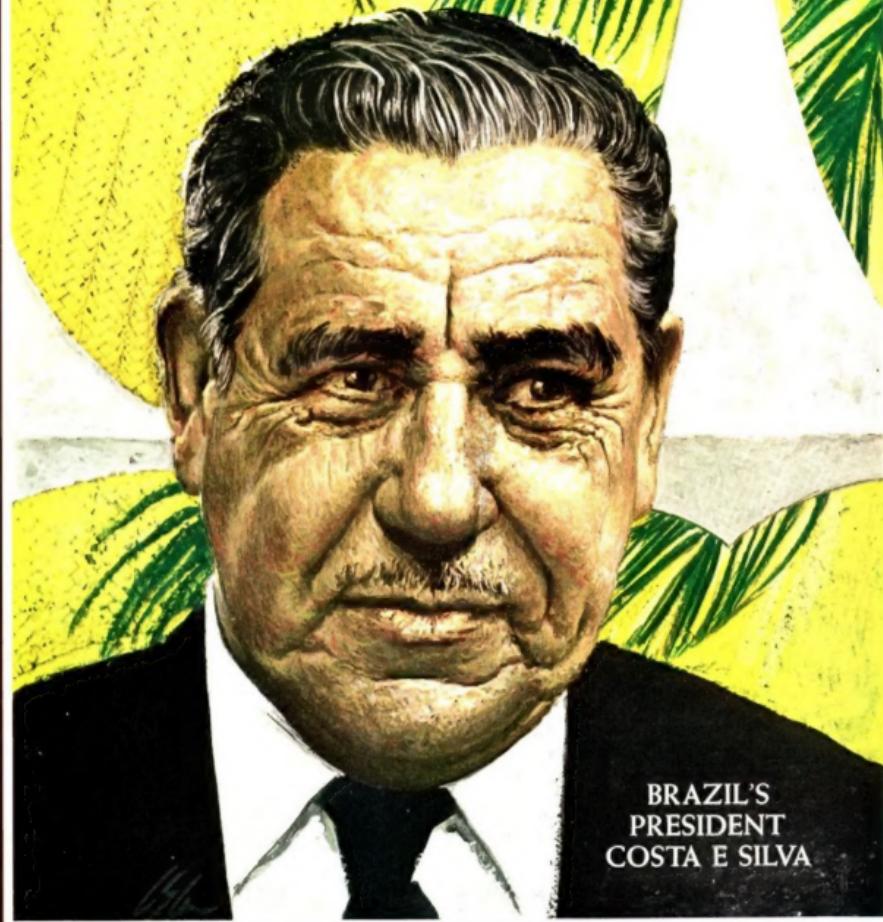
FIFTY CENTS

APRIL 21, 1967

REPORT FROM PUNTA DEL ESTE:
Will Latin America Become A Success?

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE



BRAZIL'S
PRESIDENT
COSTA E SILVA

VOL. 89 NO. 16
APRIL 21, 1967

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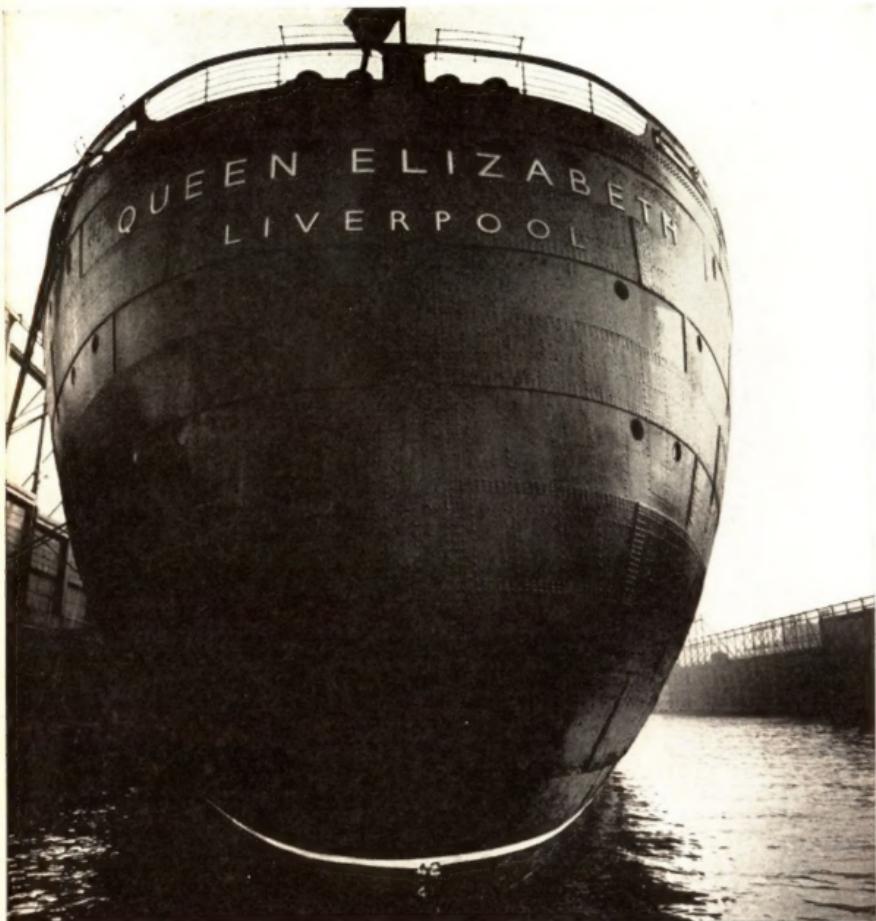
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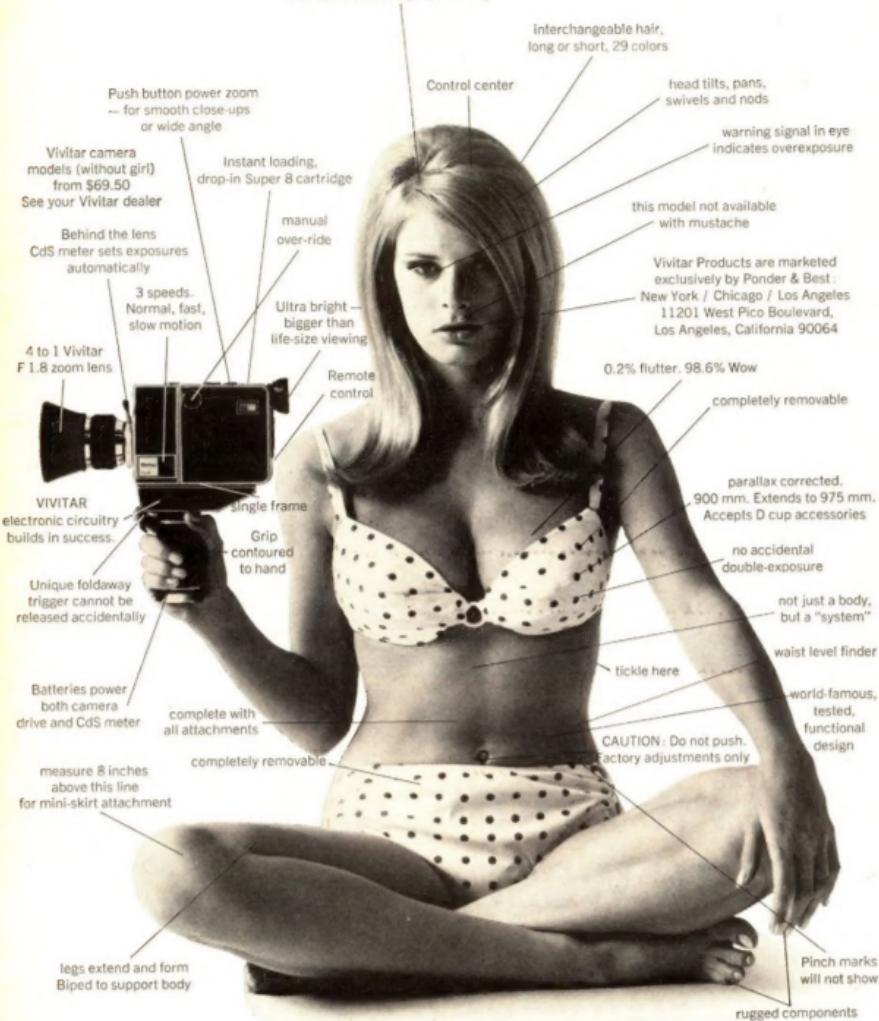


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Look	7.6 million
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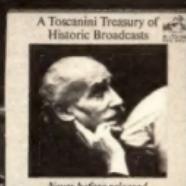
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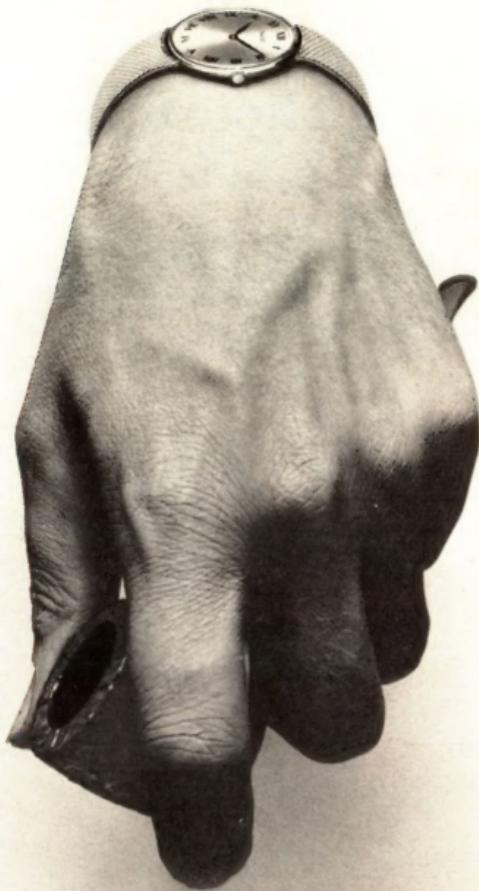
Here are 10 musical masterpieces taken from radio broadcasts of the '40s with the NBC Symphony. Included are Leopold Mozart's Toy Symphony; Haydn's Symphony No. 99 and Symphonie Concertante; Brahms' Serenade No. 2, Gesang der Parzen and Liebeslieder Waltzes; Sibelius' Symphony No. 2 and Pohjola's Daughter; and Shostakovich's Symphonies Nos. 1 and 7. This 5-L.P. album includes a beautifully illustrated booklet with preface by David Sarnoff and notes by Irving Kolodin.



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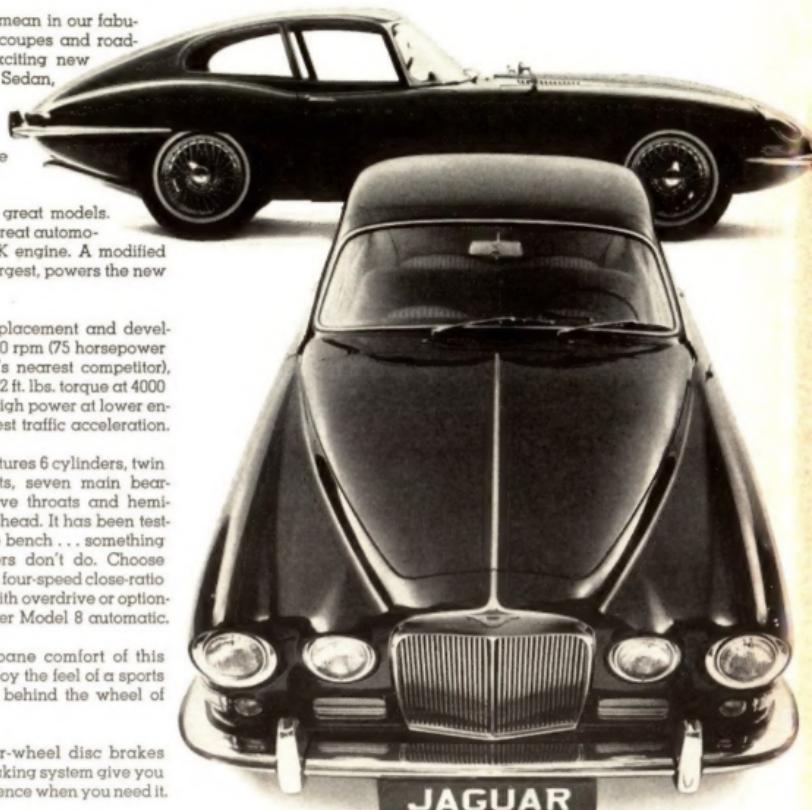
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TIME LISTINGS

THEATER

On Broadway

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING. Four consistently droll, frequently hilarious, and occasionally touching playlets by Robert Anderson, who plays his variations on a theme of sex—as an element of shock in art, a waning force in middle age, a matter of concern to parents, a misty memory of the aged.

THE HOMECOMING. Awarded the Tony as the season's best play, Harold Pinter's drama melds the mystique of the surreal with relentless honesty in the examination of interpersonal relationships. Flawlessly performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company, it forcefully binds the audience in a puzzled spell while catching it up in heated controversy.

BLACK COMEDY is a slam-bang comedy—literally. The humor of Peter Shaffer's one-acter springs more from body English than feats of wit. It is based on a single conceit—agile actors in a blaze of lights behave and misbehave, bump and reel, as if in total darkness.

THE APA REPERTORY COMPANY. The mix in the company's current dramatic bag is set in the English drawing room and the Norwegian household; it is also culled from the Russian epic and the American farce. Rosemary Harris leads the highly competent group in *School for Scandal*, *The Wild Duck*, *War and Peace* and *You Can't Take It With You*.

CABARET, winner of eight Tony Awards, including one for Best Musical, is all binding and no book. The ambience of the musical, set in the decadent Berlin of the 1930s, is as sinuous and sexy as original sin, but the show's plot line and score are all predictability and convention.

Off Broadway

HAMP. A sweet but Simple Simon gives in to panic at the front during World War I and is punished by a military machine that cannot afford to temper steeliness with compassion. Robert Sabo gives a most sympathetic interpretation of Private Hamp as he faces court-martial.

AMERICA HURRAH, by Jean-Claude van Itallie, erupts on the theatrical landscape, pouring a lava of satire, comment and invective on some questionable aspects of modern life. Three playlets, *Interview*, *TV* and *Motel*, are inventively directed by Jacques Levy and Joseph Chaikin and interpreted by a flawless cast.

EH? by Henry Livings, is about Valentine Brose. He lives in a boiler room. He is a nut. His wife lives in there too. She is a nut. He is funny. She is funny. So is the play.

RECORDS

Jazz

ANDREW HILL, COMPULSION (Blue Note). Haitian-born Pianist Hill is magnificently obsessed with the complex rhythms and bold colors of African music. Aided by Ned Quamar's African thumb piano (a handmade wooden box holding long metal prongs that are plucked), Renaud Simmons' conga, and Joe Chamber's drums, he conjures up a thundering, lashing storm with sweeps across the keyboard—and then lets it fade into the silver

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Texas took a customer with a tooth-ache to his dentist.

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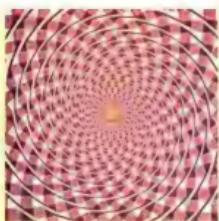


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TIME
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Illusion—the mind insists on seeing these concentric circles as a spiral.



In ancient rite, Mexican priestess prepares "magic mushrooms," called divine because they produce ecstatic visions.

An open book or magazine spread is shown. The left page has a large, colorful illustration of a cat's face with concentric circles, labeled "A Shattering Psychosis". Below it is a smaller illustration of a cat's face. The right page contains text and a large, vibrant, abstract illustration of a face with concentric circles.

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pinging of random raindrops. Freddie Hubbard's trumpet has a cry for every change of mood.

BILL EVANS, A SIMPLE MATTER OF CONVICTION (Verve). It's always refreshing to listen to a fellow who believes that songs—not sounds—are the basis of all music. Pianist Evans takes such familiar standards as *Stella by Starlight* and *My Melancholy Baby*, and by graceful, deft accenting, restores their sharp and spice-fresh lilt. One of his best is a spirited flirtation with *Star Eyes*, in which he woos the melody in the key of C before taking it off to dance in E-flat. Part of the zestfulness of the album is due to Drummer Shelly Manne and Bassist Eddie Gomez, who at 21 already has the world on his strings.

ORNETTE COLEMAN, THE EMPTY FOXHOLE (Blue Note). Any recent Ornette set is a many-faceted multi-instrumented emotional assault on the senses. Out of his alto comes resentful sadness in the title tune; from his violin walls an out-of-key nightmare symphony in *Sound Gratification*; his trumpet drives an impatient bleating note down *Freeway Express*. In *Zig Zag* he plays his alto cool. But coolest of all is his precocious drummer. Would you believe Ornette Denardo Coleman, age ten?

MILES DAVIS, MILES SMILES (Columbia). Miles the man is seldom seen to smile, but his music is another thing. Something very like joy breathes through the far-out trumpet track of *Orbits* and his modal romp through *Dolores*. A quiet delight ripples out chorus by chorus from the ballad *Circle*, deftly paced by Pianist Herbie Hancock, while Tenorman Wayne Shorter spirals moodily around the core of Miles's lyric. Throughout the six original Miles tunes, Drummer Tony Williams expertly helps build the mood and Bassist Ron Carter has a sure feel for the note that underlines the swirl of chords.

DUKE PEARSON, SWEET HONEY BEE (Blue Note). For those who like their listening smooth, clean, and swinging in the mainstream, Composer-Pianist Pearson offers a well-wrought melody in impeccable taste. *Sweet Honey Bee* is breezy, while *After the Rain* is a cloudy, contemplative tune. With the felicitous exception of the free-wheeling *Sudel*, Pearson's usually ebullient sideman, James Spaulding, on alto and flute, Joe Henderson on tenor and Freddie Hubbard on trumpet, tailor their considerable talents to his light weave.

CHARLES LLOYD, FOREST FLOWER (Atlantic). Aptly titled it *Forest Flower*, for the music pushes up softly and lyrically at first, then blossoms in a crescendo of effects as Lloyd's tenor sax bobs and bends. In full petal, *Flower* fragments into dazzling, disturbing psychedelic sounds, only slowly to resolve back into gentle normality. An inventive percussive sound is created by Pianist Keith Jarrett, who holds down the piano strings of the notes he is playing with one hand while striking the keys with the other.

MIKE WOFFORD, STRAWBERRY WINE (Epic). A first record in which Pianist Wofford ranges from traditional hop phrasing to more modern—or at least farther out—voicings. Whether in his meditative, impressionistic probing on *Moment*, his frolicsome display of technique on *Steeplechase*, or his Bill Evans-like rendering of *I Know Your Heart*, Wofford is well worth meeting.

RAVI SHANKAR IN NEW YORK (World Pacific). The master sitarist's latest rendition of the sound that has infiltrated jazz and

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Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic measures light precisely for perfectly exposed pictures!

Wouldn't it be nice to graduate from ordinary snapshots to top-rate, professional quality pictures—overnight? Well, you can. Without taking a course in photography, and without buying and mastering a roomful of curious-looking gadgets and accessories.

A magnificent new camera is the answer. It's called the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic, and it's as easy to operate as a simple transistor radio. The Spotmatic will never fail to delight you with what it—and you—can do. Because of its built-in professional know-how, it lets you step up to the world of fine photography as easily and pleasantly as moving from an ordinary car to a Ferrari.

The secret is a remarkable through-the-lens exposure control system. Invented by Pentax and adopted by just about all the better 35mm cameras, through-the-lens exposure control is by far the best idea yet for doing away with the disappointment of pictures that "didn't come out." With the Spotmatic, they come out, and they come out great! Its exposure system is both automatic and uncannily precise, giving you absolute control over even the most difficult lighting situations.

Honeywell takes the guesswork out of fine photography



New Spotmatic has through-the-lens exposure system, costs \$249.50 as shown here with superb 55mm f/1.8 lens.

Think about the kind of pictures that have given you trouble. The kids on a blindingly brilliant beach. Sunsets. Close-ups of flowers in partial shade. Or the pictures you've tried to take without flash when you knew darned well you needed it. Forget about these failures. And forget about those extra shots "just to make sure." With the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic, you are sure.

Here's how it works. The Spotmatic's exposure metering system reads the light coming through the taking aperture of the lens—exactly the light your film sees. It can't be fooled by light that doesn't reach the film. An ordinary exposure meter, on the other hand, will read such extraneous light, and the result will be an approximate—and often disappointing—exposure. The pros who earn their livings with their cameras know how to compensate for tricky situations, but now, the amazing Spotmatic does the work for you, giving you professional quality exposures picture after picture.

Fast, foolproof, and fun. You'll be making fine pictures with the Spotmatic about fifteen minutes after you take it out of the box. You just set a dial for the film you

want to use (color slide, color print, or black and white) and choose a shutter speed—1/125 or 1/250 for most average pictures. Then, you compose and focus through the bright, clear single-lens reflex viewing system. When your picture is the way you want it, simply flip the meter switch "on" and center an easy-to-see needle in the viewfinder window by turning a ring on the lens. Then shoot—it's that easy! And, you've composed, focused, adjusted lens opening and shot your picture without removing the Spotmatic from your eye.

Lightweight, compact, and beautifully built to deliver a lifetime of pleasure, the Spotmatic costs just \$249.50 with 55mm f/1.8 lens or \$289.50 with the optional 50mm f/1.4 lens. Your Honeywell Pentax Dealer will be glad to demonstrate it for you, so visit him soon. Or, for more of the details first, just send us the coupon below. Other Pentax cameras start at \$149.50.

130

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indeed re-oriented all Western popular music. Ever since the Beatles endorsed Shankar's traditional Indian music last year, his ragas have become all the rage. From the long-necked, gourd-bellied sitar, Shankar strokes a whining, hypnotizing stream of spontaneous melodies within the framework of a predetermined pattern of notes. The Eastern "scales" he uses are now definitely required running by jazz musicians, especially bassists, whose solos frequently echo his soulful, inscrutable improvisations.

CINEMA

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE. Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing and Bea Lillie flip through some oh-you-kidding dialogue and some ricky-ticky tunes in an otherwise lackluster musical set in the '20s.

LA VIE DU CHÂTEAU. French Screenwriter Jean-Paul Rappeneau (*That Man From Rio*) makes his directorial debut with a fresh and funny farce about the German Occupation and the French preoccupation —sex.

ULYSSES. Director Joseph Strick has fashioned if not the best, certainly not the worst possible film version of James Joyce's novel, helped by a fine cast of actors (particularly Milo O'Shea as Bloom) who ring as true as Irish shillings.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor and Director Franco Zeffirelli have mounted the liveliest screen incarnation of Shakespeare since Olivier's *Henry V*.

PERSONA. A famous actress (Liv Ullmann) and a nurse (Bibi Andersson) exchange personalities in this absorbing, if sometimes difficult, movie directed by Sweden's master film maker, Ingmar Bergman.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING. This movie version of the 1961 Broadway smash hit musical succeeds by sticking close to the original, but also disappoints a bit by not really trying for fresh cinematic values.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. An excellent film rendering of the Royal Shakespeare Company stage production of Peter Weiss's play, with laurels again to Director Peter Brook.

FAULSTAFF. Actor Orson Welles has caught more of the dark than the light side of Shakespeare's pun-prone, fun-filled rotter, and Director Welles's amalgam of five of the historical plays is often stonily dull, despite some sparks of genius.

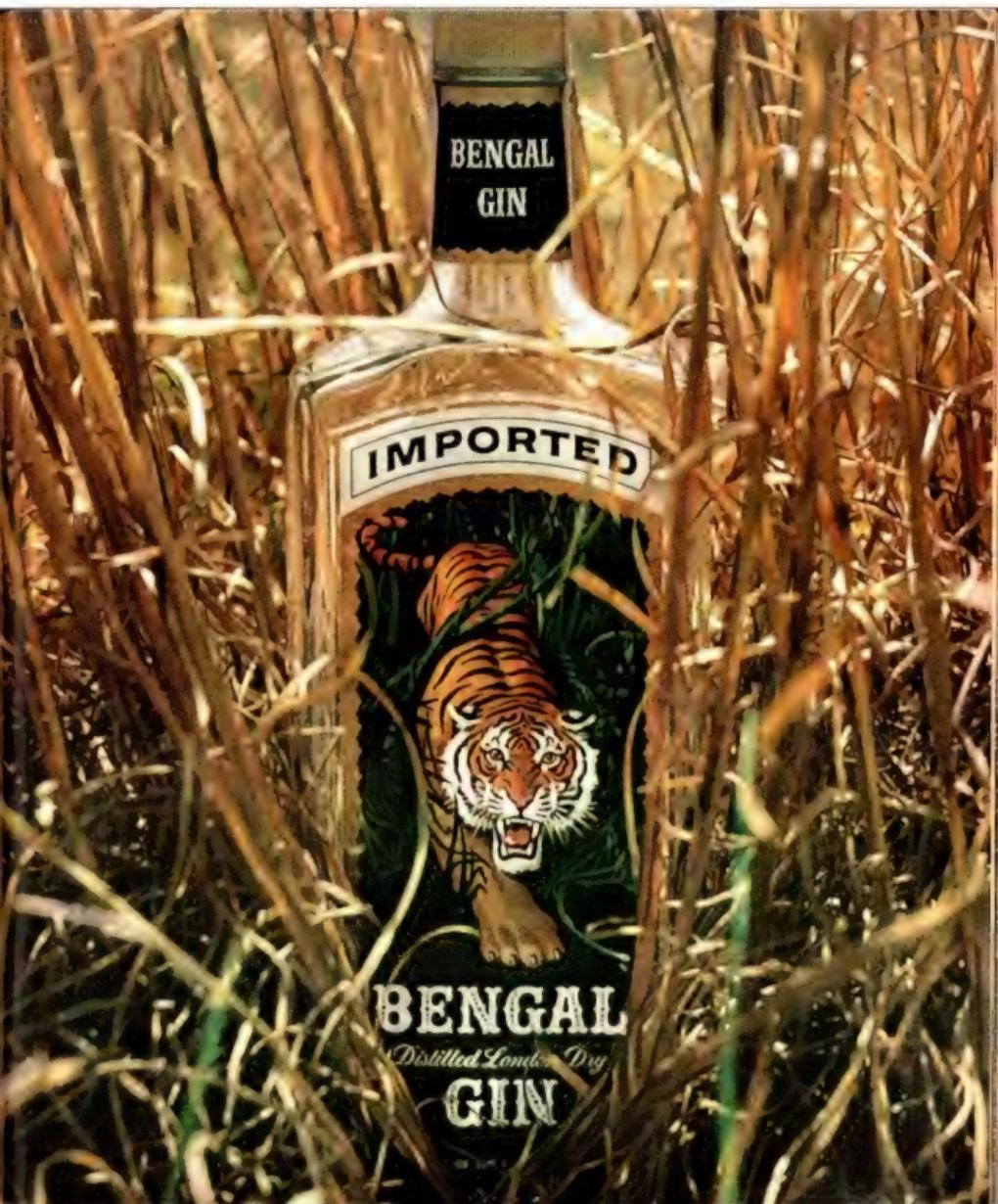
LA GUERRE EST FINIE. A peek through the other end of the spyglass as French Director Alain Resnais examines the mind and mores of a Communist agitator left over from the Spanish Civil War but still travel ing the dreadmill.

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW. Peter Kastner heads an impressive cast that includes Julie Harris, Elizabeth Hartman, Geraldine Page and Rip Torn in this drifit if not always deft first effort by Director Francis Ford Coppola.

BOOKS

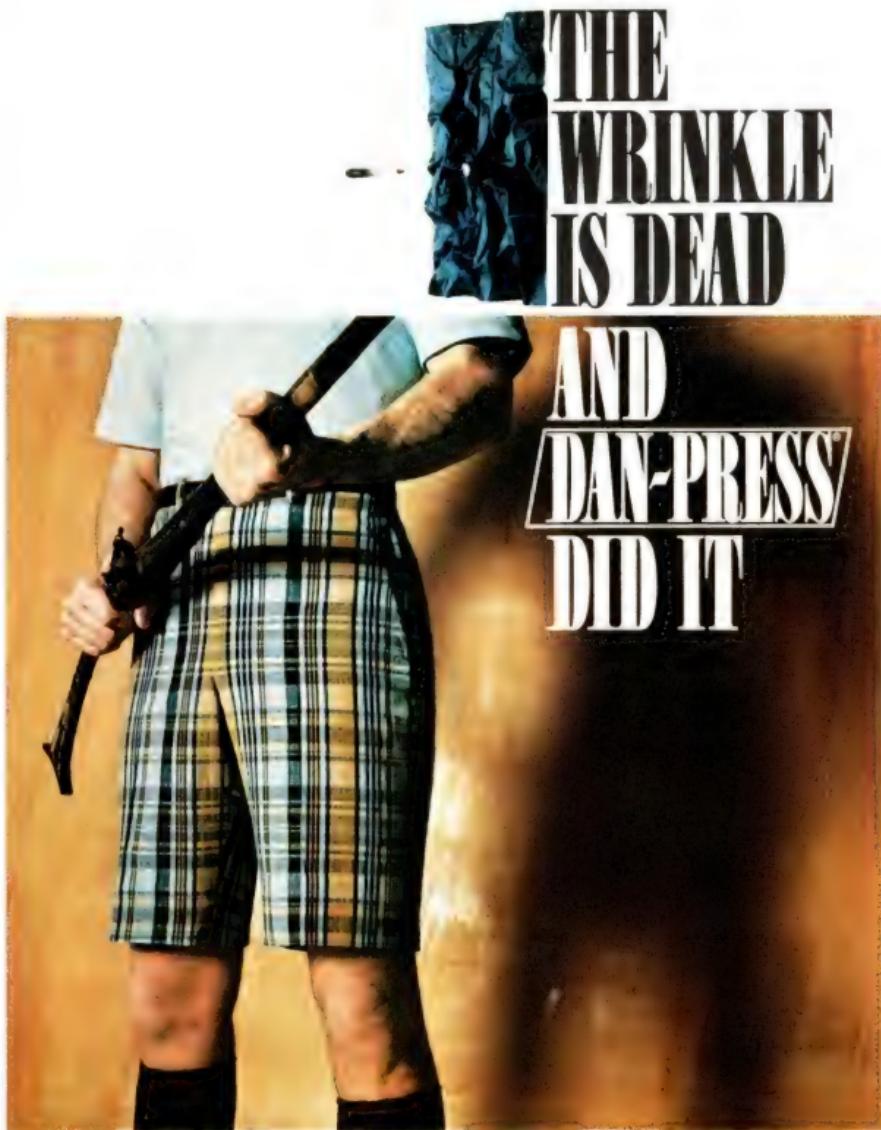
Best Reading

THE UNICORN GIRL, by Caroline Glyn. The 19-year-old novelist, a great-granddaughter of English Novelist Elmer Glyn, takes the reader on a hilarious guided tour of a Girl Guide summer camp, where



Cat Nip.

Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated)
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Be with you in two
shakes, Furbelow.
Have a seat.



Just another couple of minutes, Furbelow.

I don't mind waiting,
Mr. Zapp.



Be patient, Furbelow. Just one more phone call.

Boy, I could have
seen six other
customers ...



Just one letter I want to get out, Furbelow...
Then we'll get together for a chat.

Three hours shot.
The calls I could
have made ...



I'm genuinely sorry, old man.
I'll be tied up the rest of the day.
Something you wanted to tell me?



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chaos reigns unrestrained and girlish tears flow often.

JOURNEY THROUGH A HAUNTED LAND, by Amos Elon. An Israeli journalist visits the scenes of genocide and writes a thoughtful study of postwar Germany.

DISRAELI, by Robert Blake. With loving care, the author constructs a fascinating mosaic of minutiae about one of the most brilliant and complex figures in British history, Victoria's favorite Victorian, Benjamin Disraeli.

FATHERS, by Herbert Gold. A basically sentimental celebration of fatherhood—Jewish fatherhood, in particular—that rises above itself because of the author's high craftsmanship, fine irony and strong sense of the absurd.

THE MURDERERS AMONG US: THE WIESENTHAL MEMOIRS, edited by Joseph Wechsberg. The incredible career of Nazi hunter Simon Wiesenthal, who brought Adolf Eichmann and 800 other war criminals to final justice, is told in a spare, striking style reminiscent of Dashiell Hammett's Continental Op—now on international assignment.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL. This candid account of his early life and career by old (94) Mathematician-Philosopher Russell wittily explores and explains his preoccupation with the irrational and mystical quotient in human mathematics.

A SPORT AND A PASTIME, by James Salter. A highly promising new novelist tells in a new way that oldest of stories: boy meets girl. Cool, compelling and brilliantly written.

A SHORTER FINNEGANS WAKE, by James Joyce, edited by Anthony Burgess. Novelist Burgess (*A Clockwork Orange*) has pulled Joyce's astronomical Dublin masterpiece into the general reader's field of vision simply by cutting out two-thirds of it. There is still plenty of wit and wordplay left.

BLACK IS BEST, by Jack Olsen. The amusing, confusing life and times of Cassius Clay in a sharp-eyed biography that unerringly—and engagingly—separates fact from big-mouth blab.

THE FISH CAN SING, by Halldor Laxness. The foggy, frosty Iceland of a few generations ago, beautifully evoked by a Nobel prizewinner who loves best those fish in humankind who swim against the tide.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (2)
3. *Capable of Honor*, Drury (3)
4. *The Captain*, De Hartog (5)
5. *Volley of the Dolls*, Susann (4)
6. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder
7. *Tai-Pan*, Clavell (7)
8. *The Mask of Apollo*, Renault (6)
9. *Tales of Manhattan*, Auchincloss
10. *All in the Family*, O'Connor (10)

NONFICTION

1. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (1)
2. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn (2)
3. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (4)
4. *Games People Play*, Berne (7)
5. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (5)
6. *Inside South America*, Gunther (3)
7. *The Jury Returns*, Nizer (6)
8. *The Death of a President*, Manchester
9. *The Boston Strangler*, Frank
10. *A Search for the Truth*, Montgomery



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We also have experts in real estate, agriculture, petroleum, gas, and many other specialized invest-

ment fields. And our trust officers, who supervise your accounts, meet regularly with you and our various specialists so that this fund of knowledge may be applied most effectively to your personal needs.

May we meet with you and your lawyer to talk about your estate?

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That's when you push The Panic Button.

But to avoid any possible confusion at this desperate moment, please be advised of one thing. The Panic Button doesn't say "Panic Button" on it. It says "Super Cool." Don't let that throw you though. It's merely another way of saying the same thing. That help is on the way—*fast*. The cabinet The Panic Button comes in also deserves mentioning. It's Whirlpool's ultimate effort to create a style that looks good with absolutely anything. Mongolian Modern, Kuwait Colonial, anything your wife might have taken a fancy to. As they say in the army—no sweat.

 **Whirlpool**
APPLIANCES

The Panic Button.





Before Shalimar was a perfume, it was a garden of love.

Our story begins in India, some 300 years ago. It belongs, however, to no place and no time.

His name was Shah Jahan, ruler of India. His name was Mumtaz Mahal, the loveliest of his wives.

And although he had many wives, it was only for her that his soul thirsted.

Some say that he loved her unto madness. That she was not his wife, but his fever. But in his eyes she was the balm that made the world bearable.

Victories, new empires and riches were as dust compared to her.

So great was his love for her that when she died, he would not let her die. He had built in her memory a place you may still see and wonder at.

The Taj Mahal.

But long before there could be a Taj Mahal, there had to be yet another place which the Shah also built.

The Gardens of Shalimar in Lahore.

All that the Taj Mahal keeps alive for the ages flowered in Shalimar. Here it was that their love grew and became a legend.

Its very name, "Shalimar," means "abode of love" in Sanskrit.

And truly it was.

The Shah allowed into this garden only those things which would nourish their love. Joyful fountains. Deep, limpid pools. Marble terraces. Rare song birds. Fragrant blossoms from every corner of the earth. Lanterns to rival the stars.

Only in Shalimar were the lovers truly alone.

Thus, even though many miles apart, if

you wish to see the foundations of the Taj Mahal, you must look for them in Shalimar.

All this, dear reader, was also told to Pierre and Jacques Guerlain by a Maharanah. It was in Paris, in 1926.

Naturally, being human and being French, and being, above all, Guerlains, they were deeply moved.

They decided to pay homage to this man and woman by creating a perfume of intoxicating, yet subtle sensuousness.

A perfume not for children.

They decided, also, that this perfume should not be called "Taj Mahal," but "Shalimar."

You see, Taj Mahal marks the end of a story.

And this perfume has nothing to do with endings.

SHALIMAR BY GUERLAIN



If you're new to Scotch, even your best friends won't know it.

Not unless you tell them.

Serve Ballantine's and right away they'll take you for an experienced Scotch drinker. (As Geo. Ballantine himself said, "The more you know about Scotch, the more you like my whisky.")

It goes down smoothly as a great Scotch should. But has an authentic Scotch flavor all its own. Thanks to Ballantine's unique blend of Highland whiskies and the dedication of the men who make it: the fanatical Scotsmen of Loch Lomond.

(This is the only water soft and iron-free enough for Ballantine's.)

Of course, if you *are* new to Scotch perhaps you should tell your friends about Ballantine's.

You may find you have more friends than you thought.

How's this for openers?



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LETTERS

Give a Man a Horse . . .

Sir: Give it to me straight. Does the horse in your April 14 cover have a chance in '68? Otherwise, the situation remains perceptibly unchanged. I've had to choose between jackasses before.

R. BARNHILL

St. Louis

Sir: "The Temper of the Times" was good until the last sentence, which was ridiculous. Just why is it reassuring to look forward to an unchanged situation no matter who wins? The purpose of a presidential election is not to provide a meaningless choice between two moderates but to give the electorate an opportunity to discard policies with which it is fed up.

MILES J. BRETT

Brooklyn

Sir: You omitted the one Republican who has a chance of beating Johnson—Mark Hatfield of Oregon. Unlike such me-too supporters of the war as Romney, Rockefeller, Reagan and Nixon, Hatfield offers a real choice—he wants to end the war by stopping the bombing and seeking peace. The ticket is Hatfield-Lindsay. But it could never get the nomination from the present conservative G.O.P. organization.

W. BRUCE DEYES

Seattle, Wash.

Sir: In your otherwise excellent report, you neglected to mention a courageous, popular, respected public servant, a logical choice for the G.O.P. nomination: Henry Cabot Lodge.

DANIEL J. JOHNSON

Elmwood, N.Y.

Life on the Other Side

Sir: Your story on East Germany [April 7] is to the point both in fact and judgment. Unfortunately, however, the contrast to West Germany is no longer "invariably an unfavorable one," as is most remarkably demonstrated by the much superior East German school system, which ranks among the best in the world—despite the obvious flaws in teaching humanities. As a matter of fairness towards our most "beloved enemy," this genuine achievement should not be ridiculed as a mere all-out effort of propagandist indoctrination.

F. W. APPOLDT

Munich

Systems Analysis

Sir: In our search for truth regarding the Apollo disaster [April 14], our governmental investigations should reach beyond the Apollo program per se to encompass the total space-program context in which Apollo has been cast.

In 1962, working in the military space program, I presumed to suggest, in an unclassified thesis on file with the Air University Library at Maxwell Air Force Base, Montgomery, Ala., that in terms of personal safety and national economy, the U.S. could ill afford the luxury of two independent and jealously self-preoccupied national organizations for the development of national space programs, one military (the Air Force Systems Command) and one civilian (NASA), with the gigantic national industrial complex shifting as best it could between them. There should be a single program, with military and civilian correlative and applications. This thesis was looked upon by many as heretical,

but this program duplication, which perhaps constituted merely a lavish logistical travesty in 1962, may have materially contributed to a loss of lives in 1967.

JOHN B. CHURKING

Lieut. Colonel, U.S.A.F. (ret.)
Arlington, Va.

Two-edged Sword?

Sir: As a Protestant who has no moral argument with family control, I take exception to your cover story on contraception [April 7]. To say that "there is no evidence that the pills cause blood clots that might travel to the lungs or develop in the brain" indicates that your information came only from gynecologists who have a biased viewpoint of "the pill." As an internist, I have seen many vascular complications of oral contraceptives, and all serious. Hence oral contraception in its present form has to be viewed as a two-edged sword.

DONALD E. DERAU, M.D.

St. Paul

Sir: Why not the pill? After all, it has prevented more headaches than aspirin has ever cured.

LIEUT. DANA GOODMAN

Newton, Mass.

Sir: The best oral contraceptive is still "No."

J. W. KNOP

Trinidad, Calif.

That Book

Sir: We appreciate TIME's analysis of Manchester's *The Death of a President* [April 7], but let's hope this is the last—the very last—we hear of this book.

R. T. SHEAS

Waupaca, Wis.

Sir: Manchester's book may contain flaws and errors, and he may not be a dry-eyed historian or tragic poet, but as I read the book, I wept the same bitter tears and felt the same raw agony that I did on that November day so long ago—or was it only yesterday?

ROBIN JONES

San Francisco

Lamps for the Oil

Sir: I wonder why England did not provide the fuel-oil slick from the tanker broken off Lands End [April 7] with a wick to burn the oil and thus save the beaches.

I was on the *Empress of Australia*, tied

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► Commissioner Goddard is also satisfied with the new limit of 36 tablets to a bottle

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a station wagon,**



**or a small station wagon that's
a sedan?**

If the backseat's down and the car's full of stuff, it's a station wagon. (The VW Squareback sedan holds 48.9 cu. feet of stuff.)

If the backseat's up and the car's full of people, it's a sedan. (It has lots of room for 4 people

and twice that many suitcases.)

If you compare the Squareback to our big bus-like wagon, is it still a station wagon? (The box holds 3 times as much.)

If you compare the Squareback to our bug-like sedan, is it

still a sedan? (It holds about twice as much as the bug.)

Now, what is it?

A small sedan that's a station wagon, or a small station wagon that's a sedan?



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the spot. In cash or new travelers
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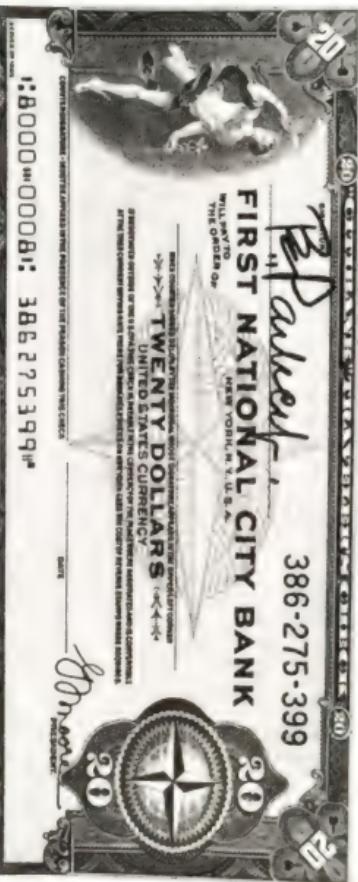
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and says "the agency supports this consensus although the transcript shows that FDA's medical representative, Dr. Basil G. Delta, was not in agreement."

Paperweights

Sir: About the story on off-campus high school newspapers [March 31]:

Apparently none of the cases you investigated encountered suppression by iron-clad school administrators in spite of the private nature of the enterprise. Yet there is such suppression. Fear of reprisal on college recommendations is a sobering thought for talented students. Only recently, a worthwhile off-campus paper was suppressed by Trumbull high school authorities after its third issue.

Why should we discourage youngsters in their first attempts at individual initiative? We complain about juvenile delinquency and then suppress intellectual endeavor. Which way do we want it? Once disheartened by adult authoritarianism, these bright, responsible young people take their first step toward the pattern of mediocrity and conformity from which they could be our main hope of escape.

(Mrs.) SHERI A. HUSTON
Trumbull, Conn.

Sir: You have made a grave mistake in publicizing high school underground newspapers.

I am a high school student who is disgusted with the children who publish these papers. The egomaniac who writes the *Omelette* is as mixed up as his paper. Students like this are constantly griping about trivial matters to get attention, as a small child would, while most of us are trying to get good marks and enter college.

A typical argument in an underground paper is over school rules. The kids cry, "We want to wear weird clothes, beards, and be able to smoke in school," which they feel terribly important to them. They like to tell tall tales about a friend who has a cousin who knows a person that takes LSD. Wow! They also like to criticize their teachers because, naturally, teachers are ignorant. Most of all they like to criticize the draft, because the majority of them are cowards.

Luckily, these overgrown children are a minority, but your story may lead many others to join the "cause." We'll see just how important their cause is when they apply to a university and show up for an interview in bleached dungarees, a dirty sweatshirt, metal-rimmed glasses, sandals, and so much facial hair that their features are unrecognizable. If I were one of them, I'd hide my face behind a beard too.

Bill Ross

Middletown, Conn.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 21, 1967 Vol. 89, No. 16

THE NATION

THE PEOPLE

The Dilemma of Dissent

At opposite ends of the American continent last week, dissenters were on the march. In New York, they turned up 125,000 strong, from points as disparate as Detroit, Mich., and Dedham, Mass.—most of them young, many of

roses that the marchers carried in gaudy abundance. In an emotional speech before the League of Jewish Women in Atlanta last week, Vice President Humphrey—just back from two weeks in Europe—quoted Pope Paul VI as telling him: "America's moral power is being eroded by the manner in which your country is being interpreted in the eyes

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sar girls proving that they are, too, socially conscious; boys wearing heads and old Army jackets; girls in ponchos and serapes, some with babies on their shoulders; Columbia University scholars in caps and gowns, On Central Park West, a parked bus bore the proud sign: "Even Smith"—meaning that college, too, was represented. There were Vietnams and Peaceniks, Trotskyites and potskies, a contingent of 24 Sioux Indians from South Dakota, and a band of Iroquois led by one Mad Bear Anderson. When a loudspeaker demanded that the Indians assemble at Truck No. 3 for the 30-block march to the United Nations, hundreds of New Yorkers looked for the truck to get a glimpse of a real live Indian.

Members of some 125 antiwar groups—from the moderate Women Strike for Peace to the "New Left" Students for a Democratic Society and the "Maoist" Progressive Labor Party—distributed literature and solid buttons. "Draft beer, not boys," exclaimed one button in wavy script: "Peace with Beatlespower is Funlove for life," proclaimed a poster that owed more to Lennon than Lenin. A yellow papier-mâché submarine cruised through the crowd, symbol of the psychedelic set's desire for escape. Angry-looking young Negroes from CORE and S.N.C.C. paced through the meadow carrying signs that read "I Don't Give a Damn for Uncle Sam" and "No Viet Cong Ever Called Me Nigger."

At one end of the Sheep Meadow, a group of young men burned their draft cards, the fumes of the burning paper mixing with the reek of incense and the throb of drums to produce a near-pagan sense of ritual. In the wake of a circuit court decision last week that seemed to condone draft-card burning, no cops moved in on the incendiaries. As police helicopters droned overhead and 3,000 cops watched calmly, the crowd's attention was directed to the entertainers in the meadow. A Greenwich Village group of puppeteers called the Angry Arts Theatre enthralled marchers with a performance of *The King's Story*, in which a Great Warrior wipes out The Red Man, The Dragon, The Priest, The King and the People, only to be killed by Death. "And that's the end of the King's story," said the man who played Death.

"Why?" "Because." Though one Bronx boy had booby-trapped several posters advertising the Saturday march, injuring a youngster who pulled one of



Demonstrators in Central Park Sheep Meadow
About as damaging as a blow from the daffodils.

them carrying posters, all of them out for a spring housecleaning of their passions. In San Francisco, 55,000 gathered from points as distant as Coronado, Calif., and Coos Bay, Ore. The avowed aim of the "Spring Mobilization to End the War in Viet Nam" was to demonstrate to President Johnson and the world the depth of feeling in the U.S. against the conflict. The end result—aside from probably delighting Hanoi's Ho Chi Minh—was to demonstrate that Americans in the springtime like to have fun. They did.

The gargantuan "demo" was as peaceful as its pacifist philosophy, as colorful as the kooky costumes and painted faces of its psychedelic "pot left" participants, and about as damaging to the U.S. image throughout the world as a blow from the daffodils and

of the world." With tears welling in his own eyes, the Vice President said: "America needs to tell the world of the lives it is saving. We need to be known as a nation of peacemakers, not just peace marchers."

After last weekend's peace marches, neither the Pope nor the Vice President need worry about American moral power. The demonstration proved once again the viability of dissent within a free society and, though it was attempting to do nothing of the kind, spoke eloquently for what the U.S. is trying to defend in South Viet Nam—namely, the right to speak out.

Draft Beer, Not Boys. As the demonstration began, a confluence of contrasting groups flowed into the muddy Sheep Meadow of Manhattan's Central Park: anarchists under black flags; Vas-



MARCHER WITH TAMBOURINE



WITH BANANA

Speaking eloquently for what the U.S. is trying to defend.



WITH PEACE EYES



INDIANS AT THE U.N.

them down, there was little subsequent violence. Police kept members of right-wing groups, including the Peter Fechter Brigade (named for a Berlin Wall victim), from mixing with the marchers.

En route to the United Nations, a handful of anti-antiwar demonstrators managed to pelt the peace parade with eggs. New York police on horseback—in contrast with the “Cossack” image so many Old Leftists apply to them—kept the countermarchers from breaking up the parade.

The nonideological, antipolitical nature of the march was best demonstrated by the response of the marching crowd to New Left cheerleaders.

Cheerleader: What do we want?

Crowd: Peace!

Cheerleader: When?

Crowd: Now!

Cheerleader: Why?

Crowd: Dead silence, followed by a shrill female “Because!”

Reneging on the Vow. At the United Nations, the carnival atmosphere dissipated. As a chilly wind whipped off the East River, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. marched across First Avenue to deliver a statement accusing the U.S. of violating the world organization's Charter to U.N. Under Secretary Ralph Bunche, “I saw you crossing the street,” said Bunche in greeting King. “It was a shorter walk than we had in Selma, Martin.”

Bunche's remark echoed the concern that many Americans felt in seeing King diverting his attention from the civil rights movement to the antiwar campaign. In a speech two weeks ago, he called the U.S. “the greatest purveyor of violence in the world” and compared its use of new weapons in Viet Nam to Nazi medical experiments. Bunche and the N.A.A.C.P. had already criticized King's shift as a “serious tactical mistake.” The Urban League's Whitney Young warned that “limited resources and personnel should not be diverted into other channels.”

Bayard Rustin, who organized the successful March on Washington, voiced a disappointment felt by many Negroes. “There is not going to be a tremendous rush of Negroes into the peace movement,” said Rustin. In fact, many Negroes have found service in Viet Nam valuable in proving their courage—a quantity whose fierce abundance has never before been tapped in American armed combat quite so effectively.

Long the nation's most respected advocate of Negro advancement, King—a Nobel Peace Prizewinner—had held himself aloof from such demagogic “Black Power” advocates as S.N.C.C.'s Stokely Carmichael and CORE's Floyd McKissick. Indeed, King once vowed never to stand on the same platform with Carmichael as long as he spouted an anti-white line. By joining the Spring Mobilization, King reneged on that vow—and possibly on the entire cause of nonviolent Negro advancement.

At the U.N., King admitted that 10 million Americans at most “explicitly oppose the war,” but said that they in-

cluded many of “our deepest thinkers in the academic and intellectual community.” Building to a sonorous peroration, he cried: “Let us save our national honor—stop the bombing. Let us save American lives and Vietnamese lives—stop the bombing. Let us take a single instantaneous step to the peace table—stop the bombing. Let our voices ring out across the land to say the American people are not vainglorious conquerors—stop the bombing.” Through it all ran the theme that America, “which initiated so much of the revolutionary spirit of the modern world,” is now “an arch counter-revolutionary nation.”

The phrases that really rocked the U.N. Plaza were those of Stokely Carmichael: “There is a higher law than the law of Racism McNamara; there is a higher law than the law of the fool Dean Rusk; there is a higher law than the law of the buffoon Lyndon Baines Johnson.” Though Stokely never defined



DRAFT-CARD BURNERS IN MANHATTAN
A near-pagan sense of ritual.



KING & SPOCK SPEAKING OUTSIDE U.N.
A shorter walk than Selma.

it, his law was demagoguery, pitched to all authority haters.

For Love, Not War. Many left-wing Americans—including Senior Socialist Norman Thomas—refused to throw in with King, Carmichael & Co. Because the pitch of their protest made it seem that Hanoi was innocent of any aggressive role in the war, even the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy refused to take part, though SANP Co-Chairman Dr. Benjamin Spock spoke at the New York demonstration.

None of the non-participants challenged the right of dissent—simply the fact that this particular protest seemed based on a double standard that assumed Washington's guilt and Hanoi's innocence. Despite the marchers' pacific plea—"Make War on Poverty, Not People"—the sad fact of the "Spring Mobilization" was that it might only serve to prolong the war in Viet Nam. The ultimate accomplishment of the marchers who so gaily painted one another with psychedelic designs and marched down Madison Avenue in the cause of "love, not war," may be to encourage Hanoi in the belief that the country is divided and therefore to reject some future U.S. peace initiative. For those who oppose the Viet Nam war, that is the dilemma of dissent in the U.S. today.

LABOR

Playing the Patsy

Though the 1967 baseball season got under way last week—with President Johnson tossing out no fewer than three balls at Washington's D.C. Stadium to make it official—the cry of "Strike!" meant considerably more to most Americans than a waist-high pitch right over the plate. It meant wildcat walkouts by Teamsters and a retaliatory lockout by employers that held up two-thirds of the nation's truck-borne freight. It meant Huntley without Brinkley, at least until the 13-day TV-radio strike was settled. It meant the prospect of a newspaperless New York City for the fourth time in four years and of work stoppages by 12,300 Western Electric workers and 75,000 rubberworkers. Above all, it meant the threat of a nationwide rail strike.

Bargaining Tool. Nothing could cripple the complex economy of the U.S. more swiftly or spectacularly than a rail strike. In a month-long walkout, the President told Congress last week, unemployment would rocket from the current 3.6% level to 15%, and the gross national product would plummet by nearly \$100 billion—after a first quarter during which the \$764 billion-a-year G.N.P. failed to show any substantial growth for the first time since 1961. Some 750,000 New York, Philadelphia and Chicago commuters would be stranded, and Defense Department shipments would be cut by as much as 40%—including more than 80% of the ammunition destined for overseas points.

Plainly the President could not—and, as he made it clear last week, would not



L.B.J. OPENING BASEBALL SEASON
Wrong kind of strike.

—permit a rail strike. The question was how to avoid it. As of last week, the Administration had exhausted the 60-day no-strike injunctions provided under the Railroad Labor Act. To prevent 137,000 workers in six shorcraft unions from tying up 138 railroads by taking a walk, Johnson had to request special legislation from Congress extending the strike deadline by 20 days. By margins of 81 to 1 in the Senate and 396 to 8 in the House, he got what he wanted—but Congress was clearly unhappy about it. Even those who approved the measure objected to what New Hampshire Democrat Thomas McIntyre, the Senate's lone dissenter, called the "use of Congress as a tool in bargaining."

As soon as the President signed the bill the shorcraft unions announced that they would observe the congressional ban but would strike at 12:01 a.m. on May 3, the moment the extension expires. Neither the railroads nor the unions showed any inclination to budge from their bargaining positions. The railroads were offering a 5% pay hike while the shorcraft unions sought 7%.

At the Tolerable Edge. To Administration officials, 5% settlements are "right at the tolerable edge" as far as their inflationary impact is concerned. Nonetheless, when the Teamsters reportedly won a 5% boost after 1,500 trucking firms halted their three-day lockout, they were not noticeably elated. For three days, Teamsters in Chicago struck for a 90¢-an-hour boost instead of an hourly increase in wages and tringes totaling 60¢ to 70¢ over a three-year period, as accepted by the national union. In its talks this fall, covering 775,000 workers, the United Auto Workers union is expected "to go quite high," as an Administration economist puts it, placing further strains on the economy.

The rash of disputes in basic industries spurred public demands for some mechanism that would preserve collective bargaining without repeatedly dislocat-

ing the U.S. economy. President Johnson promised 15 months ago to propose legislation to "deal with strikes which threaten irreparable damage to the national interest." Fearful of alienating labor, whose most credible weapon is still the strike, he has yet to do so. But Congress, understandably, is growing weary of playing the patsy every time the President is confronted with a potentially disruptive strike.

In 1963, John F. Kennedy turned to Congress to intervene with special one-shot legislation to prevent a rail strike. Last year Congress was at the point of legislating against the airline strike when the two sides settled it themselves. With the May 3 rail strike looming, Johnson faces such alternatives as compulsory arbitration or Government seizure of the railroads—both unpalatable to a man who has been strongly backed by labor in past elections. Instead of taking either step, the President is expected to ask Congress for legislation barring the strike. Congress has little choice except to carry the ball for the President still another time, but its patience is growing thin.

SPACE

Blind Spot

The 14-volume report on last January's Apollo disaster and full-dress hearings in both houses of Congress last week underscored a tragic irony. Astronauts Gus Grissom, Ed White and Roger Chaffee died by fire on Cape Kennedy's Pad 34 because some of the best engineering talent in the U.S., hypersensitive to the perils of space, failed to recognize the grave dangers of a simulated flight only a couple of hundred feet above the ground.

"It was our blind spot," confessed a top National Aeronautics and Space Administration engineer. North American Aviation's highest officials shared the blind spot. Said President J. Leland Atwood: "The pad testing seemed to be almost mundane and routine. If I thought of the pad testing, without any fuel aboard and without preparing to launch, as anything potentially dangerous, it would have been a little bit beyond my comprehension." Said Astronaut Frank Borman, a member of the review board who might fly an Apollo himself some day: "We overlooked the possibility of a spacecraft fire."

2,000 Squawks. That oversight was only one of the charges made by the review board in a searing report that runs some 3,300 pages and weighs 19 lbs. Although six of the eight board members work for NASA, they lodged a broad indictment against the conduct of the entire \$23 billion Apollo program by the space agency and North American, the prime contractor. There were, said the report, "many deficiencies in design and engineering, manufacture and quality control."

The investigators worked for ten weeks. With 1,500 technicians assisting them, they painstakingly traced possi-

ble sources of trouble along 20 miles of electrical wiring, re-enacted the blaze in a mock-up spacecraft, exhaustively analyzed the innards of the burned Apollo spacecraft. NASA also stripped down two intact production models. In one, inspectors discovered more than 2,000 "squawks," or lapses in quality control. Hundreds of the complaints were of the paint-fleck variety, but there were also such serious flaws as improperly fitted electrical connections and exposed conductors.

Faulty Conductor. Some of these flaws were disturbingly similar to those found in the burned craft, where the wiring revealed "poor installation, design and workmanship." Though the investigators acknowledged that the precise cause of the fire "most likely will never be positively identified," they said it was "most probably" caused by a faulty conductor in an equipment bay under Grissom's couch. Apparently, current from the conductor "arced"—or spurted—to another object, and the blaze began. Almost immediately, it raged out of control in the cabin's 100% oxygen atmosphere, which was capable of turning any spark into a conflagration. Some 70 lbs. of inflammable materials such as nylon netting and chemical coolant fed the flames.

Within the cabin, pressure soared from 16.7 lbs. per sq. in. to 29 lbs. per sq. in., rupturing the cabin wall. Robert Van Dolah, a Bureau of Mines explosives expert and a member of the investigatory panel, testified that an escape hatch capable of being opened in two or three seconds could have saved the crew. Such a hatch is now being manufactured, but the one used in Apollo took 90 seconds to open, even in normal circumstances.

"Get Them Out." When the cabin wall ruptured, escaping pressure sucked the flames across the astronauts—first Grissom, then White, finally Chaffee. Dense smoke and carbon monoxide rapidly filled the cabin. Though the astronauts suffered burns, it was asphyxiation that killed them. So intense were the heat and smoke billowing from the cabin into the "white room" near the craft that rescuers were repeatedly driven back and their gas masks, designed to protect against toxic fumes rather than smoke, were quickly exhausted.

Approximately five minutes after the first cry of "Fire in the cockpit!" believed to have come from Chaffee—technicians finally got the escape hatch open. Space Center Fireman James A. Burch grabbed a flashlight and leaned into the charred cabin. "I shined the light completely around inside the capsule," he said, "and I couldn't see anything except burnt wires hanging down. I told the man on the headset, 'There's no one in there.' He said, 'There has to be. They are still in there. Get them out.'" Burch returned to the cabin, only then saw the three.

Blurred Theory. The blunt candor of the report surprised officials of both NASA and North American. Testifying

before Texas Democrat Olin Teague's House Subcommittee on NASA Oversight, North American's top brass seemed defensive and often vague. "In spite of my feeling of deep responsibility for our organization," said Atwood, "I do feel that the responsibility must be widely shared." At one point, North American Vice President John McCarthy quibbled with the board's conclusion that faulty wiring probably caused the fire. Pressed for alternatives, he blurted: "It has been theorized that Grissom could have kicked the wire that would have been attached to the gas chromatometer." That would have caused an abrasion in the insulation and made possible the fire that ignited the blaze. When New York Democrat William Fitts Ryan angrily disputed that suggestion, McCarthy retreated. "I only brought it up as a hypothesis," he said.

Insufficient Dedication. The hearings in both House and Senate made it plain that relationships between NASA and North American—and often between NASA headquarters in Washington and its own operational centers at Cape Kennedy and Houston—were seriously flawed.

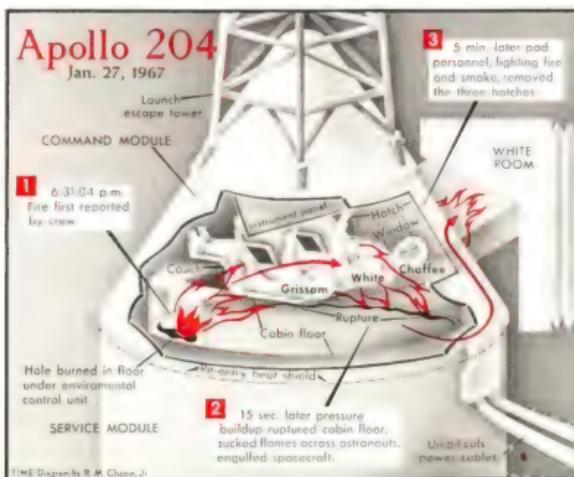
Major General Samuel Phillips, program director for Apollo in Washington, testified that in late 1965 NASA was so unhappy with North American's performance that it considered for a time withdrawing part of the company's assignment. Phillips sent North American a detailed memorandum of NASA's complaints (which the space agency has refused to release). Said NASA's deputy administrator, Dr. Robert Seamans: "There has not always been at North American sufficient dedication either to engineering design or workmanship." The company, he went on, "did not address itself properly to training its personnel, supervising their ef-

forts, and inspecting work that was done."

Privately, NASA officials have long complained about what they call North American's "time clock" approach to its \$2.8 billion Apollo contract. One year, the company was running \$250 million over its budget until NASA finally cracked down and forced the paring of 3,000 employees; it considered superfluous, NASA also assigned extra teams of quality-control inspectors to police workmanship.

High Point. Despite his surprise at the report's severity, NASA Administrator James Webb did not dispute its findings. Instead, he accentuated the positive. "The board has found error, but it has also found the capability to overcome error," he said. Displaying a flash of the evangelical fervor that has characterized his six-year reign as NASA's boss—a job that the North Carolina-born lawyer owed to his solid friendships with Lyndon Johnson and Oklahoma's late Senator Robert Kerr—Webb declared: "If any man in this room asks for whom the Apollo bell tolls, it tolls for him and me, as well as for Grissom, White and Chaffee. It tolls for every astronaut test pilot who will lose his life in the space-simulated vacuum of a test chamber or the real vacuum of space."

To Webb, the drive to explore space is "a high point in all mankind's vision." In the wake of the Apollo tragedy, he conceded that the venture is a dangerous one, but added that "either the country is going to take the risk and get on as we did in Mercury and Gemini, or we will not have a manned-space-flight program." U.S. policymakers have already made their choice. Though the tragedy at Cape Kennedy has set back the first manned Apollo flight by a year, they are still committed to sending men to the moon by 1970.



THE ADMINISTRATION

No Escalation

One war that seems to be in little danger of escalating is Lyndon Johnson's war on poverty. Last year, despite bloated Democratic majorities in Congress, \$138 million was sweated out of the President's \$1.75 billion request. This year, with 47 more Republicans in the House—most of them vociferously critical of the program's waste and mismanagement—even deeper cuts are expected to be made in the President's \$2.06 billion request. Moreover, the war's command post, the Office of Economic Opportunity, will be lucky to escape in one piece.

Opportunity Crusade. Under a G.O.P. antipoverty plan unveiled last week, appropriations would total \$315 million less than Johnson wants. The OEO would simply be abolished and all its programs—the Job Corps, VISTA (the domestic Peace Corps), Head Start and the Community Action Program—transferred to other federal agencies, mostly John Gardner's Department of Health, Education and Welfare. As for Antipoverty Czar R. Sargent Shriver, he might quipped Minnesota's Republican Congressman Albert Quie, become an assistant secretary under Gardner. "Shriver and OEO," said Quie, "have failed." Unless the program is overhauled, echoed New York Republican Charles Goodell, who joined Quie in offering the Republicans' "Opportunity Crusade" as an alternative to the Democratic program, "Congress may well kill off the whole thing."

Seeking to blunt Republican criticism, the Administration weighed in last week with recommendations for some major changes in the basic antipoverty law. Among them: Screening of Job Corps applicants will be tightened to keep out the troublemakers who have plagued some of the 120 communities with corps centers; mayors and businessmen will be assured by law of representation on local antipoverty boards, assuaging local fears that boards controlled by the poor might get out of hand; poverty workers will be barred from using federal funds for "illegal picketing or demonstrations" or other partisan politicking.

Obvious Need. OEO officials believe that the changes—particularly the one limiting participating of the poor on local boards—will reduce the program's value as a tool for "trying, testing and learning." Even so, they are unlikely to silence opposition from Republicans or Southern Democrats who accuse poverty agencies of fomenting local unrest. When Pennsylvania's Democratic Senator Joseph Clark and three members of his poverty subcommittee began hearings in Mississippi last week, for example, Governor Paul Johnson accused "the four socialist-minded Senators" of fostering strife and "pitting the haves against the have-nots."

Inasmuch as Clark's companions included not only New York's liberal

Senators, Democrat Robert Kennedy and Republican Jacob Javits, but also California's conservative Republican George Murphy, the Governor's description bordered on the ludicrous. Murphy, for one, found nothing to laugh about during a daylong tour of the Delta's impoverished Negro communities. Said he, visibly moved by what he had seen: "I didn't know we'd be dealing with starving people." Such testimony—and such obvious need—will unquestionably save most poverty programs. Whether it will save the OEO itself is another question.



BOBBY KENNEDY IN MISSISSIPPI
Very little to laugh about.

THE CONGRESS

Repeating in Leisure

In its closing hours, the 89th Congress hastily enacted a Presidential Election Campaign Fund Act that would have poured as much as \$30 million apiece into Democratic and Republican coffers in time for the '68 races. At the time, no one gave much consideration to the seemingly endless ramifications of the new law. Last week, having repented in leisure, the Senate ended a two-week debate by voting 48 to 42 to repeal the measure and thereby open the way to a more detailed examination of the problem of financing modern campaigns.

Deceptively Simple. No one denies that a presidential contest—with costly TV and radio commercials—requires vast amounts of money, or that basic changes are needed to ensure that wealthy candidates do not enjoy unfair advantages. The Long Act, named for Senate Finance Chairman Russell Long, sought to solve the problem in a deceptively simple manner. Basically, it allowed each taxpayer to check a box on his federal income tax return allotting \$1 ton joint returns, \$2 of his tax pay-

ment for presidential campaigns. The taxpayer could not denote what party or what candidate he wanted to receive his money. The fund would total about \$60 million if everyone marked the box.

The fight to repeal the act was led by Tennessee Democrat Albert Gore, who feared that if such a subsidy were made available before existing laws governing campaign contributions and expenses are overhauled, "we shall simply never achieve reform." New York Democrat Robert Kennedy noted that while the money would theoretically be used only in presidential contests, the act was so loosely worded that funds could easily be diverted to boost favored local candidates. With such a huge fund at his disposal, an incumbent President could wield vast control over local party machines. In Kennedy's case, the implications for 1972 were all too obvious.

Unanimous Rosters. In the end, an unusual coalition of 15 Democrats and 33 Republicans—every G.O.P. Senator on the floor—voted to kill the Long Act. The House has yet to act. The G.O.P.'s rare unanimity in the Senate may be partially explained by the fact that the Republicans, unlike the Democrats, do not know who their '68 presidential nominee will be and are reluctant to sign such a huge blank check.

Now What?

Though Adam Clayton Powell's campaign manager waited 90 minutes after the polls closed to claim victory, he need hardly have been so circumspect. Powell's re-election last week to the House seat from which he had been excluded in March was a foregone conclusion: the only question was how large his vote would be. As it happened, he beat two non-campaigning nonentities by a lopsided margin of nearly 7 to 1. But the results hardly seemed to bear out tales of uncontrollable rage among Negroes at Powell's treatment in Washington. Only 32,418 of Harlem's 126,529 registered voters bothered to go to the polls—compared with 60,688 last year and 111,331 in 1964.

After Powell's new election certificate arrives in the House Clerk's mailbox some time next week, nobody is quite sure of what will happen. Powell could force a showdown by appearing in person to demand admission, but thus far he has shown no inclination to leave his Bimini retreat. Representatives who want Powell admitted could force the issue by seeking to reverse the House decision to exclude him, but they are likely to be defeated. If anything, congressional sentiment has hardened against the preacher-playboy in recent weeks. "The reasons for excluding him in the first place," said Missouri Republican Thomas B. Curtis, "still are there—ethics and conduct." Some House members are urging the Justice Department to take the whole problem off their shoulders by prosecuting Powell on charges of misappropriating public funds. Last week Justice said it was actively investigating the case.

MINORITIES

A Wrong Partially Righted

There seems to be a De Tocqueville quote to fit almost every action in contemporary America. But it was particularly apt to record last week that he wrote, in 1835, that "the great privilege of the Americans does not consist in being more enlightened than other nations, but in being able to repair the faults they may commit."

One particularly grievous fault committed by Americans was the World War II internment of 112,985 Japanese-Americans in dreary camps for as long as four years. They lost an estimated \$400 million in confiscated property, earned no more than \$19 a month in the camps. Although not a single Japanese-American was convicted during the war of spying, and many served in the famous Nisei 442nd Regimental Combat team, which won more decorations than any outfit in U.S. Army history for its exploits in Italy and France, the detainees were not released until just before the end of the war—and then with neither apologies nor abodes to ease their anguish. More than 71,000 of the Japanese-Americans put behind barbed wire were born in America and thus were U.S. citizens.

Slowly, often grudgingly, the Government settled the Japanese-Americans' claims after the war—generally at the rate of 10¢ on the dollar. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court finally concluded the last suit still pending from World War II seizure of property—and on more generous terms. The court ruled that 4,100 Japanese-Americans who, for one reason or another, were late in filing for return of their savings should receive them anyway.

Presiding over the court was Chief Justice Earl Warren, who as attorney general of California in 1942 had been vocal in demanding that Japanese-Americans be evacuated from their West Coast homes. On the bench was Justice

Abe Fortas, who as wartime Under Secretary of the Interior had protested the mass lockups. Justice Tom Clark, who had been the Justice Department's representative in California a quarter of a century ago and worked with the military in detaining the Japanese-Americans, did not participate in the decision.

Justice Without Bitterness. The court ruling will return to the petitioners—without interest—some \$4,000,000 in savings that the Government confiscated from U.S. branches of Japanese banks. Mrs. Ayako Honda, 68, of Redwood City, Calif., who spent three years in a Utah camp while one of her sons was serving in the U.S. Army, estimates that she may receive about \$500. She says she feels no bitterness, is elated that finally "justice was done." Said Los Angeles Attorney A. L. Wirin, who represented some of the plaintiffs: "This decision brings to an end the last injustice visited by the U.S. Government on Americans of Japanese descent during the war."

Not quite. In last week's decision—as in all previous ones—the court sidestepped the prickly problem of the legality of the Government's 1942 action in interning U.S. citizens without benefit of charges or trial. That precedent thus remains intact.

CRIME

Stirrings on Death Row

Just before the door to the octagonal, green gas chamber in California's San Quentin prison clanged shut, the condemned man twisted toward the witnesses. Straining against the eight thick straps that bound him to a chair, he cried: "I am Jesus Christ!" Moments later, a pellet of potassium cyanide was dropped into a solution of dilute sulfuric acid, and blowers began sucking the lethal gas upward. Within twelve minutes, Aaron Mitchell, 37, who was convicted of slaying Sacramento policeman during a 1963 tavern holdup, was dead. He was the first man to be executed in California in four years and the first in the U.S. this year.

Outside San Quentin's "smokehouse"—so named because smoke curls from the gas chamber's chimney when a man is put to death—almost 500 opponents of capital punishment conducted a demonstration. Other groups picketed Governor Ronald Reagan's office and home. At the request of California's Episcopal Bishop C. Kilmer Myers, several churches tolled their bells at the hour of Mitchell's execution "in penitence for our part in this judicial and legalized murder." But C. Julian Bartlett, the dean of Myers' own Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, declined the request.

Exhausting All Avenues. After refusing a plea for executive clemency, Reagan said: "Here was a case in which every legal avenue had been tried—the U.S. Supreme Court twice, the California Supreme Court twice." Moreover,



Mitchell

The law, said the Governor, is the law.

his predecessor, Governor Edmund Brown, had rejected clemency. Concluded Reagan: "The law is the law, and it must be upheld."

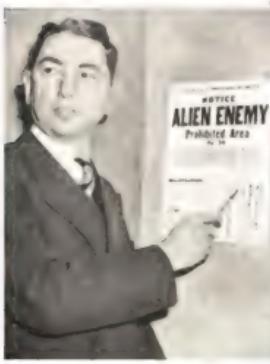
Only one prisoner was put to death in the U.S. last year, and laws on capital punishment are being challenged or set aside. Of the 50 states, 37 have the death penalty, while 13 have either abolished or modified it. The Federal Government has carried out only one execution in ten years, and Michigan Senator Philip A. Hart, whose state killed the death penalty in 1847, has a bill pending that would abolish it for all federal crimes.

There are 404 condemned men, duly convicted and now awaiting execution in penitentiaries. One of them, Rapist William Patrick Clark, 29, who said that he wanted to die, was granted a stay by Georgia's Governor Lester Maddox last week, only 49 minutes before his scheduled electrocution. The same day, a U.S. Supreme Court ruling opened the way to a retrial for two Louisiana Negroes who have been awaiting electrocution since 1953 for the rape of a white woman. In Florida, a Federal District Court judge ordered a rare stay of execution for all of the state's 51 condemned prisoners until at least May 31. On that date, a hearing will be held on an American Civil Liberties Union petition charging that death by electrocution constitutes "cruel and unusual punishment" in violation of the 8th and 14th amendments.

California has another execution scheduled for this week and 59 other men in its death row. "We are treating each one of these cases on its own merits," says Governor Reagan. "Certainly, if clemency is indicated, no one would be happier than I would if I were able to recommend it."

No. 405?

A prospective 405th inhabitant of death row is Richard Franklin Speck 25, who was convicted last week of murdering eight student nurses in a South Side Chicago town house on July 13, 1966. The Peoria, Ill., jury recommended death in the electric chair.



TOM CLARK WITH 1942 POSTER
Slowly, often grudgingly.

THE CHURCHES' INFLUENCE ON SECULAR SOCIETY

CHISTIANS are enjoined to be in the world but not of it, and that has been a difficult rule to follow. Time and again, the churches have slipped over in one direction or the other—too much in the world or too much out of it. From its Puritan beginnings, U.S. Christianity has been deeply concerned with the world, addressing society on its multitude of problems. To a growing number of clergymen, however, being in the world really means being in it—not just talking to it. If they have their way, it may be hard in the future to tell where the church begins and the world leaves off.

The role of the churches in the past 100 years can be seen in several distinct phases. The first big social problem confronting them was slavery, and the resulting North-South split of the denominations. Next came the problem of industrialization, with bitter conflicts between capital and labor that led the churches into preaching the optimistic "Social Gospel" of the early 1900s. But the Depression and World War II were too harsh a reality for many ministers, and they followed Reinhold Niebuhr into acceptance of a Bible-centered "crisis theology." Man's best efforts, Niebuhr reminded Christians, were flawed by sin; God's kingdom was not to come until the end of the world.

The Major Concerns

While Niebuhr and some of his colleagues leaned leftward, U.S. Protestantism was politically cautious during the post-war and cold-war years. There was much emphasis on individual redemption, on "faith in faith," as exemplified by the evangelism of Billy Graham. Since then, the churches have entered a new phase of involvement and activism, of protests and policies. This latest era is not all action, as it may occasionally seem, or all emotion. In recent years the churches have evolved a body of ideas and positions notable for their wide range, their relative readiness to accept change and (on the whole) their growing liberalism.

• **WELFARE & LABOR.** The time is long past when the churches saw the lot of the workingman in terms of charity or when labor unions were denounced as Communist from the pulpit. As early as 1910, the Presbyterians set up the Labor Temple in New York City as "a special mission to workingmen." In 1908, about 30 Protestant denominations formed the Federal Council of Churches, which announced its allegiance "to the toilers of America and to those who by organized effort are seeking to lift the crushing burdens of the poor." Until the outbreak of World War I, the 20th century was an exuberant time. As Congregationalist Minister Gaius Glenn Atkins remembers: "The people were ready [to conquer] the World for Christ in this Generation." The air was full of banners. How Christ would react to the modern world was a favorite topic for sermons and books, including *If Christ Came to Chicago*, all designed to inspire social reform. A great many churchmen remained stoutly conservative, of course, but the Methodists and other denominations criticized laissez-faire capitalism, and by the time the '30s arrived, many Protestant clergymen were plumping for socialism.

After the reforms of the New Deal and postwar affluence changed the face of America, it was sometimes said that the churches' real mission was henceforth among the rich. Still, despite the wealth of the Great Society, the churches (along with everyone else) have rediscovered the poor, from the National Council's Delta Ministry organizing the Negro cotton pickers to the interdenominational California Migrant Ministry trying to better the lot of the grape pickers.

• **WAR & PEACE.** War always means heartbreaking decisions for the church, as it must find a precarious position somewhere between two extremes: at one end, the belief that all war is wrong, on the other, the notion that God is on the side of one's own country. It is perhaps the one area in which the churches are notably at a loss. They still recall

the enthusiastic backing that both Protestants and Catholics gave the U.S. in World War I, and the excessive hopes for peace that followed; the Federal Council characterized the League of Nations as "the political expression of the kingdom of God on earth." In the disillusionment that followed World War I, pacifism grew apathetic. Still, when war came to the U.S. in 1941, the churches accepted it, bowing to what the *Christian Century* called an "unnecessary necessity."

The war in Viet Nam has given rise to what might be called selective pacifism. Relatively few clerics condemn fighting under all circumstances, but Protestant churchmen exhibit pacifist reflexes about Viet Nam. This is noticeably less true of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, although many priests have joined Protestants in peace marches, vigils and the signing of petitions. Few advocate flat-out U.S. withdrawal, and many (the number is impossible to estimate) perhaps support the U.S. stand without making themselves heard. The war often reduces the divided Protestant witness to hand-wringing statements, such as that of the National Council on December 3, 1965, which alternately stated the hawk and the dove positions: "We hold that within the spectrum of their concern, Christians can and do espouse one or the other of these views, or still other views, and should not have the integrity of their conscience faulted because they do."

It can be said for the churchmen's attitude about Viet Nam that they have shown an almost agonizingly active conscience and that a country with such pastors in its pulpits is in no danger of confusing its cause with God's.

• **CHURCH & STATE.** The separation of church and state in the U.S. is so secure that for millions of Americans the question arises only in the limited context of education. For at least a century, Protestant and other non-Catholic clerics maintained that any public funds for education had to go to public schools only. Catholics argued for a share for parochial schools. This deadlock effectively prevented federal aid to education, although since World War II exceptions began to appear—first in public bus service, then in publicly-paid-for milk for parochial schools. When the Johnson Administration in 1965 devised a bill under which parochial schools did receive federal aid—in the shape of textbooks and many other classroom facilities—there was no major Protestant opposition. And there may be little objection to more direct aid for parochial schools in the future. But some rear-guard battles are being waged. New York State, which is currently rewriting its constitution, is witnessing a hassle about an 1894 clause barring direct or indirect state aid to parochial schools. Some Protestant and Jewish groups are fighting to keep this ban in the new constitution, and so is the New York Civil Liberties Union, which normally would fight against this sort of restrictive law.

• **CIVIL RIGHTS.** Beginning with the 1954 Supreme Court decision against school segregation, the civil rights movement was the major cause of the churches' new activism. Most denominations already paid lip service at least to integration, but the growing national concern and the direct challenge to the Christian conscience brought about a flurry of new resolutions and exhortations. In the 1960s, the civil rights struggle moved the churches further and further along from talk to action.

Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel of New Orleans communicated three Roman Catholics who opposed his decision to desegregate the city's Roman Catholic schools. Asked in 1962 by Martin Luther King to join in a prayer vigil at Albany, Ga., 75 Protestant, Jewish and Catholic clergymen and laymen submitted to arrest and jail for praying on behalf of desegregation. In 1963, more than 200 clergymen

were arrested for taking part in picket lines and demonstrations. Hundreds of clergymen joined the Civil Rights March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom.

The Episcopal diocese of New York City recently asked all church agencies to confine their investments to corporations that have "demonstrated their commitment to equal opportunity in employment." The United Presbyterian Church has a fair-employment clause in all its contracts. The Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church and the Board of Homeland Ministries of the Union Church of Christ have sided with a militant Negro organization called HIGHT in a dispute with the Eastman Kodak Co., which is being accused of discriminating against hiring Negroes. Joseph Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis and Catholic Archbishop John F. Dearden of Detroit have announced that they will give preferential treatment to suppliers who give equal opportunity to members of minorities. In innumerable communities, churchmen are fighting for open housing. It is the struggle for civil rights that has most visibly changed the U.S. churches' style and approach, and has given at least some of them a chance to consider themselves radical.

• PRIVATE MORALS. If the civil rights movement has been the most dramatic, it is in the area of morals that the deepest changes have occurred. The large-scale, disastrous attempt to legislate morality, exemplified by Prohibition, will hardly be repeated. And since World War II, Protestants—increasingly, Catholics as well—have witnessed an unprecedented evolution of their churches' attitude toward marriage and sex. In 1956, the United Lutheran Church in America abolished the denomination's long-standing restriction on remarriage of the guilty party in divorce, decided to permit Lutheran pastors to remarry any divorced person who showed repentance. Marriage is a "life-long, indissoluble union," declared the delegates, "but God in his love does accept the sinner." The Methodist Social Creed was similarly revised to allow a minister to perform a marriage when the divorced person "is sufficiently aware of the factors leading to the failure of the previous marriage" and "sincerely preparing to make the proposed marriage truly Christian."

On the subject of birth control, the Methodists' 1944 creed is totally silent, while that of 1964 declares that "planned parenthood, practiced in Christian conscience, fulfills the will of God." Before World War I, the U.S. Episcopalians, like the Anglicans, still called birth control "demoralizing." In October 1966, the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church declared that "we affirm and support programs of population control." Even the Roman Catholic Church, until recently a staunch bather against liberalized birth control and divorce laws wherever they turned up, has begun to soft-pedal its opposition. Last year such liberalized laws have been passed by the legislature in New York and Massachusetts where they had previously been blocked by Catholic pressure.

The new battle in Protestant-Catholic relations is over a number of bills to liberalize abortion laws that are currently pending in state legislatures, designed to provide for legal abortions in cases of rape, incest, and a threat to the mother's health attested to by qualified physicians. In every case the Catholic Church, which considers abortion equivalent to murder, is fighting hard to kill these measures. In Chicago last week, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops authorized a new "educational campaign" against the proposed laws, with a first-year budget of \$50,000. In New York, an abortion bill was defeated last month. In Colorado, where Catholic influence is weaker, such a law was passed.

The controversy raises an important issue. There is no question that such matters as abortion must be regulated; but is it proper for this regulation to be imposed by the moral precepts of a particular church? For that matter, is it proper for Christian precepts to be imposed on a society, including its non-Christian citizens?

When the Roman Catholic Church speaks on moral problems, Protestant Theologian Jaroslav Pelikan points out, it speaks on one of three levels: 1) natural law, which it considers applicable to all men, Christian or not, by virtue of their creation; 2) revealed law, applicable to all Christians

"in a state of grace"; and 3) church law, applicable only to members of a particular church. There is little dispute left over the last two categories. Few Catholics would argue any longer that revealed law (for instance, the Christian sacrament of marriage) or church law (for instance, the celibacy of priests) should be made part of state law. But Catholics still retain the belief that natural law, or their interpretation of it, should be embodied in human legislation—and that is the point where they clash with their critics.

In general, though, most churchmen would agree that in a free market of ideas, the churches should have the same rights as any other organization to fight for their principles. Barring undue influence or chicanery, if the majority does not want them, they will presumably not be accepted. The old-fashioned view that churches should stay out of the political, social and economic spheres altogether and stick to preaching and saving souls, is still sharply expressed by some laymen and clerics. But they are in the distinct minority. Presbyterian Eugene Carson Blake, General Secretary of the World Council of Churches, declares: "Surely, if the chambers of commerce, labor unions, university faculties and women's clubs properly influence political decisions, it is a basic rejection of the importance of God himself if the church is to be inactive or silent." The Hebrew prophets as well as the New Testament, believes Blake, give grounds for church involvement. "The gospel is no longer being misunderstood as simply a spiritual affair. The church cannot be merely interested in the salvation of souls. It must be interested in the salvation of men, both souls and bodies."

The Possible Pitfalls

That is precisely the belief of a new generation of churchmen who are carrying the American activist tradition a step or two further than the Social Gospel. They have learned their lessons from Niebuhr. They are less likely than their spiritual forebears two generations ago to identify any set pattern, such as pacifism or socialism, with the gospel. They are more open to secular allies and more realistic in the uses of power. In city halls and state legislatures, and on Capitol Hill itself, they are turning up to buttonhole, cajole and twist an arm or two, right alongside the other lobbyists. Methodist Minister Tex S. Sample, Director of Social Relations for the Massachusetts Council of Churches, says: "The church should be involved wherever there are human values at stake. If a company is trying to decide whether to make the heels of shoes from wood or plastic, that is not a church issue. But if making them from plastic puts people out of work, obviously the entire community has a right to have a say in this issue, and the church should as well. There are human values in more things than some people admit."

If the church's mission is to be defined that broadly, its ministers will obviously face some pitfalls. They may become involved in complicated situations they do not understand, and they may tarnish the spiritual aura of the church. The intellectual hero of many of the new activists is Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the German Lutheran minister who was executed by the Nazis at the age of 39 for participating in an assassination plot against Hitler. He called for a new "worldly Christianity" to serve a civilization that had "come of age" and no longer needed to be pointed to a "beyond." The new church, he said, must stop talking about a transcendent God and concentrate on God as immanent—"the Divine in the midst of things." The question thus posed but left unanswered, is what in this scheme of things is to distinguish a Christian from any other humanistic do-gooder. The simplistic solution of some of the new activists seems to be to talk about Jesus as the original good Joe out to organize the underdogs into getting a decent shake from the Establishment.

In that view there is indeed danger of making the church too much of the world, too much an instrument of merely human designs. But that, the most enterprising of today's churchmen believe, is one risk among many others that they must take. Only thus, they feel, can the world relearn that no aspect of life or death—neither love nor money, neither government nor war—is beyond the reach of God's word and the Christian faith.

THE WORLD

LATIN AMERICA

Alliance for Urgency

As Lyndon Johnson strode into a huge reception in the San Rafael Hotel on the final night of the historic Punta del Este conference of hemisphere chiefs, Latin American leaders surrounded him and embraced him in one passionate *abrazo* after another. When they finally turned him loose, their wives besieged him for autographs.

"Let us declare the next ten years the Decade of Urgency."

Hitting Home. The good will that permeated the conference was all the more unusual because Johnson came south with surprisingly little in his pockets to give the Latin Americans. Unlike the original Alliance for Progress, with its main stress on U.S. aid combined with land and tax reforms in Latin America, Johnson's new program rested chiefly on increased trade and Latin

FRANCIS MILLER—LIFE



HEMISPHERE PRESIDENTS AT CONFERENCE TABLE IN PUNTA DEL ESTE
A new surge of independence, confidence and responsibility.

"This has been so beautiful," sighed Brazil's President Arthur da Costa e Silva. Said Mexico's Gustavo Diaz Ordaz: "President Johnson is showing heart for Latin America."

The Punta del Este meeting was undeniably a personal triumph for Lyndon Johnson, who had seized on and promoted the idea for a conference that would open a new era of Latin American economic cooperation. It was Johnson's first trip ever to South America and his first opportunity to meet Latin American Presidents, many of whom had been prepared to dislike him. But Johnson proved far more charming and disarming, far more *simpatico* than most of them had expected—and they were won over. Even more important, the U.S. President sounded a clarion call that none of them could resist:

American self-help. "I represent a nation committed by history, by national interest and by simple friendship to the cause of progress in Latin America," Johnson told his fellow Presidents. "But the assistance of my nation will only be useful as it reinforces your determination and builds on your achievements."

Only a few years ago, such a blunt statement would have sent many Latin Americans into bursts of outrage about *Yanqui* callousness—and Ecuador's interim President, Otto Arosemena Gómez, 41, indeed complained that the U.S. did not offer enough aid. But for the rest of the Latin Americans, who vainly tried to shush Arosemena, Johnson's words hit home. After receiving \$9.9 billion in Alliance aid during the past six years, the Latin Americans are beginning to realize that aid alone will

not make their problems go away. They are also experiencing a new surge of independence, confident that they can progress without relying quite so heavily on U.S. aid. Said Chile's President, Eduardo Frei: "Our people know that they are poor in a rich continent." Added Mexico's Diaz Ordaz: "It is our effort, our imagination and our resources that must carry out the task of economic integration."

Six-Point Attack. Around the big circular table in a converted gambling casino at Punta del Este, 19 Presidents affixed their signatures to a 10,000-word, red-leather-bound declaration that is aimed at helping Latin American countries solve in unison their centuries-old problems of illiteracy, poverty and narrow sectionalism. With the sole exception of Arosemena, the Presidents decided on a six-point attack to:

► Establish a common market that will ultimately unite Latin America from Mexico to Argentina in one huge free-trade zone. Under the plan, the Latin American Common Market will begin operation in 1970, gradually lower tariffs until by 1985 goods will flow unimpeded throughout the entire area. As a companion piece, the Presidents also intend to establish a Latin American stock market so that people in one country can easily invest in enterprises in other countries.

► Build more roads from country to country, improve harbors and construct new satellite-using telecommunications systems to enable Latin Americans to travel, trade and talk more readily among themselves.

► Pressure the industrialized nations, through the good offices of the U.S., to grant trade concessions to the Latin American countries so that their main exports—coffee, sugar and copper—will no longer be adversely affected by wild fluctuations in world markets.

► Modernize farms so that Latin America will finally be able to feed its 243 million inhabitants and thus no longer be in the unhappy position of having to spend precious foreign exchange on food imports.

► Improve health, educational and scientific-training facilities throughout the hemisphere, with strong emphasis on programs that will wipe out contagious diseases and teach Latin Americans the basic skills required for industrial jobs.

► Eliminate unnecessary Latin American military spending on such costly prestige items as aircraft carriers and supersonic fighter planes in favor of buying cheaper counterinsurgency weapons such as automatic rifles and armed helicopters.

It was an ambitious program, and Johnson made clear that the U.S. will do what it can to lend both aid and encouragement. He hopes to boost Alliance for Progress funds, which now amount to about \$1.2 billion a year,

by another \$300 million annually for the next five years—but he made no major commitments at the conference. In fact, he extended only five offers: a pledge to finance a Latin American satellite-communications system, a promise to try to persuade the industrialized countries to grant trade concessions to less developed countries, a commitment to try to “untie” some U.S. aid funds so that the money can be spent for Latin American-made goods rather than in the U.S., an offer to apply U.S. technology to a wide range of Latin American problems, and a proposal to establish Alliance for Progress centers at U.S. colleges and universities to encourage interest in Latin America.

No Chandelier. Johnson's main contribution to the conference, as it turned out, was his ability to make the Presidents feel that he—and the U.S.—really understood their problems and wanted to help. That was no mean feat at Punta del Este, where Johnson was a very big fish in a very small pool. Employing the strictest security precautions in its history, Uruguay cordoned off the peninsula with 1,000 police and 600 soldiers, who allowed only accredited newsmen and diplomats to pass roadblocks. Guards stood on rooftops with high-powered rifles and studied the surroundings through binoculars. Security agents monitored each of Punta del Este's 4,000 telephone lines for any hint of possible assassination plots.

A five-man Uruguayan guard was assigned to each President in addition to the security forces that each head of state brought with him; Brazil's Costa e Silva brought a 20-man detachment. Argentina's Juan Onofrani twelve men. Johnson, of course, outdid them all. Scores of Secret Service men moved through the grounds around Beaufile, the Johnson residence, chattering into walkie-talkies about the whereabouts of “Volunteer,” the code name for Johnson. Whenever he moved, they literally shielded him with a wall of bodies; they even decided to remove the 1,430-lb. chandelier that hung over the conference table around which Johnson and the other Presidents would sit. Offshore was anchored the helicopter carrier U.S.S. *Wright*, whose communications room contained the hot line to the Kremlin just in case some international crisis arose during which Johnson might want to talk with the Soviet leaders.

Just to Listen. The strict security arrangements kept Johnson from mingling with Latin Americans and pressing the flesh, but he made up for that in his private sessions with the Presi-

dents. His face burnished copper by the warm Uruguayan sun, he sat in a lounge chair on the lawn of his seaside villa and, between formal summit sessions, received a steady procession of Latin American leaders in arm-gripping, rib-punching, face-to-face talks. “I'm not here to say ‘You do that and you do this.’” Johnson told the Presidents. “I'm just here to listen.” When he did speak, he was well informed; he had already talked with Latin American ambassadors to Washington when they visited his Texas ranch, had sent Secretary of State Dean Rusk on ahead to Punta del Este to bone up on problems.

Colombia's Carlos Lleras Restrepo, for instance, was flattered to find that he was able to talk for 35 of the 45 minutes of his meeting with Johnson

WALTER BENNETT



COSTA E SILVA & JOHNSON
More heart than pocketbook.

about Latin America's unfavorable position in world trade (its share of the world market has slipped from 8.6% to 5.9% in the past ten years) and the instability of world coffee prices. Mexico's Diaz Ordaz, one of the few Latin American leaders whom Johnson had previously met, had an 80-minute talk about increasing agricultural output; before the talk was over, Johnson had scraped his chair close to Diaz Ordaz and was thumping him on the arm to emphasize points.

Sensing that he might have trouble over oil with Venezuela's Raúl Leoni, Johnson jumped into his Cadillac and went calling. He listened for 75 minutes as Leoni complained about how the U.S. program against air pollution might affect exports of Venezuelan oil because much of the oil is low-grade and has a high sulfur content, which is a prime pollutant. Johnson told Leoni that U.S. scientists were experimenting with refining methods that would re-

duce sulfur content and that any discoveries would be passed on to Venezuela. Back at Beaufile, Johnson heard Peru's visionary Fernando Belaúnde Terry tell how the Indians of the High Andes are building 1,500 miles of roads to open the interior of Peru to trade for the first time since the Incan Empire succumbed to the onslaught of the Spanish conquistadors 435 years ago. As the Presidents told how they were coping with their problems, Johnson would say: “You do that, and we will walk by your side all the way.”

After signing the Declaration of the Presidents, Johnson boarded Air Force One for his Texas ranch. Said he: “I return to my country in good heart.”

As he had learned, Latin America has never in its history been ruled by so many intelligent, reasonable men. And never before has it evinced such a spirit of common purpose.

BRAZIL

The Testing Place

[See Cover]

In the task of creating a new community of Latin American nations on their own, the leaders who met in Punta del Este will be looking to the U.S. and Lyndon Johnson for limited help, for encouragement and moral support. When it comes to the hard business of getting actual results, though, their eyes will be turned toward Brazil and its new President, Arthur da Costa e Silva. Brazil is the key to the success or failure of any attempt at economic integration in Latin America. Its influence and power are decisive; its vast land embodies all of the deepest problems and brightest prospects of the Southern Hemisphere. While Costa, 64, made his first appearance among his Latin American colleagues after only a month in office, Brazil itself was poised on one of the most challenging and crucial phases of its history.

The world's fifth largest nation (329,000 sq. mi.) and the eighth in population (85 million), Brazil represents half of South America's landmass, half of its wealth and half of its people. With potentially more arable land than in all of Europe, it is first in world production of coffee, third in sugar, corn, cocoa and tobacco. Within the vast solitudes of its mountains, rolling plains, winding rivers and lush, tropical rain forests, it contains the world's largest hydroelectric potential, one-seventh of the world's iron-ore reserves, 16% of its timber and an incalculable wealth of gold, silver, diamonds and other minerals and semi-precious stones.

The size and huge resources of their country have given Brazilians an almost mystical sense of destiny—that greatness has always been inevitable. One-time Dictator (1930-45) and President (1951-54) Getúlio Vargas cried: “We are marching toward a new future different from all we know.” “We are doomed to greatness,” lamented Presi-

dent Juscelino Kubitschek (1956-61). "This is the land of Canaan, unlimited and fecund," said President Jânio Quadros, who only held office for seven months in 1961 and who also rashly declared: "In five years Brazil will be a great power." Everytime they strike up their national anthem, Brazilians join in a chorus of self-hypnotic confidence in the future:

*Nature made you a giant,
A beautiful, powerful indomitable
colossus.
And your future
Will match this greatness.*

Stiffened Spine. Yet today is yesterday's tomorrow, and many of yesterday's fond hopes are still hopes. For all the hallelujahs, Brazil today—like all of its neighbors in Latin America—is

stiffened his spine and his resolve—and made him less dreamy than some of his predecessors. In a meeting with his Cabinet the day after his inauguration, he said: "Brazilian society is profoundly split. This cleavage is growing and deepening so much that all of us must work urgently to remedy it. I have the impression that while we all live in the same national space, we do not live in the same social time. Misery dominates large segments of the Brazilian population. If, as St. Francis of Assisi said, virtue cannot grow in misery, it is worth asking how democracy can flourish in poverty."

Democracy is not flourishing in Brazil, but it is lucky even to be alive. Brazil's military men believe that they saved it in the nick of time in 1964 when they toppled leftist President João Goulart, who seemed to be moving toward a Communist-type dictatorship, and installed Army General Humberto Castello Branco as President. Elected to succeed Castello Branco by a Congress subservient to the military and controlled by the government's ARENA Party, Costa e Silva has promised to humanize the revolution launched by his austere and humorless predecessor—but he has also made it clear that he intends to carry through on the many basic reforms that Castello began. So moved was he by the task facing him that at his first Cabinet meeting he broke into tears. "I hope to God," he said softly, "to live up to expectations and not to disappoint my country or my people."

Arbiter & Guardian. The army that created Costa and put him in office looks upon itself as the repository of order and stability in Brazil. Brazilians have never either hated or particularly loved the country's 200,000-man military, but have simply accepted it on its own terms as the arbiter of national policies and the guardian of the constitution. Unlike the bloody revolutions of most of the Spanish-American nations, Brazil's gentle wrench from Portugal in 1822 did not create a pantheon of army heroes or a military history that puts men in debt to soldiers. Today, Brazil's military organization is run by a bright, intellectual class of officers who are strongly influenced by the tenets of Comtian and Spencerian Positivism. In a land that is being torn by a struggle between tradition and modernization, the army—frequently accused of being right wing—is actually a major vehicle for reform.

Costa e Silva represents the more liberal, reform-minded type of military leader who is coming to the fore in Latin America. Thanks partly to the \$1.6 billion-a-year Alliance for Progress and partly to a gradual opening up of the continent, most of today's military officers recognize that the best defense

"...which holds that man can achieve a sound, viable society only by recognizing conditions for what they are and dealing with them scientifically and pragmatically, rather than engaging in metaphysical speculation on what society should be."

against Fidel Castro and his threatened "wars of liberation" is to improve the degrading lot of the underprivileged and create a sense of community and nationhood in which everyone can participate. Like Brazil, Argentina has a military government that is trying to institute reforms; the army has also launched extensive civic-action programs in Venezuela, Peru, Colombia and Bolivia. Though Brazil's military shows little inclination at present to let civilians run the show again, army men in both Ecuador and Guatemala have recently returned their governments to civilian rule.

The Brazilian army is very much a part of the people, and has always welcomed all comers to its ranks. Of the country's \$2.2 billion budget, \$450 million goes to the military, and about \$45 million of that is spent on civic action. "Our armed forces," says Costa, "are in a pioneering role. No civilian doctor will open his office in desolate country near the Bolivian border, so we send an army doctor. And the schoolteacher there may have to be an army man too." In fact, the military now runs an engineering institute and 33 elementary and secondary schools with a total enrollment of 11,500. Last year Brazil's soldiers paved 300 miles of road, laid 350 miles of railway tracks and worked on dozens of other national projects. Military pilots log 3,000,000 miles a year in the trackless interior, flying in supplies and helping peasants get their crops out to market.

Some Nerve. As a leader of Brazil's army, Costa e Silva has been involved in revolution on and off for many years. One of nine children of a shopowner in the small gaucho town of Taquari in Rio Grande do Sul State, he went to military school as a youngster and was at the head of his class almost from the first. As a student lieutenant colonel, he had as his subcommander a native of the poverty-stricken Northeast, a stubby ugly duckling named Humberto Castello Branco, who was destined to remain in Costa's shadow throughout most of his career.

While he was attending Brazil's version of West Point, where he finished third in his class, Costa took a shine to a very young girl named Iolanda, the daughter of an instructor, and mentioned her to a fellow cadet one day as "the girl I am going to marry." "But she is only ten years old," said the cadet. Replied Arthur: "She'll grow up." While he was waiting, 2nd Lieut. Costa e Silva fell in with a group of officers fed up with the powerful landowners who were running Brazil, and later joined a brief and abortive rebellion that landed him in jail aboard a freighter in Rio de Janeiro's Guanabara Bay. Through a friend, Costa smuggled out a note to Iolanda's father, asking permission to marry her. "You have some nerve," the father said—but he finally consented.

Costa was released after six months. When Getúlio Vargas led a coup that



RIO "FAVELA"

Same space, but not same time.

faced with staggering problems that cannot be put off much longer, Brazil has South America's highest child-mortality rate (11.2%), its third highest illiteracy rate (50%), its third lowest per capita income (\$285), and one of its most ruinous rates of inflation (41%). About 1% of Brazilian landowners control 47% of the farm land. Side by side with a wealthy aristocracy dwell filth, disease and poverty so dismal that they rob men even of the urge to protest. The average life span is 55 compared with 72 for advanced countries, and 40% of all Brazilians have been afflicted with a major disease.

Such sobering facts require sobering words, and Arthur da Costa e Silva lost no time in applying them after he took office in the still unfinished and boldly modern capital of Brasília last month. A lifetime professional soldier who headed Brazil's armed forces until he resigned to run for President, Costa is a pragmatic man whose army background has



Rancher Jerval Peixoto, 60, of Bahia State runs one of the Northeast's biggest cattle spreads. Brazil boasts world's second largest herd—after U.S., ahead of Argentina.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY GUYENE LEAVENS, PAULO MUNIZ, DAVID DREW ZINSS

Coffee Planter Luiz Vicentini, 42, owns 65,000 trees near Londrina; in a locale typical of the country's contrasts: lush vegetation close to modern concrete cities.





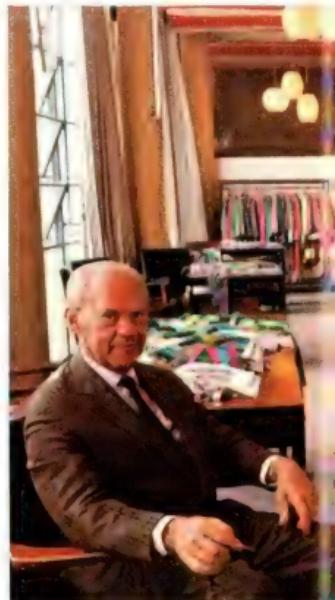
Soccer Star "Pelé," 25, whose real name is Edson Arantes do Nascimento, is the world's

highest-paid player (\$200,000 a year). He is worshiped by Brazil's frenzied *futebol* cult.

Fashion Designer David Zeiger, 48, heads São Paulo's Pullsport de Malharia, South America's largest maker of women's apparel. He favors Pucci styles.



General Aurélio de Lyra Tavares, 61, new Minister of the Army, has the job of keeping Brazil's 145,000-man army behind the government.





Governor Paulo Pimentel, 38, of Paraná, is typical of rising young reform politicians, has built classrooms and roads, expanded agriculture since taking office 13 months ago.



Industrialist Francisco Matarazzo Jr., 67, Latin America's biggest businessman, operates a \$300 million empire (textiles, chemicals, synthetic fibers) from a São Paulo base.



Archbishop Dom Helder Câmara, 58, leader of the new liberal wing of Brazil's Roman Catholic Church, celebrates

a Mass in slum church in Recife. "Who told you God was in the sky?" he asks. "He is in us. He is our father here."



Favela Chief Ismael Elias da Silva, 45, fights crime and disease in one of Rio's biggest hillside slums.

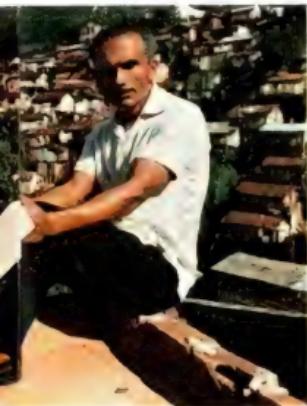


Physiologist Antonio Silva Mello, 80, an expert on nutrition and Negro culture, wears uniform of Academy of Letters.



Teacher Nair Hirooka, 21, and smiling pupils in Londrina illustrate Brazil's varied racial mix. Nair is the daughter

of Japanese immigrants. Students are children of Brazilian, Italian, German and Japanese farmers in the area.



Plastic Surgeon Ivo Pitangui, 41, one of the world's finest, operates in Rio on a young patient to remove a growth.





Guitarist Baden Powell, 29, the country's top strummer, plays everything from Bach to complex Afro-sambas.



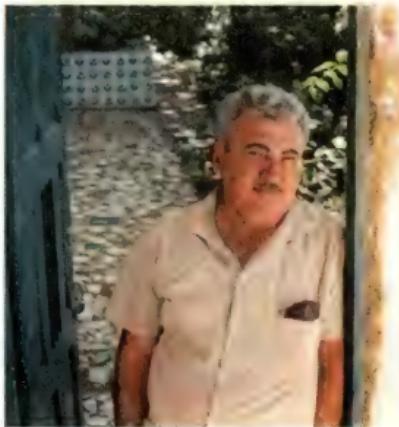
Sculptor Mario Cravo Jr., 44, dwarfed by an untitled welded-steel abstract in his Salvador



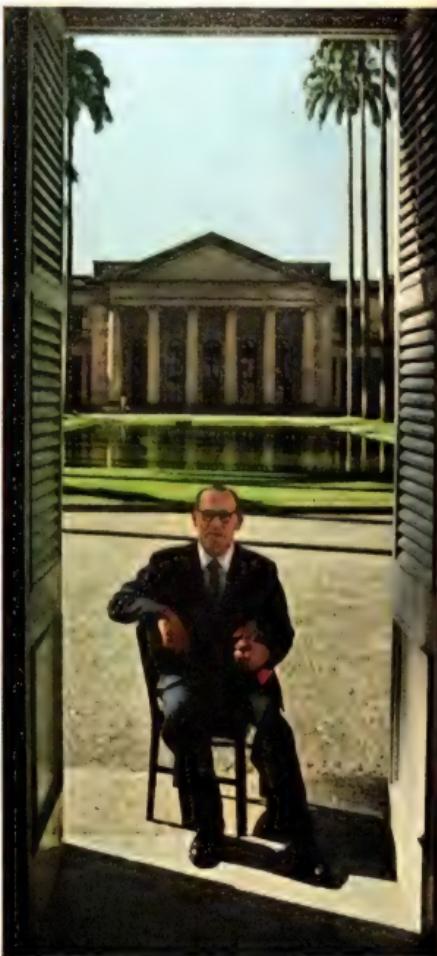
Director Glauber Rocha, 28, has a fresh, critical film technique that is giving Brazil's Cinema Novo a boost and winning prizes from U.S. to Czechoslovakia.

Singer Nara Leão, 25, branched out from early Joan Baez-style protest themes to become her country's leading popular vocalist.

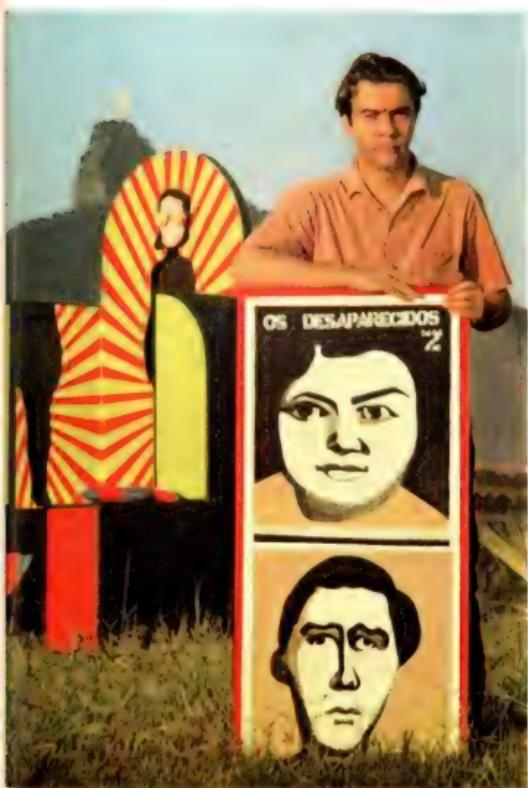




Author Jorge Amado, 54, bestselling novelist (*Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon*), limns the Northeast in earthy Hemingway style.



Novelist-Diplomat João Guimarães Rosa, 59, who has Joycean flair for words in *The Devil to Pay in the Backlands*, created a vivid new language all his own.



Painter Ruhens Gerchman, 24, in vanguard of new figurative movement, stresses alienation. Work shown here: *The Missing Ones*.



Hostess Elena Kalil Mahfuz, 32, wife of a São Paulo textile executive, speaks six languages and owns part of an art gallery.



Socialite Lilia Xavier da Silveira, 39, whose husband heads national tourism, is descended from a founder of the republic.

pushed the landowners out in 1930 and set up a mild, semi-Fascist dictatorship; Costa came aboard as an aide to one of Vargas' Cabinet ministers. Over the years, Costa worked his way up in rank and, during a postwar wave of democratic feeling in Latin America, joined a group of officers who booted Vargas from power in 1945—only to see him return to office after the 1950 elections. Four years later, as Vargas drifted back toward his old corruption and dictatorship, the army again ordered him out; this time Vargas went to his pajama headroom and put a bullet through his head.

As the candidate of Vargas' Social Democratic Party, Juscelino Kubitschek was swept to power in the next year's elections, promising "50 years of progress in five." He doubled cement and steel production, tripled power generation, expanded petroleum output 15 times and, with visionary foresight, started the \$600 million capital of Brasília 600 miles to the northwest of Rio and the 1,360-mile Belém-Brasília highway to open up Brazil's virginial interior. The gross national product spurted—but so did the government deficit. By the time Kubitschek's term was up—Brazilian Presidents cannot succeed themselves—the cost of living was climbing 29.4% a year and corruption was everywhere.

Like Hoodlums. Promising to "wield the broom," incoming President Jânio Quadros threw the national machine into reverse, firing 35,000 government workers and slashing salaries of top government officials 30%. When President Quadros persuaded the São Paulo legislature to vote down a pay raise for the state militia, the militiamen rebelled and prepared to storm the governor's palace. Now a general, Costa e Silva ordered his troops to surround the rebel barracks, then rushed alone to the palace, where he found rebels in charge and the governor hiding in the basement. "You're acting like hoodlums," Costa shouted at the rebels. "Get in line, all of you. You're under arrest." Fortunately, the army arrived moments later to back up Costa's threat, and the revolt was over.

When the erratic, increasingly moody Quadros suddenly swung to the left, calling Castro a "great statesman" and even pinning Brazil's top medal on Cuba's visiting Che Guevara, the public and army raised an angry clamor. In a fit of pique, Quadros simply resigned one day and sailed off to Europe. In came Vice President João Goulart, a leftist demagogue who at the very moment of Quadros' resignation was in Peking chatting with Mao Tse-tung. The army considered pulling a coup, but finally decided to give Goulart a chance. Asked to serve as Goulart's army chief of staff, Costa refused. "I cannot," he said, "take a position of trust in a government that I distrust and oppose." The job went instead to Castello Branco.

Costa's worst fears were soon borne

out. Corruption spread through every level of government, Brazil's cost of living rose 81% in 1963, the cruzeiro plunged from 280 to the dollar to 1,720, and foreign investment froze in the face of Goulart's sporadic fits of nationalism. After rare and alarming protest marches by 500,000 Brazilians in São Paulo and 100,000 in Belo Horizonte, Costa and his generals finally rose up and sent Goulart packing off to exile in Uruguay. Costa took over the country's military.

When the state governors met and asked Costa to head the new government, he refused; Castello Branco took the job instead. Often bypassing Congress altogether, Castello Branco launched a massive cleanup of infla-

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By this time, the hard line was calling all the shots, and demanded that Costa run for president. Costa himself, no longer content to play Brazil's great grey eminence, was more than willing. Though Castello Branco was not very happy about the choice of his successor, Congress dutifully elected Costa last October.

Even though he is the candidate of the hard line, Brazilians welcomed Costa as a relief after the drab and dour Castello Branco. As a man who wants to reinterpret the revolution in human terms, Costa emerges as the essence of the middle-class Brazilian. He likes to play the horses now and then, appreciates good cognac, enjoys his family (wife Isolda, a son, four grandchildren) and laughs at the latest jokes about his military ways. Among his favorites: one concerning a contest that Costa plans to hold for the best joke about him—first prize is 20 years in jail.

Costa is also a man of vigor and passion. A hardy, 200-pounder who keeps fit doing knee bends and arm exercises, he once gave a bear-hug *abrazo* to an old army chum and cracked two of the officer's ribs. He is just as good at cracking knuckles. When, as commander of the military, he finally accepted the dinner invitation of a particularly insistent congressional deputy, he arrived at an opulent apartment on Copacabana beach, watched silently after dinner while his host showed off a gallery of possessions: 50 suits, 25 pairs of shoes, bulky silverware, art treasures. "Wait till you see my wife's wardrobe," said the deputy. "No thank you," replied Costa. "I have seen enough." Within the next few days, he canceled the deputy's mandate and suspended his political rights "for ostentatious and conclusive evidence of corruption."

One Huge Lottery. In Costa's hands now is the fate of Brazil at a time when the country stands at a critical point in its growth and development. It can either slip back almost effortlessly into its



COSTA & CASTELLO BRANCO
Sober words for sober facts.

tion, corruption and Communism. He issued more than 3,000 decrees, stripped almost 800 Brazilians of their political rights and had hundreds more arrested and grilled for hours. To cool off Brazil's badly overheated economy, he cut government spending by 30%, quadrupled income tax revenues, held down wages and did his best to woo foreign investment.

Vigor & Passion. Though the results were not so spectacular as the army had promised, they were notable. The rate of inflation dropped in half, to 41% last year. Foreign investment bounced back from \$709,000 under Goulart, to \$200 million. The growth rate of the gross national product went from 1.4% a year to 5%. For the first time in years, the World Bank sent a mission to Brazil, and last December came up with \$230 million in loans and financing. Washington, which had cut

old "land of tomorrow" ways or, if Costa carries the torch, finally begin to live up to its prophesies and take its place as a power and mover in Latin America.

Costa's biggest problem is the economy. On top of last year's 41% rise, the cost of living has shot up another 7.3% in the first two months of this year, making Brazil little more than one huge, hectic lottery. Just before leaving office, Castello Branco devalued the currency and issued a new cruzeiro worth 1,000 of the old ones. Even so, people still deal in hundreds of cruzeiros for the most simple needs. To beat Brazil's inflation, whose inexorable rise is caused by overloaded budgets and overworked money presses, many Brazilians rush to put their money into material possessions that hold their value, particularly real estate—thus, of course, driving prices up even further.

Costa says that he will continue Castello Branco's tight-money program—but not at the expense of development. In the Northeast, the government's regional development agency, called SUDENE, is luring new industry with special tax incentives and is helping build a \$37 million potassium-fertilizer factory, a \$44 million caustic-soda plant and an \$11 million tire plant. Brazil is building the new \$25 million, 15-story Panorama Palace Hotel on a Rio hillside overlooking Copacabana Beach; it will be Latin America's largest and lushest hotel. The massive 4,000,000-kw. Urubupungá Project going up on the Paraná River in south-central Brazil, one of the largest hydroelectric complexes in the world, is part of a program to push Brazil's hydroelectric capacity from the current 8,150,000 kw. to

twelve million kw. by 1970, compared with the U.S.'s present 45 million kw.

Some fear that Costa may try to build too much, or that he will be more concerned with winning friends than winning the battle against inflation. He was no sooner in office than he countermanded a Castello Branco order and rehired—at least temporarily—1,500 surplus social security workers who had just been fired. He also suspended a special 15% profit tax that Castello Branco had put through, held up a fare hike on some government rail lines and hinted that he might even double the country's minimum wage to \$148 a month. But the military hard-liners are there to see that he does not slide too far.

Uprooting Bushes. The inflationary rise is getting a strong tail wind from the country's primitive agriculture, which is failing to keep up with the annual increase in the birth rate. Last year, Brazil's population increased almost roughly by the equivalent of the total population of Uruguay (pop. 2.7 million). Yet Brazil's farm tools and techniques are so antiquated that the country actually produces less corn and wheat per acre than it did 30 years ago. Moreover, one-fourth of what it does produce spoils before it reaches market because of poor transportation and storage facilities. One of the few crops that Brazil produces in abundance—coffee—is too abundant; saddled with \$220 million a year in coffee supports, Costa's government is paying farmers to uproot thousands of acres of coffee bushes and cut production 18% by 1968.

Costa has made a point that he will vigorously push "all measures that increase agriculture and cattle produc-

tion, as well as raise productivity." To expand Brazil's backward agriculture, he plans to step up the pace of a two-year-old land-reform program, aimed at extending credit to small farmers, providing them with technical guidance and breaking up the country's huge estates. It will be a much harder and longer task to eradicate the inevitable result of Brazil's farm troubles: the sprawling belts of poverty and misery throughout the countryside, where 50% of Brazil's people try to scratch out a living. In the Northeast, a barren, beaten land more than twice the size of Texas, average per-capita income is down to \$100 a year, illiteracy runs 75% and the life span of the area's 28 million people has been cut by hunger and disease to an appalling 35. As the Northeast's Componer-Singer Geraldo Vandré wails:

*I've seen death without weeping.
The destiny of the Northeast is
death;
Cattle they kill.
But to people they do something
wrong.*

Looking for a better life, thousands of peasants pack up every month and head for the big cities, where they find only deeper poverty and despair. In the Northeast's bustling port of Recife, 40% of the city's 1,000,000 people live in squalid, malodorous *mucambos* (shanties) strung out along the city's Capibaribe River. There is no fresh water, sanitation or electric light, and crime and disease are as oppressive as the millions of horseflies that swarm everywhere. In Rio, more than 600,000 people—15% of the city's population—live in the festering *javelas* that pock the surrounding hillsides.

Signs of Awakening. At the heart of many of Brazil's problems is its long neglect of education, which is responsible for its high illiteracy. Not until 1922 did Brazil even create a university—and then only because Belgium's King Albert was making a state visit and had asked to address some university students. Today, there are only 170,000 students in Brazilian universities, slightly fewer than in Argentina, which has only one-fourth of Brazil's population. Half of them are majoring in philosophy and law, few in the skills that Brazil really needs. Among his first orders of business after taking office, Costa instructed all universities to ignore the results of admission exams and admit any students who wanted into their medical, engineering and other professional schools. He also promised to double the current capacity of Brazil's 41 universities.

A good part of the blame for the parlous state of Brazil's education belongs to the Roman Catholic Church, which has always opposed the public-school system, runs 80% of secondary schools and, in most cases, has shown considerable apathy toward education for the really poor. Though the church has lately exhibited signs of awakening to the necessity of social revolution, it is still a



BRASÍLIA SKYLINE

To channel the dynamics of modernism.

bastion of traditionalism in Brazil, where 95% of the population is at least nominally, and rather relaxedly, Catholic. Of Brazil's four cardinals, only São Paulo's Agnelo Rossi is an active promoter of social reform. The country's 226 bishops range from hard-core reactionaries to the liberal likes of Dom Helder Câmara, who calls himself a "padre" and suggests that bishops doff their gold crosses and purple stockings and get nearer to the people.

The church, in effect, allies itself with Brazil's aristocracy, which controls an incredible amount of the country's wealth; indeed, the church is heavily entrenched in real estate ownership, holding a large but secret percentage of Brazilian land. Because Brazil's church is not nearer to the people, it is in a steadily weakening position. The country has fewer than 11,000 priests, or only one per 8,000 people, and 40% of them are foreigners. The number of Protestants is growing, having increased from only 40,000 in 1960 to more than 3,000,000 today, according to the Brazilian Protestant Council. The Protestants have almost 9,000 ministers, who may before long outnumber the priests. An even faster growing form of worship is spiritualism, which has more than 10 million followers who practice everything from African fetishism and nature rites to *mucumiba*, the Brazilian version of voodoo.

Stone-Age Conditions. The country itself shows just as much diversity. It is a nation of great racial variety—and harmony—in which 65% of the people are white (though often of mixed blood) and the rest range over a varying spectrum from cocoa brown to black. In the remoter reaches of the Amazon, which makes up about half of Brazil and stretches like an endless sea to the west, there are more than 150 different Indian tribes who speak scores of dialects and live in Stone-Age conditions. On top of its racial mix, Brazil has absorbed many immigrant nationalities, ranging from the more predominant Portuguese and Italian to Japanese, German, Bulgarian, Lebanese and even Icelandic. São Paulo alone boasts 90 different nationalities.

Brazil's cities are as varied as its people. The Brazilians of Rio—better known as Cariocas—are a lively, loving lot who live for the beach, the fast and easy deal, the artful fix (*jeito*) and fun and sloppy sports clothes. Nothing seems to bother the Cariocas. Because of power shortages, the lights in various parts of Rio are turned off at various times each evening. Instead of worrying about it, the carioca has invented a game called carioca roulette, in which he climbs into an elevator around shut-off time and takes his chances on making it to his floor. Thousands lose every night, often spending three or four hours in stifling, pitch-black gloom. Not long ago, seven Rio cops hit on a particularly Brazilian solution for ridding Rio of its 17,000 beggars: they began lead-



DOWNTOWN RECIFE
For a better destiny than death.

ing the *mendigos* into a truck, lugging them out to the Guarda River west of the city and drowning them. Did the beggars riot when the scandal broke? Many simply showed up in their usual places the next day wearing big grin—and life preservers.

In contrast to Rio, São Paulo is all business. Brazil's biggest and fastest growing city (pop. 6,000,000), it has 25,000 industrial enterprises that account for 30% of Brazil's total production. São Paulo considers itself the Brazilian Wall Street, and Paulistanos act and dress accordingly, favoring dark suits and somber mien for all occasions. When he is not at one of the city's 500 sports clubs, São Paulo's favorite recreation, the Paulista will usually be in his car fighting Latin America's worst traffic jam (416,000 vehicles on the road). He can also pick from any one of 464 nightclubs, nine times more than Rio, or from some 1,000 restaurants, more than in all the rest of Brazil.

Up the coast, Salvador, Brazil's oldest and fifth largest city (850,000 people) is the quintessence of African Brazil, a mellow, languorous city of rich, luminous colors that smells of dendê oil, coconut milk and malagueta pepper and resounds to the throaty, metal-stringed strum of the African *berimbau*. To the north, once-sleepy Belém has turned into a throbbing mainstream of the Amazon's economic life, thanks to the highway linking it to Brasília. In the remote Amazon city of Manaus, Brazil's fabled old turn-of-the-century rubber capital, life moves almost as languidly as the deep black waters of the nearby Rio Negro.

Crown of Thorns. No city in the world is quite like Brasília, the seven-year-old vision of tomorrow carved out of the wilderness. Its unfinished cathedral is designed in the shape of a gigantic crown of concrete thorns. Its Con-

gress building looks like a huge cup and saucer. Its population areas are laid out in Orwellian modules, with all the foreign-ministry officials living here, the bank employees there, the military officers over there. Artificially created to open up the frontier and shift the country's balance westward, Brasília was long considered the "mad city" that Kubitschek built, was shunned by officials, who preferred to spend their time in Rio. But Brasília has been made more attractive with bright colors and expensive trees and shrubs, and its fine university draws students from all over Brazil. Even its night life has picked up, and fully 30% of the federal deputies defeated in last year's elections decided to remain in Brasília and make their homes there. "Brasília," says Costa, "is indispensable for national integration."

Uncompleted, ambitious, yet troubled—as the already growing slums at its outskirts attest—Brasília symbolizes all the hopes and visions of Brazil, and the distance yet to go. The tug of modernization is strong and compelling, but tradition and apathy are fighting hard rear-guard actions. The economic indexes show that, broadly speaking, Brazil is falling behind many other advancing countries, including some of its neighbors in Latin America. But this is not the final judgment, for Brazil has reached a middle stage in its development at which the dynamics of modernization can work wonders if the country can only channel its energy to employ them. Perhaps that channel will be provided by Arthur Costa e Silva and by Latin America's new awareness that it must act now—and together—to solve its problems. But optimism of the sort that has drenched Brazil in the past like blinding sunshine must wait on surer signs that, having reached the take-off point, the giant of the south will really take off.



MARINES HEADING NORTH (BACKGROUND: ARMY REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVING)
Possibly time to bulldoze the nettles.

SOUTH VIET NAM Province in Trouble

All last week giant C-130 transports roared in to land on the Chu Lai air-strip, sandblasting with their exhausts the watching U.S. Marines whose exclusive domain Chu Lai base had been for nearly two years. In the largest reinforcement within Viet Nam since the war began, Army infantrymen streamed out of the planes at the rate of over 1,000 per day. By the end of the week, the entire 196th Light Infantry Brigade, some 4,000 strong and fresh from the jungles of Tay Ninh near Saigon, was in Chu Lai; more G.I.s were on their way. Their mission: to take over the security of Chu Lai and its environs while the Marines of Lieut. General Lewis Walt, who commands Viet Nam's five northernmost provinces, move northward to protect what has become one of the Viet Nam war's most contested areas.

The I Corps (called "eye" corps) is the most nettle-some of South Viet Nam's four tactical combat zones. The closest to North Viet Nam, it has always been easiest for Hanoi to infiltrate, keep supplied—and influence. Its citizens are chiefly Annamites; they once ruled Viet Nam from Hué, were among the earliest supporters of the Viet Minh against the French and make a fetish of xenophobia. The Imperial City of Hué is Viet Nam's capital of discontent. Despite the efforts of Walt's 73,000 Marines, much of I Corps remains pro-Viet Cong, and in recent months the situation has markedly deteriorated.

Defensive Perimeter. Nowhere has it worsened more than in Quang Tri province, which abuts on the Demilitarized Zone. Hanoi has put three divisions of North Vietnamese regulars (some 35,000 men) into Quang Tri. Together with the local Viet Cong, in the last six months they have made nearly all the roads of the province too dangerous for travel. A Shau, in Western Quang Tri, the Special Forces camp that the Communists overran last March, is being transformed with bulldozers into a major Red base. Only last summer, 10,000

Marines had to be rushed to Quang Tri to fend off a threatened invasion directly across the DMZ.

In the last two weeks, Hanoi has given every indication of attempting another major offensive. Coolly giving radio warning in advance to the citizens of Quang Tri city (pop. 20,000), some 1,500 Communist troops swept into the city under cover of darkness, occupying parts of it for several hours. They destroyed equipment, from trucks to light planes, killed an estimated 300 South Vietnamese troops and ten Americans, and freed 250 Viet Cong prisoners from the provincial jailhouse. No major U.S. units were defending the city, but last week a battalion of U.S. Marines, supported by two batteries of Army 105-mm howitzers, moved in to set up a defensive perimeter around frightened Quang Tri.

House to House. The Communists have never managed to take over a provincial capital, and their success in Quang Tri would be a heavy psychological blow that would reverberate throughout South Viet Nam. The presence of the civilian population would preclude the use of U.S. air and artillery, making the city's recapture a difficult and probably bloody operation of house-to-house fighting more akin to World War II than to the Viet Nam conflict. In a series of attacks last week, the Communists acted very much as if Quang Tri's isolation, if not its capture, was their goal.

In a 130-round mortar attack, the Viet Cong destroyed a railroad bridge and a combination railroad-highway bridge on Highway One leading into Quang Tri. On the same day, Communist demolition frogmen floated explosives under the important Nam O bridge, eight miles northwest of Damang on the road to Quang Tri. The charge dropped a 75-ft. span of the bridge into Cu De river. And to complete the day's work, a fourth bridge, 14 miles southwest of Damang, was dynamited.

Viet Nam Wall. In Quang Tri city at week's end, the Marines and the Vietnamese were digging in as for a siege,

piling sandbags higher, gouging out foxholes, setting up mines and barbed wire—all on the prudent assumption that the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese would soon assault the city again. Similar unease prevailed in Hué, where the Viet Cong radio promised an attack soon. Premier Ky, who flew to Quang Tri to inspect the damage of the first raid, came up with his own solution to the province's troubles. It included the possible evacuation of the entire civilian population and the creation of a bulldozed, mined and wired barrier along the DMZ. Though such a Viet Nam wall idea has long been discussed in Washington and rejected as too costly, the wall would serve to make a direct North Vietnamese invasion that much more difficult. It was a measure of the seriousness of the situation that the Marines, for all their misgivings about the wall's feasibility, last week began bulldozing their coastal area in preparation for just such a lethal barrier.

NORTH VIET NAM

River of Aid

One reason that the North Vietnamese and their Viet Cong comrades are able to mount their renewed threat in Quang Tri province—and, indeed, in much of the rest of South Viet Nam—is that they are receiving ever larger amounts of aid from their allies. Intelligence sources reported last week that the Chinese and Russians, who have been quarreling about the transit of Russian aid across China by rail, have reached an agreement that will speed the flow. North Viet Nam's Foreign Minister Nguyen Dinh Trinh went off to make a pitch for even more aid in Peking, Moscow and East Berlin.



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At \$9.40'a fifth, it ought to be called Sir Jonathan Walker Black.

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and a half from now.

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as it was the same whisky last year,
last decade, last century.

It will still be a blend of forty and
more whiskies—grains and malts—always
including the supremely mellow Highland

malt known as Cardhu, product of a tiny
distillery hidden in a valley of Morayshire,
a distillery we are proud to own.

That is why we feel Johnnie Walker
Black is a noble whisky. If you order a
dram of it, poured over ice, and have your
first sip-and-swallow, we think you'll agree.

The whisky has its own dignity.
Indeed, so has the price.

where the East German Communists are holding their party congress. From the Communist camp outside Viet Nam, a river of arms and economic aid flows into the north that amounts to more than \$1 billion a year—and is almost certain to be stepped up.

The largest share of the aid to Hanoi—about \$600 million a year—comes from the Soviet Union, which provides most of the North's oil and such larger equipment as trucks, tractors and generators. Russia has equipped almost the entire North Vietnamese air-defense network, including some 8,500 antiaircraft guns, about 25 surface-to-air (SAM) missile batteries, and squadrons of jet fighters that range from the new model MiG-21s to Korean War-vintage MiGs. It has also supplied some 20 patrol boats for harbor and canal duty plus a number of mammoth helicopters that can carry up to 100 persons.

About \$250 million in aid comes from neighboring China, which may have to donate as much as 500,000 tons of rice to North Viet Nam this year because of food shortages. China also provides almost 80% of the Viet Cong's infantry weapons, mostly rifles and mortars; small government factories in North Viet Nam can turn out only limited quantities of grenades, land mines and pistols. From the Red bloc in Eastern Europe comes about \$150 million worth of matériel. It includes such items as small arms and flak vests from Czechoslovakia, boots and artillery from Poland, medicines from Rumania, motorcycles and bicycles from East Germany and Hungary.

Staunch Backs. About two-thirds of all Communist aid comes through North Viet Nam's principal port of Haiphong, free of any interference by U.S. Seventh Fleet warships patrolling the Gulf of Tonkin. Most of the Russians' oil and machinery land on Haiphong's always crowded docks; even the nearby Chinese ship most of their aid to Haiphong rather than send it overland. Since February, there has been a change in the pattern of traffic at Haiphong: fewer Chinese ships are arriving and, as if by agreement between the two countries, more Soviet ships are taking their place. In what reflects deepening crisis in the North's agriculture, the Russians in the first three months of 1967 have unloaded almost 75,000 tons of rice, maize and other foodstuffs at Haiphong. That is as much food as they contributed to North Viet Nam in all of 1966.

Much of the Russian military hardware travels for weeks across the network of rail routes that sweep southward through Eastern China and funnel through the cities of Nanning and Mengtzu to the North Vietnamese border. From there it is either reloaded onto North Vietnamese trains (the track gauge of the Chinese and North Vietnamese systems does not yet match) or hauled through the rugged border terrain on the backs of half a million

North Vietnamese "porters." Once in North Viet Nam, much of the matériel is shipped to the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops in the South by trains, which are still running despite U.S. bombing, or by bullock carts, bicycles, or simply on more staunch backs.

A Face-Saving Solution. When China's Red Guards went on their rampage last winter, Russia accused China of harassing its pipeline to North Viet Nam. The Kremlin went so far as to suggest that the Chinese were taking new MiG planes off railroad cars and replacing them with used models, were uncrating SAM missiles to steal the secrets of their design. As it turns out, the Chinese did monkey with Russian shipments, but the argument was much exaggerated: the flow south never stopped. In their new agreement with Russia, the Chinese have come up with a typically Asian face-saving device. The agreement is said to give North Viet Nam possession of the Russian supplies as soon as they cross into China. Thus, the Chinese do not have to take a hand in transporting the goods of the revisionist Russians.

SINGAPORE

The Rugged Society

Into government buildings bedecked with red and white bunting last week filed 10,000 Singaporeans with two things in common. All were 19 years old, and all were being drafted. It was a new experience for Asia's newest state, which has never even had an army before, but it did not mean that Singapore was preparing for war. The creation of a National Service was simply the latest and most dramatic step in Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew's campaign to meld Singapore's polyglot population (1.5 million Chinese, 300,000 Malays, 175,-

000 Indians) into what he calls a "Rugged Society." Says Lee: "Societies like ours have no fat to spare. They are either lean and healthy or die."

Pork Stomachs. At first glance, at least, Singapore appears healthy enough. Sports cars snap along its well-ordered streets, and its shops overflow with goods from all over the world—including canned pork stomachs from PeKing. Government-built high-rise apartments are rapidly replacing the sweating tenements of the city's grimy past, and Singapore's per capita income of \$531 is the highest in Asia except for Japan. Yet, as Prime Minister Lee well knows, his nation is fighting for survival. Its prosperity depends on industry, which was deprived of its primary market when Singapore withdrew from the Malaysian Federation; unemployment has now piled up to 15%. Stability depends not only on prosperity but also on a much more fragile commodity: the ability of the government to give Singaporeans a sense of national identity. Lee's Rugged Society campaign is an imaginative attempt to tackle both problems at once.

To keep production lines rolling, Lee is scouring the world for markets. Singapore has already drummed up a multi-million dollar export business with Thailand, Cambodia and Pakistan, is a major supplier of machinery and tires to South Viet Nam. Last week Lee's government signed a \$4,000,000 trade agreement with Hungary, thus expanding an already flourishing business with the Communist world. He is negotiating with Indonesia's post-Sukarno government for contracts that would re-establish Singapore as the main processor of Indonesian rubber. He has also announced a broad incentive program that he hopes will attract foreign industry to build more factories and create more jobs, and he keeps a firm hand on the



PRIME MINISTER LEE



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demands of Singapore's labor unions, refusing to authorize wage increases unless productivity is also raised.

Singing Together. The heart of his Rugged Society program, however, is the integration of Singapore's three major races—each of which speaks a different tongue—into a single cohesive nation. That is where the newly created National Service comes in. In addition to basic military training, the city's youth will get a stiff dose of enforced togetherness. They will live in integrated quarters, eat at integrated tables and be required to learn at least one language besides their own. One Cabinet minister has already put together a composite repertory of folk songs for National Service trainees to sing. "When a Chinese sings a Malay song," he says, "this does more than any amount of preaching to bring the races together."

It may take a while before all of Singapore is singing folk songs in three languages, but the energetic Lee believes that he is making progress. "A new mood has settled on the people," he said last week. "Either you make the grade or you don't." Lee himself is obviously making it. So popular has his government become in Singapore that his parliamentary opposition is drying up, and the Prime Minister is becoming increasingly concerned that he may soon find himself at the head of a one-party state. That is not the sort of ruggedness he is trying to achieve.

RED CHINA

Of Devils & Demons

Revolutionary teachers and students smeared paste all over my body and stuck on pieces of paper with abusive slogans. They forced me to wear a black dunce cap and beat me with their belt buckles. I spent 103 days in a dreadful hideout for devils and demons and underwent what is too painful to describe.

So last week did one of Red China's foremost musicians describe the treatment meted out to him by Mao Tse-tung's Red Guards. What made the description more remarkable was that it was made on American soil, in Manhattan, by one of the few escapees from Red China to reach the U.S. He is Ma Ssu-tung, 54, the president of Red China's Central Academy of Music, the vice president of the Union of Chinese Musicians and a deputy to the National People's Congress.

Ma Ssu-tung was a venerated musician in China and the composer of some 24 works for the violin, piano and orchestra, including a propagandistic *Longing for Home* that became the signature tune for the regular Red broadcasts beamed at Taiwan. He was at peace with the Red regime until last June, when he and some 500 other cultural leaders were caught in the net of "thought reform," as part of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Chinese army officers forced Ma and his

colleagues to clean toilets and break stones in the morning, study the thoughts of Mao Tse-tung and write "confessions" till late at night—an exercise that lasted 50 days. Allowed to return to his music academy in mid-August, he was then set upon by the Red Guards and exposed to the humiliation he described in New York.

Very Fortunate. In December, Ma and his wife and two children, all musicians, somehow managed to flee from China to Hong Kong, where he sought asylum in the U.S. Exactly how Ma rejoined his family and managed to escape remains untold, but he is reported to have reached Hong Kong with other escapees in a small boat. At any rate, ensconced at the Manhattan home of



MA & FAMILY IN MANHATTAN
Reform by latrine duty.

his brother, a violinist who left China before the Communists took over, he allowed that he was "very fortunate. Many prominent writers who could not get away have committed suicide."

In the drive to tear up all roots that bind China to Western culture, many top artists and performers are going through the same hell that Ma did. It was reported that Liu Shih-kun, top-flight pianist and runner-up to Van Cliburn at the Moscow Tchaikovsky festival in 1958, had his wrists broken by Red Guards. Hung Hsien-mu, Canton's best-known opera singer, was tried by kangaroo courts, had her hair bobbed, and now works sweeping floors. Chou Hsin-fang, star of the Peking opera, and elderly Author Lao She (known in the West for *Rickshaw Boy*) have disappeared and are believed to be either dead or toiling in remote labor camps. Mao's China is indeed a land where, as Ma Ssu-tung put it, "art is a prisoner in shackles."

INDIA

Opposition Maneuvers

The election of the President of India usually has about as much political significance as the choice of a beauty queen—and is even less of a contest. Yet last week for the first time a race was on for the largely ceremonial post. It was between Zakir Husain, 70, backed by the ruling Congress Party, and Chief Justice Subba Rao, 59, of the Indian Supreme Court, the candidate of the seven opposition parties in Parliament. The Congress Party's choice of Husain, who is currently India's Vice President, was noteworthy because he would be the first Moslem ever to hold the post in a country that is 84% Hindu. As for the opposition, their aim was to give the government of Indira Gandhi, which is already reeling from a series of defeats, another serious jolt.

Ever since the elections in February, when the Congress Party lost 96 seats in the Lower House of Parliament, the opposition has been maneuvering to overcome the government's tenuous 17-vote majority. It has relentlessly picked at Indira, accused her of using official gifts from visiting heads of state for her own enjoyment and of heartlessly denying permission to Svetlana Stalina to stay in India. If it can show strength in the contest for the presidency, which will be decided by an electoral college of state and national legislators on May 6, the opposition might lure more Congress members of Parliament over to its side and perhaps even threaten the tenure of Mrs. Gandhi's Cabinet.

Up to now, efforts to promote a coalition among the opposition parties in Parliament have been unavailing except for the choice of Candidate Rao. Mrs. Gandhi's principal rival for power, Finance Minister Morarji Desai, has chosen to remain outwardly loyal to her. But on the state level, the opposition has had much better success. It has won control of nine of the 17 Indian states as a result of defections from the Congress Party and alliances among themselves. In Uttar Pradesh, India's most populous state, the Congress government was toppled last month when a minister and 17 other Congress leaders walked out on the party.

GREAT BRITAIN

Conservative Comeback

For 33 years, while British governments have come and gone, London has staunchly kept the Labor Party in local office. Last week, in a stunning setback for Prime Minister Harold Wilson, Londoners turned out the Laborite majority in the Greater London Council and voted in the Tories.

Conservatives won 82 seats on the council, as against 18 for the Laborites, who had previously held 64 seats. The council is a comparatively new body that governs a region containing almost 9,000,000 people within a 620-sq.-mi.

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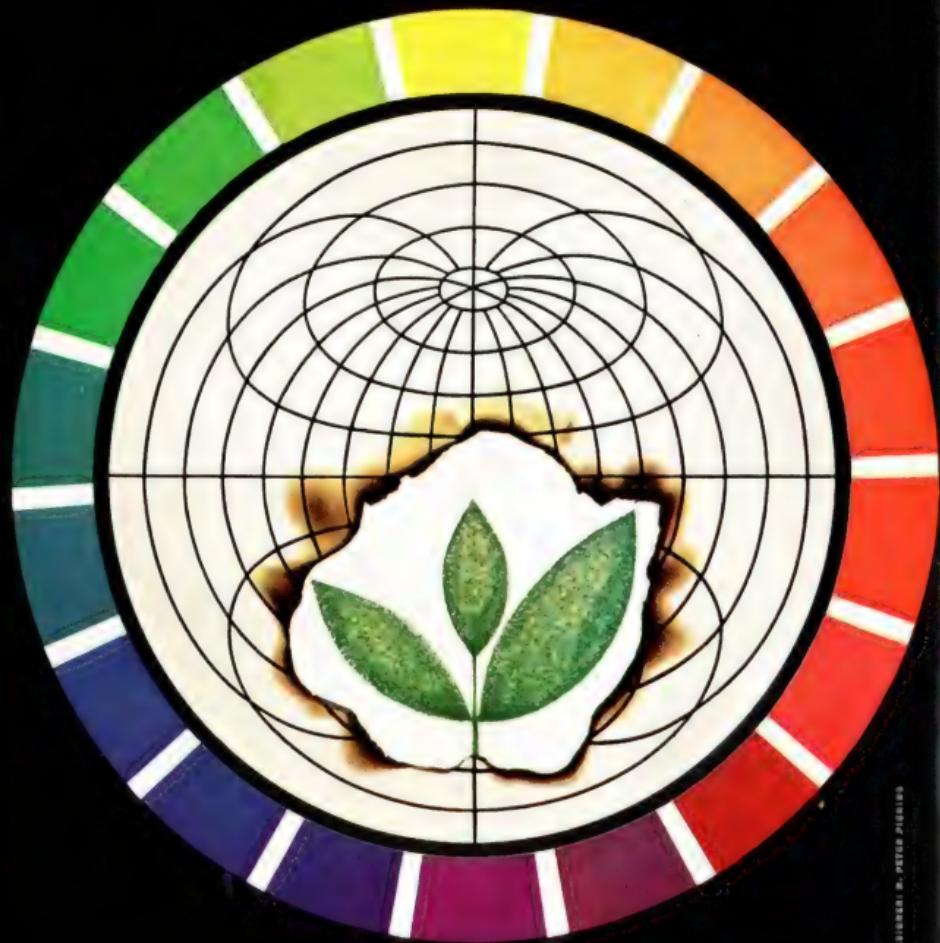
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What Could We Build If We Worked Together?

by U Thant

Secretary General, United Nations



What could we build if we worked together?

This simple but tantalizing question is a sharp reminder of the irony of the present state of mankind. It dramatizes the persistent struggle between our wisdom and our foolishness, our strength and our weakness, our creativeness and our self-destructiveness, our idealism and our baseness. It serves to remind us that the predominant rivalries of our era, political, military, or ideological, are also the most wasteful consumers of our time, spirit, talent, resources and even of life. It reminds us of the strange fact that even now, with an unprecedented range of knowledge at their disposal, men in all parts of the world passively continue to accept policies and programmes of all kinds which not only fritter away their substance and the bountiful legacy of nature, but at times endanger their very existence.

The simplest citizen can grasp the fact that a fraction of the money that will be spent throughout the world on armaments in 1967 could finance economic and social programmes, both national and global, on a scale hitherto undreamed of. It is obvious that a small part of the ingenuity, effort, expertise and resources deployed in building an intercontinental missile system, for example, would almost certainly, if applied to the more immediate problems of human misery or of future human development, produce a series of breakthroughs which might well illuminate and inspire man's whole concept of his own future. It is a commonplace that, if nations could only lay down the sword and live in harmony, the world might, with judicious leadership and management, well become a place which could rival all the utopias of the philosophers—and certainly be far more interesting.

Why do these totally obvious and desirable developments fail to come about—fail, moreover, in an age which prides itself on its new mastery of communications of every kind? Why do we have to live in fear rather than in hope, in antagonism and distrust rather than in harmony and co-operation?

"Human nature" is popularly held to be responsible for this deplorable state of affairs, the assumption being that "human nature" is in some way a force which cannot possibly be controlled or improved. It is high time this comfortable pretext was exploded. Men should aspire to be the masters of their fate, rather than the victims of their own "nature." If we presume, as we do, to change and improve everything else in nature, why do we leave ourselves out of the process? Improvement and progress should surely begin at home.

If, then, we discard the facile notion that "human nature" is to blame and that nothing can be done about it, what is the real reason for our inability to shape our affairs as reason and self-interest tell us that they should be shaped? How does it come about that greed, prejudice, arrogance, envy, fear, misunderstanding and all the other less desirable human characteristics play such a large part in the affairs of the world, so that the common denominator of international life is fear and lack of mutual confidence? It is perhaps because we think more of our differences than of our opportunities. We are still in a state of mind where the traditional attitudes born of our past wants and conflicts influence us more than the abundant, and so far largely unexploited, opportunities of the hopeful present. The note of hope and idealism in the world is still tremulous at best, and tends all too often to be drowned out by a jangle of qualification, compromise and cynicism. We must sustain that note of hope, which our achievements in many fields so amply justify, until it overpowers the voices of fear, cynicism and reaction. We must gain enough confidence in ourselves and in each other to turn our ideals and our potential into reality.

The opening question—What could we build if we worked together?—certainly provides us with a powerful incentive to solve this basic problem, and it may even provide us with a clue to the problem itself. It is a historic fact that when men have worked together in enthusiasm and loyalty to a commonly held ideal the results have benefited all succeeding ages, and have even on

As a contribution to man's search for answers to today's challenges, Alcan Aluminium Limited is presenting this series of statements by leading authorities in various fields. This is the first of a series.



occasion—as for example in Athens or Florence in their greatest days—inspired enduring works of genius of an extraordinary quality, vitality and variety. We may not hope to find the conditions of Athens or Florence in large modern states, let alone in the world. But we can at least recognize that working together in the pursuit of practical aims provides men with an unusual solidarity and vitality, an environment in which their differences are a stimulus rather than an obstacle.

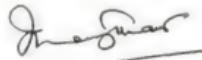
In this century political ideology has taken the place formerly occupied by religion as a main source of strife in the world. We have been, perhaps, too anxious to define and agree, by force if necessary, upon the ideal to be pursued before making a practical start in co-operation on fundamental problems. The world is, mercifully, an infinitely varied place. If we could start pragmatically by working together on the problems which urgently concern all peoples, differences of ideology and other apparently insoluble conflicts might be seen in a new light as wasteful and unnecessary, and may thus work themselves out over a period of time.

If we were to ask ourselves: What could we work on together now?, a vast range of fascinating possibilities for enhancing the condition and the quality of human life opens up before us. This range of possibilities will, I

hope, be explored in succeeding articles in this series. We have too often in the past been forced to regret some aspects of scientific progress, and have been driven to act belatedly to mitigate them. We are now in a position, if we work together, to foresee and, to some extent, to determine the future course of human development. We can do this, however, only if we cease to fear and harass each other and if together we accept, welcome and plan the changes that must inevitably come about.

If this really means a change in "human nature," then it is high time we began to work toward such a change. What is certainly required is a change in some human political attitudes and habits. Intelligent self-interest is reason enough for making this change, already long overdue. In this process, I believe that the United Nations, as a centre for harmonizing the actions of nations, may have a vital role.

I hope that this series, by showing what shining possibilities could be within our reach, and by inspiring people to concentrate on their opportunities for working together rather than on their differences, may contribute to the urgently required improvement of the attitudes of peoples and nations to one another. Then only will we begin to build as we should.



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A WORLD OF EXPERIENCE IN ALUMINUM

area that stretches as far north as England and as far south as Croydon.

The overwhelming Tory vote in a predominantly urban area of that size partially reflects a working-class protest against wage freezes and other austerity measures imposed by the Wilson government. Without doubt, the elections also gave many Laborites the chance to express their dissatisfaction without having to go so far as to turn Labor out of Parliament. But the fact that the Tories also won control of ten other local councils in last week's voting across the country showed that the shift was as much pro-Tory as it was anti-Labor.

HUNGARY

Toward Liberalization

In Eastern Europe, politics and economics have come to mingle like goulash and *galuska* (dumplings). The economic liberalization that is sweeping the area is difficult—and even dangerous—for Communist rulers to resist. Last week Hungary made a major move toward liberalization by appointing Jenő Fock, 51, a noted economist, to serve as the country's new Premier. Fock, who replaces Gyula Kállai, 57, is the author of Hungary's "New Economic Mechanism," which goes into effect next year. He is expected to steer a middle course between the conservatives, who want to keep the economy in the firm grip of the party planners, and those who advocate a major role for private initiative both in the factories and on the ailing *kholozes* (collective farms).

Fock's accession was part of a shake-up in the Hungarian Cabinet that also saw the replacement of President István Dobi by Pál Losonczi, a farming expert who has served as Hungary's Minister of Agriculture since 1960. Both appointments reflect the desire of Party Boss János Kádár, the country's real ruler, to strengthen his own position. Kádár, who called back the Russian tanks during the 1956 uprising in Hungary, has shrewdly conciliated the voices of economic reform in recent years. He knows that in order to dampen opposition within his own party, he must placate the westward-looking economists, who lament the central decision making that has succeeded mostly in leaving Hungary in debt and its people clamoring for a better life.

AUSTRIA

To Market

Austria also has some economic difficulties with Communism—but of a quite different character. At the time of the 1955 Austrian State Treaty, it was assigned to the political limbo of everlasting neutrality between East and West. Russia has used the treaty to object to Austria's moves to join Western Europe's Common Market, on which it depends for most of its trade. Last week Austrian Chancellor Josef Klaus decided on some liberalization of his own. Whether or not the Soviet Union likes

it, he said, Austria will move to join the Common Market as an associate member. Like many other small nations that trade with Western Europe, it does not want to be left out in the economic cold beyond the wall of common tariffs that is rising around the Market.

RUSSIA

Two New Men

When changes are made in the hierarchy of the Soviet Union, they often prove to be a case of strapping the same old collars onto fresh dogs. Last week the Kremlin named two men to top posts in the Soviet hierarchy, one to wield the sword and the other the pen. Though the shifts indicated no policy changes, they did produce new names and faces that the West will be hearing and seeing for some time.

► Andrei Antonovich Grechko, 63, Russia's First Deputy Defense Minister, was promoted to Defense Minister to replace Rodion Malinovsky, who

Tass, Russia's news agency and principal propaganda organ. Tass not only serves Russian newspapers internally but has a worldwide network of 200 men in 93 countries, including four in Washington, is often accused of using them for other purposes than news gathering. A one-time Tassman (1945-55) who later switched to diplomacy and became Deputy Foreign Minister, Lapin has spent the past two years as ambassador to Red China, but has been absent from his post for months because of Chinese demonstrations against Russia. He replaced Dmitry F. Goryunov, another Brezhnev protégé whose future is uncertain. With unjournalistic vagueness, Tass reported only that Goryunov has been assigned to "other work."

Love by Night Letter

No less a person than Vladimir Ilyich Lenin once said: "Socialism without post office, telegraph and machines is an empty phrase." So is socialism without love, according to a letter from Citizen



LAPIN



GRECHKO

One for the pen, one for the sword.

died last month of cancer. His appointment abruptly ended speculation that the Kremlin, over army objections, was about to turn the defense ministry over to a civilian. Like Malinovsky, Grechko is a hard-bitten, hard-drinking professional soldier who worked his way up through the ranks to become a marshal in the Red Army. As Malinovsky's stand-in for the past ten years, he became proficient in the art of rocket rattling. In 1963 even claimed that "Soviet rockets can reach Polaris bases no matter where they are." For the past seven years, Grechko has doubled as supreme commander of the Warsaw Pact armies, a post that the Kremlin last week gave to another Russian general. Grechko is something of a political hero as well: among the eight rows of medals on his chest is East Germany's Gold Order of Merit, which he won for suppressing the workers' uprising in 1953.

► Sergei Georgievich Lapin, 55, a protégé of Party Chairman Leonid Brezhnev, was promoted to director of

Y. Alyansky of Leningrad printed in Pravda last week. Alyansky decided at 11 o'clock one evening to send a message of love to a girl friend by night letter. He dialed 06, the special Leningrad number for sending telegrams. When the operator insisted on knowing the nature of the telegram before he dictated it, he said in some embarrassment: "You see, it is an expression of love."

Operator: Such telegrams are accepted only between 8 a.m. and 10 p.m.

Alyansky: How can I transmit a telegram right now?

Operator: At this time of night, we are only allowed to accept telegrams announcing a death or someone's impending arrival.

Alyansky (beginning to dictate a telegram): I'm dying of love . . .

Operator: Citizen, don't you understand Russian?

Alyansky: Then what about an arrival announcement—I'm flying to you on the wings of love . . .

Click!

PEOPLE



GERALDINE CHAPLIN
Lotus on glass.

She flipped over from a half-lotus position, uncoiled her legs into a handstand and then snapped up into a foot grab that would give any contortionist a charley horse. "It's marvelous," said Actress **Geraldine Chaplin**, 22. Charlie's daughter started with yoga when she was 13, so her limbs are used to all the pretzeling. "I don't really go beyond the physical side of it," said Geraldine in her Madrid apartment, which she has set up as home base and gymnasium for rest between films. Does the rest include sleeping on nails? "Oh, no," said she. "Maybe broken glass at the end of a wild party."

*Terrible way that combat.
Horrible, ugly, vast, gigantic, furious,
awesome.
Arms is a calling that causes many
tears.*

That kind of literary style is also enough to make a grown man cry, but in this case, the author can be forgiven. After all, **Charles de Gaulle**, 76, was only 15 years old. Clearly born to the purple, the lad wrote the one-act play, entitled *An Unfortunate Encounter*, to win a boys' magazine prize for the best playlet in verse. His dream of glory involved the dire meeting of a traveler, a brigand and a gendarme in the forest. After *le petit Charles* won the prize, *Encounter* was printed in 50 copies, and now one of them is enshrined in the French National Library. The youthful masterpiece lay buried there, but last week a columnist for *Le Figaro* learned of another rat-chewed copy, unearthed by a book collector, and brought it to the world's attention.

"There are no secrets in my life," Italian Actress **Claudia Cardinale**, 29, has been telling the gossip columnists right along. But last week, a couple did come out. For one thing, the eight-year-old boy whom she has constantly identified as her little brother, is her son by an unnamed father. For another, Claudia was secretly married in the U.S. last year to Producer Franco Cristaldi, 42, her longtime friend who has been seeking a church annulment of his first marriage in divorceless Italy.

"She is the best woman poet in English," allowed Poet Robert Lowell. The 400 members and guests of the Poetry Society of America gave out a dithyrambic cheer of agreement as they presented the society's Gold Medal for Distinguished Achievement to **Marianne Moore**, 79. Indeed, one member, Negro Poet Langston Hughes, was feeling so



MARIANNE MOORE
Smile in the dithyramb.

effusive that he followed Lowell to the podium to hymn "this wonderful and lovely lady." Marianne listened with a proud but astonished smile when Hughes, as a gag, pronounced: "I consider her the most famous Negro woman poet in America."

After months of financial headaches caused by faulty estimates of the cost of living in its splendid new \$45.7 million house in Manhattan's Lincoln Center, the Metropolitan Opera sounded a few cheerful notes with a report to the annual board meeting that finances now seemed back on the track. There was a new engineer too. Banker **George S. Moore**, 65, longtime treasurer of the Met, who succeeded Anthony Bliss as president. Moore, who likes to arrive at his office at Manhattan's First National City Bank ahead of the money, took to telephoning Met General Manager Ru-

dolf Bing by 8:15 a.m. Waited Bing, after one such early-morning ding-dong: "George, please! Why don't you make your first million for the day before you call me?"

The British are not notably enthralled with Lyndon Johnson. But when homoerotic Director **Joon Littlewood** brought Barbara Cartland's *MacBird* to town, the critics threw every panto in the kitchen. After seeing the pseudo-Shakespearean parody about Johnson and the death of President Kennedy, the London Daily Mail's critic growled: "Immeasurably witless rubbish." The London Times sniffed: "It is pointless to get too indignant. The production successfully torpedoes what was already a fragile and leaky craft."

All went smoothly at a rehearsal for the debutantes' benefit fashion show in London, until **Arabella Churchill**, 17, Randolph's daughter, had to parade onto the runway wearing a silk gown split up the back to reveal its matching pants. "I do not want to show my bottom," snapped Winnie's granddaughter as photographers began shooting the view from the stern. Later, things got even worse when the prissy Duke of Bedford, the show's announcer, peeled off the detachable lower swath of a mink coat Arabella was modeling, leaving her in a sort of mini-fur. "I do not want to be a model!" she cried, bursting into tears. But by afternoon she had calmed down, and swept through the opening show with no tears. She even endured the duke's suave commentary on the fur. "There's nothing like a fur miniskirt," intoned His Grace, "to keep a girl's behind warm."

ASSOCIATED PRESS



ARABELLA & DUKE OF BEDFORD
View from the stern.



The crisp keen
taste of the
Northland.
New I&M Menthol Tall.
100 millimeters tall.



Taller than king size.

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EDUCATION



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UNIVERSITIES

A Rose Red with Anger

In his decade as president of the University of Alabama, Frank Rose has given his state good reason for pride. He has upgraded the faculty, brought in tens of millions of dollars in research money, sharply expanded the graduate departments—and helped build national-championship football teams to boot. Until recently, he has even managed, with a blend of geniality and tact, to get along with a state legislature normally suspicious of higher education. No longer. Last week he seemed on the verge of resignation after an angry struggle with legislators over the university's right to air unpopular opinions.

The feud began three weeks ago when Rose refused to lend his name to a protest sponsored by Governor Lurleen Wallace condemning a federal court order that Alabama desegregate all its public schools. But what really fired up the legislators was a student publication called *Emphasis '67—Revolutions* that included articles by Negro Militant Stokely Carmichael on "Power and Racism," and by Communist Bettina Aptheker on the U.S. in Viet Nam. The pamphlet provided background for a student-sponsored symposium last month on world problems at which Dean Rush was a main speaker.

Like Berkeley? Alabama legislators called for an investigation of the student fund that produced *Emphasis*. The articles, cried Representative Ralph State, indicated that some Alabama students "want to run the university like they do in Berkeley." Senator Alton Turner contended that Rose had "outlived his usefulness." Representative Gus Young, a Baptist minister, complained that Rose had used the word "damn" in a speech and asserted that legislators "have just as much right to defend

Christianity and democracy as anybody else has to defend Communism." A bill was introduced in the legislature to ban any speaker at the university who is a Communist, advocates overthrow of the government of the U.S. or the state of Alabama, or pleads the Fifth Amendment on seditious activities.

Rose pointed out that the views of Bettina Aptheker had been rebutted in *Emphasis* by an article by Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman General Earle Wheeler, and that Carmichael's black-power views were balanced by those of N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Roy Wilkins. Students marched to Rose's house to show their support.

At a university fund-raising meeting, Rose tossed aside his prepared text and vowed to stand behind his students "as long as they are not vulgar, obscene or seditions." Declared he: "We in Alabama have an inferiority complex. We think everybody in the damn world is against us. We are cursing the land. This must stop. We have got to get along." As for himself, he warned "those who want to get to me" that "I'm not for sale, and the University of Alabama, so long as I'm president, is not for sale." Added Rose: "I want to be able to sleep at night with a clear conscience." But if that becomes impossible, "then I guess I'll have to find another job."

Stokely Carmichael's angry words put the heat on another Southern educator, Vanderbilt Chancellor Alexander Heard. After Carmichael had made inflammatory black-power statements at two Negro universities in Nashville—Fisk and Tennessee A. & T.—the Nashville Banner and the Tennessee state senate urged Vanderbilt to cancel a scheduled Carmichael appearance at its student-run symposium, Impact '67. Carmichael made a mild enough speech

that may or may not have been related to the three nights of rioting that followed in Nashville's Negro neighborhoods. The Banner, whose publisher is a prominent member of Vanderbilt's 48-member board of trustees, blamed the rioting on Heard. The matter will come up at the trustees' next meeting and Heard says that unless he gets a "substantial" vote of confidence, he will quit.

SCHOOLS ABROAD

Teaching Amid Terror

If the painful march toward democracy begun by Saigon's Soldier-Premier Nguyen Cao Ky is to have any real meaning, South Viet Nam must produce a literate electorate. But how can this be done in time of war, when rural schools are as much a target of Viet Cong grenades as American military encampments? More than 90 teachers have been slain by the V.C. and another 260 kidnaped since 1960, and many a classroom in the countryside has had its singing language lessons abruptly interrupted by the staccato racket of a nearby Communist machine gun.

The answer has been a combination of U.S. money and Vietnamese grit. It is called the Hamlet School Project, a scheme that has put half a million Vietnamese children in school since 1963, and which aims eventually at putting a school and trained teacher in every "secure" hamlet in the nation. In the entire U.S.-supported pacification program, no project has proved more popular with the war-battered rural populace.

Typical is the pair of two-room buildings in Ian Thanh Dong, a tiny cluster of huts in the Mekong Delta, where the teachers' voices must compete with the rumble of armored convoys on the road outside. Communist slogans painted on the classroom walls by Viet Cong by night and whitewashed away by day, are faintly visible. Bullet holes stand out more starkly. On their way to school



TEACHER KIM KHANH IN HAMLET SCHOOL
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along a pot-holed road, children step carefully, watch for Viet Cong mines. One enemy mine recently killed two South Vietnamese soldiers near the school, and both sides ambush each other along the trails in the area. Sometimes the Viet Cong block the road—and that day school starts late.

Time to Cry. Teacher Diep Thi Kim Khanh, a shy 22-year-old who was born here, concedes that conditions are sometimes terrifying but, she says, "I cannot leave these children." She recalls the afternoon when shots burst out around the school, and Vietnamese soldiers from a nearby government fort rushed into the building to fire back through the windows at the Viet Cong. "The children began to cry and were very afraid," says Mme. Kim Khanh. "I was very afraid and on the point of crying myself." After a half-hour fight, the Reds disappeared.

Despite the dangers, the building of a school wins friends for the Saigon government. At Soc Don, another Delta hamlet, all but twelve families moved off into the jungle when government troops arrived to secure the community. But when classes were opened in a deserted hut, using ammo boxes as tiny desks, people drifted back. Now 120 families live in Soc Don, the school is crowded, and a new classroom building is going up.

The Hamlet School Project has built 6,278 such classrooms since it began as a U.S. AID program four years ago. At first the Saigon government put up the buildings, but when the Viet Cong burned them down, the local people were indifferent. Now it is common for Saigon to provide the cement and aluminum roofing and let the residents do the work. That way, notes Ho Van Chieu, primary education chief for Phong Dinh province, "the V.C. are afraid to burn them down for fear of inciting the people who built them."

Toward a Better Life. The Hamlet Project is also trying to cope with Viet Nam's tremendous teacher shortage. Of the 31,286 primary grade teachers in the country, only 10,500 have had any training at all. Nearly 9,000 of these were pushed through a crash three-month training program under the Hamlet Project at centers in each province. These "90-day wonders" are assigned to hamlets as soon as an area is considered secure.

A massive textbook program financed mainly by the U.S., Taiwan and Australia has supplied more than 10 million books to Vietnamese schools—to the considerable irritation of the V.C. One Communist woman in black pajamas appeared at a school in the hamlet of Thoi Binh, looked at the books and warned Teacher Tran Thi Tam: "You must not teach these things." Despite the warning, Mme. Tam, a mother of eight, goes on with her work. Says she: "It is important that our children have knowledge—then perhaps they will have a better life than we."

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SPORT

AUTO RACING

What Is This Danger?

"I don't have any feeling of accomplishment about anything unless there's a lot of risk to it," says Mario Andretti. He was already racing automobiles—90-m.p.h. Formula Juniors—in Italy at an age when no state in the U.S. would have given him a license to drive the family Volkswagen. "I was crazy," he agrees, now that he is 27. "None of my relatives even knew what I was doing except my old priest uncle, and I had him hiding it. I told him in confession so he couldn't tell."

Born near Trieste, diminutive (5 ft. 6 in., 135 lbs.), Mario Andretti came to the U.S. in 1955 and settled in Nazareth, Pa. He originally intended to be a welder, gave up that idea when he discovered that he could make more money racing stock cars and midgets on the dirt tracks of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Today, Andretti is the hottest racing driver in the world.

Driving to Riches. You name it, Mario drives it: Indianapolis cars, stock cars, sports cars, sprint cars. He did have to say no to Enzo Ferrari, who begged Mario to drive for him on the Grand Prix circuit; the Grand Prix races conflicted with Andretti's previous engagements, and besides, Ferrari doesn't pay enough. "Anybody who can drive and doesn't come out of it a rich man is a fool," says Andretti.

Two years ago, as a raw rookie at Indianapolis, he astounded racing experts by placing third and winning \$42,551. That same year, he won the U.S. Auto Club's big-car championship, a title he took again last year when he won eight out of 15 races and \$82,695. This month Andretti teamed with New Zealand's Bruce McLaren to win the Se-

bring twelve-hour endurance race for sports cars—averaging a record 102.9 m.p.h. in a Ford Mark IV. As soon as that race was over, he flew to Georgia where he took over the wheel of a 1967 Ford stock car in the Atlanta 500. He was leading after 235 miles when he spun out and crashed; he got back on the track only to spin out again 158 miles later when he was running third.

To Overpower, Andretti has his critics, who think that his schedule—and his tactics—are suicidal. "Sometimes you should wait to pass," says Parnelli Jones, "and Mario often doesn't." Two-time Indy 500 winner Rodger Ward says that Andretti "has to learn patience; he tries to overpower the competition." But maybe Mario can. He is the early favorite to win next month's Indy 500 in his Ford-powered Dean Van Lines Special; he also will drive a Ford Mark IV sports car at Le Mans in June and, if Sebring was any test, he will probably be favored there, too.

As for danger, that is one English word Mario has never been able to understand. In Phoenix, while he was practicing for last week's U.S.A.C.'s Jimmy Bryan 150-mile race, his car went out of control and hit the wall at 130 m.p.h.; Andretti walked away from the wreck with minor bruises. Next day he cracked up again; this time he did not even have a bruise to show for it. "Oh, I've turned over a couple of times, and I've been against the wall," he says. "But I've never even broken a bone. When you start thinking you may get hurt, it's time to get out of racing."

BASKETBALL

Curtains for the Celtics

There is something sad about the death of a dynasty—even one as tyrannical as the Boston Celtics. For most of a decade the Celtics have utterly dominated pro basketball, winning nine National Basketball Association championships and providing the sport with many of its brightest stars: Bob Cousy, Bill Sharman, Tommie Heinsohn, Sam Jones, Bill Russell. If all ended last week when the Philadelphia 76ers rudely knocked the Celtics from the throne, crushing them four games to one in the N.B.A.'s Eastern Division play-offs.

Boston was never really in the battle, and the reason for that was Wilt Chamberlain. In his eight years in the N.B.A., the 7-ft. 7-in. center has rewritten the record book; there are more than 1,000 entries next to his name, and he has been voted the league's Most Valuable Player three times. But he has never played on a championship team. Last week he took out his frustration on the Celtics, and particularly on his longtime nemesis, Boston's 6-ft. 10-in. center and coach, Bill Russell. In a fierce personal contest that one sportswriter described as "the flashiest high-altitude duel since Eddie



CHAMBERLAIN (LEFT) V. RUSSELL
Too towering for tyrants.

Rickenbacker v. Baron von Richthofen: Chamberlain outscored Russell 108-57, out-rebounded him 160-117, made 50 assists to Russell's 30.

Trying desperately to negate Wilt's strength under—and over—the basket, Boston played "run and shoot," rushing the ball downcourt, hoping to get their shots away before Chamberlain could get set on defense. All that running merely tired the Celts; in four of the five games, they jumped into early leads, only to run out of gas. The last game was typical. In the first quarter, the Celts were ahead by eleven points, by halftime their margin was down to five—and the final score was Philadelphia 140, Boston 116. The 76ers still had to get past the Western Division's San Francisco Warriors to claim their first N.B.A. title. But many fans and experts argued that the two best teams in pro basketball had already played each other—and there was no question about which was the better.

GOLF

Positively

The Red Guards may get their inspiration from Chairman Mao, but pro golfers swear by Norman Vincent Peale. South Africa's Gary Player carries a copy of *The Power of Positive Thinking* around in his golf bag—and over the years has won the U.S. Open, the British Open, the Masters and the P.G.A. The newest advocate of Peale Power is Texan Guy Brewer Jr., 35, whose major claim to fame is that he has found more ways to lose tournaments than any other player in the game.

Brewer has finished second 40 times in his career. He did earn \$75,000 last year, but the only tournament he won was the Pensacola Open, when Doug



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**NEWS
NEWS!**

What is news? Webster says simply that it is "matter of interest," a definition at once prosaic yet broad. News, Webster might have added, is also reflection—clear second thoughts on current history. News is also relative. The impact of one event is invariably shaped by the force of others.

TIME

TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine

Scotts
THE GRASS PEOPLE

If the grass always
looks greener next
door they must be
using TURF BUILDER.



WINNER BREWER
Powered by Peale.

Sanders, who was leading by four strokes, forgot to sign his score card, and was disqualified. Last year, Brewer set some sort of record for frustration in the space of one week. He three-putted the 72nd hole in the Masters to blow a one-stroke lead, then lost the play-off to Jack Nicklaus; he frittered away a five-stroke lead in the last 18 holes of 1965's Las Vegas Tournament of Champions, then lost the play-off to Arnold Palmer.

Think Green. Last week Brewer was back at the scene of disaster—the Masters—with a new swing ("I'm not forcing the ball any longer, I keep within myself") and a new philosophy: "I used to think negatively about my game. I don't have that complex any more, I play offensive golf. I think positively." Tuning up for the Masters, Gay had won the Pensacola Open for the second year in a row—impressively this time, firing a record 61 in the third round. But at Augusta the oddsmakers gave Brewer no better than a 10-to-1 chance of beating the "Big Three"—Nicklaus, Palmer and Player—who among them had won seven straight Masters.

It was the oddest Masters in years. Complaining that the grass on Augusta's fairways was too high, Player shot a first-round 75 and never got back into contention. Palmer had all kinds of trouble with his putter and the par-five 13th hole. And Nicklaus? Playing like any duffer, he staggered through a second-round 79, missed the 36-hole cut, and joined the spectators—staying around the last two days only to perform the formality of helping the new champion into his winner's blazer.

The blazer belonged to Brewer. On the last day, trailing Bobby Nichols, Julius Boros and Bert Yancey by two strokes, he wiped out that margin with three straight birdies on the 13th, 14th and 15th holes. When he trudged onto the 18th green to line up an 18-ft. putt, he was leading Nichols by one stroke, Yancey by four and Boros by five. Tak-

ing no chances, Gay lagged the ball to within 2 ft. of the hole, tapped in for a 67 and a 72-hole total of 280—eight under par—and went off to collect his \$20,000 winner's check from the original Master, Bobby Jones. "Actually," Brewer confided to Jones, "I choked a little out there." "No you didn't," replied Bobby sternly. "You don't choke and win this tournament."

TRACK & FIELD

One Man's Meet

Careful research, meaning a talk with his wife, has dispelled the notion that Randy Matson, 22, has a red *S* for Superman inscribed on his chest. That still may not convince anybody who watched the 6-ft., 6-in., 263-lb. Texas A. & M. senior compete against Baylor and Texas Christian in a triangular track meet. Matson is the only man in the history of track and field to put the shot 70 ft. or more—once in May 1965, and again last February. Against Baylor and T.C.U., he did it three times in a day. In a remarkable display of strength and consistency, World Record Holder (at 70 ft. 7½ in.) Matson heaved the 16-lb. ball 70 ft. 5½ in., 70 ft. 5½ in., and 70 ft. even.

He might have done even better if he hadn't spread himself so thin. Besides the shotput, Matson was asked to compete in the discus throw, an event he does not much like. It was probably not entirely accidental that he forgot to bring his discs with him to the meet; his wife discovered it lying on the floor of the family car and rushed it out to the field. Randy resignedly trudged over to the throwing ring, wound up and sailed the discus 21½ ft. 9½ in.—3 ft. 3½ in. farther than any American had ever hurled it before and barely 2 in. short of the world record held by Czechoslovakia's Ludvik Danek.



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BEFORE WORK BEGAN



DURING & AFTER RENOVATION
Ceremony for a hole in the roof.

MODERN LIVING

THE CITY Dropping In, Speeding Up

The row on row of depressing brick tenements that make up the big city's slums are a familiar symbol of metropolitan blight. But when they were new in the Nineties, they were hailed as modern. They were well built, incorporated such advancements as light wells, and boasted at least one lavatory on every floor. Faced today with the staggering price of replacing them, many city planners have taken a second look, realized that renovation would be millions of dollars cheaper than tearing them down and starting afresh.

The main problem to date has been that rehabilitation is costly, time-consuming and inconvenient. It requires a major investment in property that has, at best, a low-profit potential. Beyond that, eviction of the present paying tenants means that the building remains fallow during the months of renovation work. Last week New York City and federal housing authorities teamed up with the civic-minded Carolyndale Foundation to stage an impressive demonstration of what can be done to rehabilitate a slum structure in just 48 hours.

Beating the Deadline. The test was made on a dilapidated five-story tenement on Manhattan's Lower East Side. It was largely occupied by relief families and brought rents of only \$42 to \$72. Early one morning, the families were moved into an inexpensive nearby hotel. At 10 a.m., the whistle blew and 60 wreckers rushed into the building, began the job of stripping down the interior. Painters raced about slapping on fresh coats of color over the scratched, graffiti-scarred hallways. Laborers hurried to load heaps of rubble into waiting dump trucks. Their progress was relayed by three closed-circuit TVs to neighbors, reporters and eagle-eyed straw bosses watching street-level monitors.

The renovators' secret weapon was the "drop-in," a stack of boxlike prefabricated units containing kitchen and bathroom. One by one, the units were lowered by a 250-ft. crane through holes cut in the roof and upper floors, and placed inside. Thus, each apartment got a brand-new, modern service core, including a 20-in. gas range, 10-cu.-ft. refrigerator, stainless-steel sink and complete bathroom with tub, shower, porcelain-finished bowl and toilet.

As fast as the new core units were rested in place, plumbers and electricians began connecting them up to the existing water mains and electrical outlets. Meanwhile, carpenters installed new living-room and bedroom wall panels and ceilings, adjustable aluminum window frames and plastic-coated flooring. As a final touch, pest-control men went through the building to exterminate any left-over rodents and roaches, while roofers closed up the hole through

which the core units had been lowered. Seven minutes before the 48-hour target deadline was reached, the whistle blew and the job was done.

Saving the Neighborhood. On hand to greet the returning tenants was HUD Secretary Robert Weaver. "This may be the first hole-in-the-roof ceremony in the entire history of thousands of years of construction—but it will not be the last," he said. "Beautiful," gushed Gregory Perez, 11, as he returned with his goldfish. Reporters, who have lived through their own months-long kitchen renovations, were openly envious of the swift transformation. Mayor Lindsay, also on hand to hail the success of the drop-in, ordered ten more buildings to be renovated by the same process, urged his officials "to put this system on an operational basis for wide application in New York City."

The experiment had paid off in costs: drop-in renovation averaged only \$11,000 per apartment, v. \$13,000 for conventional rehabilitation and up to \$23,000 for new public housing construction. Because of the improvements, rents will rise as high as \$120 a month, but so staggering were the results that almost everyone agreed it was worth it. And while instant rehabilitation is not the whole answer to the problem of the slums, Weaver pointed out: "It is one answer—and one we have been looking for as a way to get moving toward saving buildings, and therefore saving neighborhoods for the people who live in them."

CONSERVATION

Salvaging the Lakes

Of the Great Lakes, only Lake Erie so far has become so badly polluted that beaches have been closed and commercial fishing has nose-dived. To salvage Lake Erie, the U.S. Government has embarked on a \$3.9 billion program of pollution control, expects eventually to spend \$100 billion to prevent the nation's other waterways from becoming foul. Great Lakes states are already preparing proposals, to be presented to Interior Secretary Udall by July 1, aimed at halting any new pollution.

Such action could scarcely come soon enough. Even if Great Lakes pollution ceased immediately and completely, Chemist Robert Rainey of Oak Ridge National Laboratory reports in a recent *Science* magazine article, it would still take the natural flow of water through the lakes a shockingly long time to purify them. Because they are relatively shallow, Lake Erie could purge 90% of its polluting wastes in about six years, Rainey calculates, and Lake Ontario in 20 years. But Lake Michigan would need 100 years to achieve the same degree of purity, and Lake Superior would not approach its pristine state until A.D. 2467.

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Lockheed electronic engineers are also working on solutions to problems in the vertical world—to give eyes for all weather operations in the up, down, all around demands of vertical flight. Already in test flight is a rotor radar to let helicopters "see" in any weather. The antenna is designed to fit inside the rotor blade.

From that same vertical world...Lockheed is building an airborne weapons system designed from the start to meet the Army's armed helicopter requirement—a compound aircraft employing a new kind of rotor system Lockheed pioneered. Also under study is a practical vertical takeoff and landing aircraft expected to lead to the air bus of the future, helping to relieve traffic congestion in the cities.

Coming up with products that do things better, or do things that have never been done before, is a large part of what Lockheed is all about in the second half of the 20th Century. Lockheed is working on computerized information systems for business, hospitals, blood banks, and government; the giant C-5A—the largest plane in the world; and a new ocean submersible that will literally help man to reach a new low...and operate there.

Tomorrow, reaching down as well as up—into this world as well as out of it—Lockheed's name will continue to appear and reappear on the new and the better yet to come.



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CHIMPANZEE ATTACKING MECHANICAL LEOPARD
With hoots and handshakes all around.

BEHAVIORAL RESEARCH

Rehumanized Chimps

After long years of studying chimpanzees, University of Amsterdam Zoologist Adriana Kortlandt, 49, is convinced that they do not live up to their full potential. Although chimps in captivity often construct crude shelters and mimic many of man's other activities, their behavior in the wild seems far less advanced. Since they are endowed with many human-like qualities, Kortlandt asks, "why have chimpanzees in the course of their evolution not achieved a more human way of life and a corresponding level of culture?"

The answer, he believes, is that chimps are "dehumanized beings," reduced to a more primitive way of life by their forest environment. But chimps have not always been forest dwellers. Long ago, says Kortlandt, they inhabited African open plains, walked upright and used crude weapons to defend themselves effectively against carnivorous enemies. But when man's early ancestors developed spears and learned to kill at a distance, the chimps retreated into the dense rain forest. "In the forest," Kortlandt says, "the semihuman element in the behavior of apes faded away to a large extent."

Organized and Coordinated. To test his theories, the Dutch scientist traveled through the central Africa rain forest until, in northwest Guinea, he found a place where his "dehumanization" hypothesis could be demonstrated. There, in an area with many open plains, the chimpanzees had gradually emerged from the forest, safe from natives who obey the Mohammedan commandment not to eat apes and have no reason to hunt chimps.

Returning to Amsterdam, Kortlandt

organized a three-man expedition to Guinea, equipped it with cameras and an experimental tool of his own design: a stuffed leopard animated by a wind-shield-wiper mechanism that moved its head and tail. Hiding in the bush, Kortlandt's crew waited until a group of about 30 chimps passed nearby and then pulled the mock leopard into view. "Hell broke loose," says Zoologist Jo Van Orshoven, a member of the expedition. "With enormous yelling and hooting they started to attack the leopard in an organized and coordinated way."

Chimpanzees were thought to lack the ability to aim. But the attacking chimps threw everything they could pick up with great accuracy. Several apes broke branches off nearby trees, stripped off twigs and leaves, and attacked the leopard with great vigor, running upright and swinging their clubs over their shoulders. Throughout the 20-minute attack, they encouraged each other with embraces and even by shaking hands. When the zoologists repeated their experiment with a different group of rain forest chimps, however, the forest-dwelling animals loped excitedly about on all fours and made threatening noises, but demonstrated no signs of organization and failed to attack the leopard. Concludes Kortlandt: "A forest habitat dehumanizes and a plains habitat humanizes chimpanzee behavior in both fighting technique and bipedal walking. We now can better understand how man as a plains-dwelling biological creature became a real human being, using weapons and cooperating."

ELECTRONICS

New Wave

They convey television signals through the skies and carry the voices of orbiting astronauts back to control stations on earth. They link long-distance telephone systems and bounce off high-flying aircraft, locating them for radar observers. The high-frequency radio waves—or microwaves—that perform these familiar services are now becoming even more versatile.

To keep abreast of the new wave, 215 scientists met at Stanford University last month to consider the current and future capability of microwave technology and its applications.

• HEATING. When microwaves are focused into a narrow beam and directed at substances such as water, organic solvents and salt solutions, they cause them to heat almost instantaneously. Because the molecules of these substances are polarized—containing an uneven distribution of positive and negative charges—they align themselves with the direction of an electric field. Microwave fields reverse themselves rapidly; to keep up with them, the polarized molecules must oscillate constantly. This oscillation produces a rise in temperature. In a microwave oven, for example, the

electric field completely permeates a potato, instantly heating the moisture in its center as well as in its skin: it is evenly baked within five minutes. Microwaves have already been put to work precooking chicken before freezing, drying freshly painted surfaces and dehydrating lumber, paper and potato chips.

• KILLING GERMS. The ability to heat also gives microwaves the power to kill microorganisms. Litton Industries Biologist Carl M. Olsen has found that wrapped bread exposed to microwaves just before leaving the bakery remains free of mold for ten days, twice as long as bread treated only with a chemical preservative. Microwaves have also been used to pasteurize milk, beer and wine. Scientists have proposed a mobile microwave source that could be slowly moved across a farm field, generating enough energy to destroy harmful microorganisms before planting.

• TRANSMITTING POWER. Because of the difficulty often involved in stringing power lines through mountains and backwoods areas, other methods of transmitting power have long been sought. Microwaves, which generate a current when they strike an electrical conductor like copper, may provide an answer. Instead of being fed into power lines, electricity produced at a power station could be used to generate microwaves that would be beamed at a mountain-top radar station or observatory where they would be converted back into electrical energy.

Looking even further into the future, scientists at the Stanford meeting suggested the use of microwaves in mining and even in the launching of space vehicles. In microwave mining, capsules containing water would be inserted into holes drilled in the rock. A powerful microwave beam would then be aimed at the capsule, almost instantly converting the water into steam that would burst the capsule and blast the rock. Powerful microwave beams could also be used to power the first stage of a rocket during launch and at relatively low altitudes, reducing the amount of fuel required for the mission.

A Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute group is investigating the practicality of a subway that would be suspended by compressed air in a cylindrical tube and whip along at 350 m.p.h., driven by a microwave-powered propeller. The microwaves would be generated at stations along the length of the route and transmitted efficiently within the subway tube, which would act as a giant wave guide. And some day, fixed-station helicopters, miles in the air, might be used to beam microwaves hundreds of miles in a straight line to other fixed-station helicopters—instead of from hilltop to nearby hilltop, as is now done. How would such a helicopter fly? By means of an electric engine powered by a microwave beam located directly below on the ground.

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MEDICINE

CONTRACEPTION

News of the Pill

"Reproduction," said Demographer Lincoln Day at a Yale University symposium for gynecologists, "is a private act, but it is not a private affair. It has far-reaching social consequences. No longer can we defend excessive reproduction by saying 'Well, they can afford it.' The question now is whether society can afford it." Not so, argued a gynecologist after listening to Day's talk. "How many children a couple want to have is their own business, and the point of birth control is just to ensure that freedom of choice."

The open debate, covered matter-of-factly by the press, was further proof of the worldwide turnaround in attitudes toward birth control since the advent of oral contraceptives (TIME cover, April 7). In the past few weeks, newspapers and magazines have been filled with news of family planning, population control and the pill.

The U.S. Government, for example, was supposed to have decided more than a year ago to spread the population-control message. In practice, it has spent a scant \$9,000,000 in the past twelve months on family-planning leaflets and small-scale birth-control advice to countries that asked for it. Last week AID Administrator William S. Gaud told Congress that with its hoped-for \$20 million budget in the next fiscal year, AID will at last begin to finance the manufacture and distribution of oral contraceptives in countries that have voluntary family-planning programs. Putting money where its mouth is, AID also announced approval of a \$168,000 loan in rupees to G. D. Searle & Co. to set up a subsidiary in Pakistan to produce ten drugs, including two oral contraceptives.

Potential Disaster. Much of last week's pill news from outside the U.S. came from the International Planned Parenthood Federation world conference in Chile. Reflecting the new international importance of population control, British Delegate to the U.N. Lord Caradon opened the Santiago meeting by declaring that it had convened out of "a sense of danger, indeed by a sense of potential disaster." At present rates of increase, averaging more than 2% a year, today's 3.3 billion world population will multiply to almost 7 billion by the year 2000.* Most alarming, continued Lord Caradon, is the fact that the increase is greatest in those areas of the world with the least capacity to feed growing numbers of people. It is not so

bad in the U.S. (1.6% a year) and Western Europe (only about 1%), but it is ominous in Latin America, where population is increasing by 3% a year and possibly more. Population growth is surpassing economic growth, and with it the ability to feed more people. Said Caradon, with impeccable logic: "Production and reproduction must be tackled together."

The logic is beginning to take root. A favorite story going the rounds at the Planned Parenthood conference tells of a 27-year-old woman who had just returned to the Chilean capital after a few years abroad. At a reunion of her convent school class, she looked around at 30 classmates, nearly all of them married, and got a "What's wrong with this

technology but in a return to the use of the human eye, aided by magnifying lenses, for direct examination of tissues in which disease may be developing. The technique is called colposcopy (pronounced col-*pos*-cuppy), and its most ardent proponent is the University of Mississippi's Dr. Karl A. Bolten, who learned it from its inventor in Bolten's native Germany.

When Hans Hinselmann (1884-1959), a professor of gynecology who was educated at Bonn and later taught there, sat down in 1924 to write about uterine cancer, he postulated that cancer in its first stages must produce ulcers or tumors too small to be seen by the naked eye. He worked with the Leitz optical firm to produce the first colposcope—essentially a pair of binoculars with a light source, mounted on a pedestal. Though the device has been improved, the principle remains the same today. A choice of lenses gives magnifications from six to 25 diameters, and most models of the colposcope carry a camera to provide a color record of the findings. The entire examination, including photography, takes about seven minutes. A doctor can learn the technique, and how to identify the tissue changes that he sees, in less than a week.

Endangered Fertility. When Dr. Bolten arrived in the U.S. in 1952, he concluded that colposcopy was undeservedly neglected by American doctors. At a series of seminars, the most recent at Los Angeles' Queen of Angels Hospital, he demonstrated the method and taught its niceties to scores of gynecologists. In his lectures, Dr. Bolten points out the advantages of the doctors' ability to see a tissue change in its earliest precancerous stages and to determine just where it is. Cervical cancer, he notes, is found not only in older women but in young women, who may, as a result, lose their chance of motherhood. He cites the case of a woman in her early 20s, soon to be married. The Pap smear taken at a premarital examination discloses some suspicious cells. Since their source is not precisely pinpointed, standard practice would demand removal of sizable cone-shaped sections of tissue from the cervix and perhaps its entire lip, with the danger of forming scar tissue that could close off the uterus and leave the woman infertile.

In some cases, says Dr. Bolten, colposcopy makes conization unnecessary. Careful examination of the vagina, the cervical opening, and even of the cervical canal itself will reveal suspicious spots, and only these small areas may need to be removed. With experience, the viewing doctor can usually tell which changes are malignant and which benign. In most cases, suspicious areas of either type can be removed precisely enough to avoid endangering fertility. And in a few cases of slowly developing cancer, it may be possible to postpone a hysterectomy until a woman has had one or two more babies.



DAY
Proof of the turnaround.

picture?" reaction. None of them were pregnant, though most of them had been pregnant at the previous reunion five years before. "It suddenly dawned on me," she said, "that they were all on the pill."

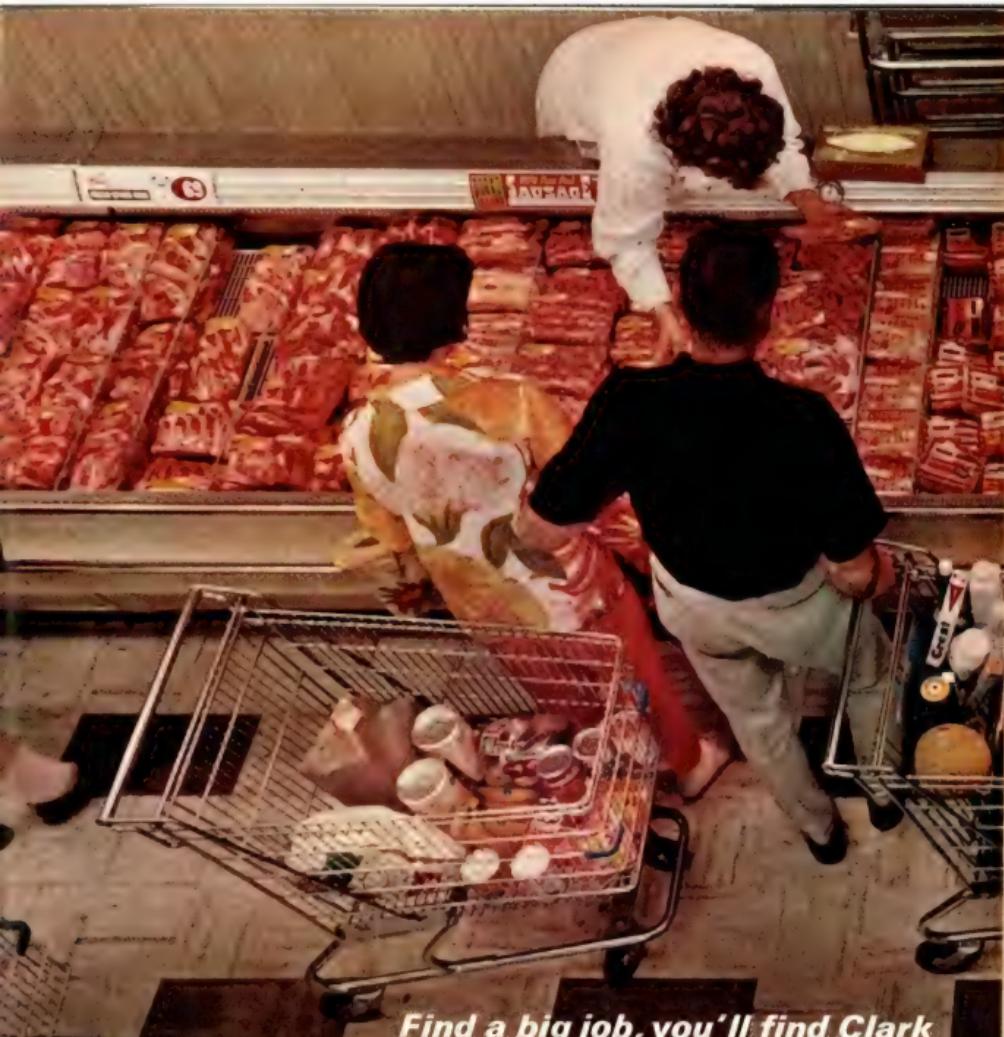
CANCER

Direct Inspection

Cancer of the cervix is one of the commonest forms of malignant disease. It is also one of the most certainly curable, provided it is detected early. Thanks to the famed "Pap smear" test for early detection, developed by Cornell University's late Dr. George N. Papanicolaou, the lives of an estimated 15,000 women are now being saved each year in the U.S. But gynecologists believe that almost as many women who develop cervical cancer each year will eventually die of it, and needlessly—because it is not being detected soon enough.

Today's best hope for improving the cure rate lies not in more sophisticated

* Increasing at a rate of 2% a year, population doubles in 35 years. At 3%, it doubles in 23 years; at 4%, in 18 years. From the time of Christ until the *Mayflower* colonization, the increase was glacially slow—the world's population took 1,600 years to double itself.



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SHAKING HANDS

DEPARTING WITH GIFTS

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Teacher of the Pope

Traditionally, papal encyclicals cite only writings from the past scripture, previous encyclicals, the declarations of church scholars and saints. One of the novelties of Pope Paul's recent *Populorum Progressio* is that it is studded with references to contemporary works and living thinkers. To students of Paul, it came as no surprise that his ardent defense of a "true humanism" cited as a source the writings of French Philosopher Jacques Maritain. "I am a disciple of Maritain," the Pope once said. "I call him my teacher."

A Protestant-born convert, Maritain, now 84, has earned a firm niche in history as a principal architect of Neo-Scholastic philosophy, and as one of the century's foremost intellectual defenders of the relevance of St. Thomas Aquinas' thought. Pope Paul, as it happens, was one of the first officials of the Roman Curia to recognize Maritain's greatness. In 1928, when the Pope was Giovanni Montini, a *ministrante* (dezumento) writer in the Vatican's Secretariat of State, he translated Maritain's *Three Reformers*—a study of Luther, Descartes and Rousseau—into Italian.

During Italy's Fascist regime, Msgr. Montini was the unofficial leader of a liberal Catholic faction that used Maritain's concepts, newly codified in his 1936 work *True Humanism*, to carry on an intellectual movement against totalitarianism. After World War II, when Maritain served as French Ambassador to the Holy See and Montini was one of the top officials of the Vatican Secretariat of State, the two saw each other on an average of once a week, frequently dined together. And at the close of the Second Vatican Council, the new Pope honored Maritain by addressing a message to intellectuals and scientists through him, and publicly embracing the philosopher in St. Peter's Square.

Echoes from the Garonne. Since the death of his wife Raissa 61 years ago, Maritain has lived in obscure austerity

on the outskirts of Toulouse with a branch of the Little Brothers of Jesus, a Catholic order dedicated to work among the poor. frail and ailing, he clearly wants to retire from active life; this has proved difficult, thanks largely to the uproar caused by his 50th book, *The Peasant of the Garonne* (the river that flows through Toulouse). Published in France last November, Maritain's reflections on the place of the church in the modern world has sold more than 70,000 copies, set off a bitter debate among French Catholic intellectuals.

Throughout most of his life, Maritain has been a symbol of what has come to be called Christian humanism—the concept that the church, while not sacrificing its theological precepts, should actively support political democracy and social reform. He was one of the first 20th century thinkers to call for Christian involvement in secular concerns.

In *The Peasant*, which he calls "my last book," Maritain unleashes a fervent denunciation of innovation-minded Catholic clergy who have been responsible for current departures from tradition, among them the vernacular liturgy and preoccupation with sexual issues. Maritain views such changes as symptoms of a larger worldly trend that threatens the entire basis of Christian faith. Citing the late Jesuit liberal thinker Pierre Teilhard de Chardin as a bad example, Maritain warns that the church is heading for "a complete temporalization of Christianity."

Disciple's Warning. Some critics accuse Maritain of betraying his own principles. But friends insist that he has always combined an enthusiastic liberalism in political and social thought with an orthodox regard for purity of doctrine. Much the same blend of belief is shared by Maritain's best-known disciple. Fortnight ago, Pope Paul delivered a harsh new exhortation of overzealous attempts to alter Catholic dogma in the wake of Vatican II. To a meeting of Italian bishops, the Pope warned: "Something very strange and painful is happening. Admitted are the most radi-

cal attacks on sacred truths of our doctrine. Put in question is every dogma which does not please. The cult of one's own personality and of one's own freedom of conscience is clothed in the most hasty and slavish vulgarism. The church is not obeyed, but ready trust is accorded the thought of others and the irreverent and utopian audacities of the current culture."

Sometimes on Saturday

An increasing number of U.S. Catholics consider compulsory Mass on Sunday an unnecessary chore as anachronistic as meatless Fridays. In a busy and mobile world, they would like a greater freedom of choice. In the West, where circuit-riding priests cannot easily reach scattered communities, many are simply never visited on Sundays. In season at resort areas, local churches are hopelessly jammed. In Europe and Latin America, some dioceses have won papal permission to hold the obligatory service on Saturdays instead.

Last week the National Conference of Catholic Bishops gave its blessing to the same procedure in the U.S. Gathered in Chicago, 230 bishops agreed that they would have no objection to any American diocese requesting similar dispensation from Rome. For one thing, it would permit Catholics whose only occasion for relaxation is on Sunday to have some uninterrupted fun. Explained Auxiliary Bishop Gerald McDevitt of Philadelphia: "It would allow a man to have an opportunity for legitimate recreation, such as a day of skiing."

JUDAISM

Pains of Prayer in Russia

The Kremlin has made it hard enough for Jews to worship together in the Soviet Union, but it seems that an equal obstacle is the reluctance of Russia's Jews themselves to press their faith openly in the atmosphere of an atheistic, totalitarian society. Their hesitance is wryly described in an article in the

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current U.S. Jewish monthly, *Mid-stream*. Written by an anonymous Hebrew living in Russia, the story is an account of an attempt by a retired bookkeeper, whose name is given as Yitzchok Kalman, to form a synagogue in an unidentified Ukrainian city.

Kalman explains that though under Jewish law a congregation may be formed with only ten members, the Soviet authorities have "ruled that in order to hold communal prayer there must be not ten but two tens, a *dvatza*, as they call it." Moreover, Kalman discovered, "collecting signatures for a *dvatza* is as difficult as parting the waters of the Red Sea."

Tea & Stuttering. Approaching one old friend, Kalman "found him draped in a prayer shawl: he was reciting the 18 benedictions, 'Mendel Israelwitsch,' I said, 'sign this petition and we'll progress from individual to communal prayer.' You know my heart's desire," he answered me, "but my son, Kolya, teaches mathematics in high school. Should I become affiliated with a *dvatza*, he'll have a lot of trouble,'" Calling on another acquaintance, Kalman was given an effusive welcome. "His wife, Anna, served tea and cherry jam. We talked about the state of the world, politics and philosophy. When we spoke of lofty political matters, Solomon Moiseiwitsch's tongue was smooth and strong." But when it came to "the matter of the 20 signatures, he began to stutter. He said that he had two more years to go until he reached the age of retirement."

It then occurred to Kalman, himself 65, "that I had to concentrate on pensioners for my *dvatza*. For when you close your accounts with the place where you earn your living, you are immediately filled with strength of spirit." Scouring park benches, he rounded up half the required number, including a one-time cantor with osteoarthritis, and finally recruited the rest from among elderly women. Soon the group was holding services in two rented rooms. It immediately enjoyed covert support. "To be personally registered in a *dvatza* is one thing," observes Kalman, "but only to raise funds is another. Helpful hands were immediately found." Moreover, "so many men and women who were not members of the *dvatza* attended services that we had to order long benches."

A short while afterward, however, one of the founding pensioners died. "The government is very penitentious in its dealings with us," reports Kalman. "No sooner had Abramovitz passed away than we were reminded that a *dvatza* means 20 and not 19. If the vacancy were not filled, we would have to disband." Again Kalman went recruiting, "out into the city, into the parks and boulevards." But alas, he concludes, his project also died—this time "we searched everywhere for a 20th man to complete our *dvatza* and did not find him."

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ART

GRAPHICS

Dialogue with a Flea

"I see everything that I paint in this world," said the English mystic poet and draftsman, William Blake, "but everybody does not see alike." How vividly Blake's vision differed from that of ordinary mortals was illustrated once again last week when an English Blake enthusiast announced that he had unearthed from a castle in Ayrshire a notebook of Blake sketches that had not been seen publicly since 1871.

The book contains 14 drawings of "visionary heads" that Blake drew mainly in 1819 and 1820 for a wealthy young artist named John Linnell and Linnell's teacher, John Varley, who later used them as the basis for illustrations for their published treatise on zodiacal physiognomy. But the notes on the margins indicate that Blake sincerely believed he was drawing the faces of Socrates, Solomon, Richard the Lionhearted, Job, John Milton's first wife and the Saxon King Harold from life or, at any rate, afterlife.

"Hotspur," reads one note, "said we should have had the battle, but for those cursed stars. Hotspur said he was indignant to be killed by such a person as Prince Henry, who was so much his inferior." Still more cryptic is what Blake called in his sketchbook a "Spiritual Communication." Possibly Blake intended it to be a recording of a conversation he had with the ghost of a flea he sketched several of these; they look rather like Jiminy Cricket. The "communication" reads: "Can you think I can endure to be considered as a vapour arising from your food? I will leave you if you doubt I am of no greater importance than a butterfly."

WILLIAM BLAKE SKETCHES



HOST OF JIMINY CRICKET
Vapour from the food.



TOOKER & 'LUNCH'
Reality in the egg.

PAINTING

Contemporary Florentine

While the avant-garde captures the limelight by madly mixing media, a hardy band of painters are quite content to set down their vision of reality with meticulous draftsmanship. Such is George Tooker, 46, who works painstakingly in the 14th century Florentine medium of egg tempera on gesso panels. He is unabashedly proud of being called a traditionalist and a craftsman.

All this does not make his themes any less contemporary. His subjects are haunted faces captured in the city's maze of subways, lunch counters, hospitable boxes—and sometimes square, symbolic boxes that fade away into a phantasmagoric perspective under the batful glare of fluorescent lights. "I respond to the urban environment," says Tooker, a native of Brooklyn who received his education at Andover ('38) and Harvard ('42), and now lives part of the time in Hanover, N.H. "Painting nature can be a kind of running away and an escape," he explains. "I feel I am urban."

In his current show, at Manhattan's Durst-Wichert Bros. Gallery, Tooker's eight latest paintings show that he is now using less spacious vistas, concentrating on shallow scenes that he calls "bus-releifs." The themes that concern him are loneliness, racialism, death and youth. *Lunch* shows people packed closely at a *Chuck Full O'Nuts*-style counter, munching in their respective dreamworlds. *Landscape with Figures* shows haggard young people crouched in a huge honeycomb, and is "my way of protesting the situation kids are in now. I feel sorry for them with the draft, the pressures to conform."

Window VIII and Two Heads have a very special significance. The first was done as a memorial to Malcolm X,

shows a shirtless Negro boy, arms raised in a prayerful gesture, staring sadly through the window. The second portrays a beautiful but pale and cold Negro woman with a Negro man peering at her from an orange-colored door. Asked if she were meant to be part white, Tooker replies, "Yes, none of us are pure." His mother's family is descended from 16th century Cuban Creoles.

Unfurled Banners

To many of his suburban Washington, D.C., acquaintances in the 1950s, Morris Louis Bernstein was simply a peevish, chain-smoking, introverted art teacher. About all the world knew was that he was married to a high school principal, never discussed what he was doing during the eleven hours and more a day that he spent in his studio. One of the few painters who gained admission to his inner sanctum reported with awe, "There isn't a goddam brush in the place." Nonetheless, under his painting name of Morris Louis, Bernstein gained a reputation in Manhattan art circles. Since his death from lung cancer in 1962 at the age of 49, his résumé has grown to major proportions.

This spring Morris Louis exhibitions have been popping up like crocuses. Manhattan's André Emmerich Gallery showed eight of Louis' last canvases in March, sold almost all of them at prices up to \$15,000; Washington's Gallery of Modern Art is staging a retrospective with 15 more. The largest retrospective (see color opposite), made up of 54 canvases assembled by Harvard's teacher-critic Michael Fried, opens at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts this week, after having appeared at the Los Angeles County Museum.

What is remarkable about Louis' canvases is their simplicity. They are devoid of any recognizable form; color is forced to carry the burden of Louis' whole message. He was a cubist and linear abstractionist for most of his life, but on a 1953 visit to New York, he saw Abstractor Helen Frankenthaler experimenting with poured paint. Captivated, he abandoned brushes altogether, began thinning his paint, allowing it to wash in great waves down huge canvases. The resulting panoramas became his celebrated "veils of color."

From his earliest veils, Louis progressed to more complicated "floral" patterns, then to what many admirers consider his most sophisticated works. These are known as Louis' "unfurleds": irregular zebra stripes placed in such a way that they seem to almost tear the canvas apart with their decisiveness. In the 1960s, he turned to narrow, bold, successive rows of vertical stripes. Just before he died, Louis began to stretch and frame his canvases so that the stripes ran diagonally, sprinting tensely upwards, outwards and off at the corners. Mute and vibrant, they hang stiffly like heraldic banners for some brave new world.

VEILS OF COLOR



MORRIS LOUIS' SOARING "HIGH" (1959)



LUMINOUS "AIR DESIRED" (1958)

LAWRENCE RUBIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. LEWIN



Roomful of Louis' paintings shows abstractionist's final stage of evolution, arrived at shortly before his death of cancer in 1962. Apparently he dripped ribbons of paint down

center of intended stripes, then spread them with a putty knife. Most stripe paintings are merely numbered, but two on end wall, at right, are titled *Pillar of Fire* and *White*.



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THE SUPREME COURT

Choosing a Justice

Lyndon Johnson is now mulling over his choice of a successor to Justice Tom C. Clark, who will soon retire from the Supreme Court. For Johnson, the task not only gives him a chance to consider the qualifications of various men; it also forces him to consider what the fate of his Administration could be at the hands of the court ten years hence. In choosing, there are precedents and unwritten rules aplenty to go by, but practically all of them have been broken in the past, and easily could be again.

One of the few obvious facts about selection is that most Presidents ignore the perennial cry that only lower-court judges should become Supreme Court Justices (the Constitution does not even require that Justices be lawyers, though no non-lawyer has ever made it). Of all Justices, 41 had never judged a case before ascending the nation's highest tribunal. The same goes for nine of the 14 Chief Justices, including the great John Marshall.

The argument against judges is that a broader man is often to be found elsewhere. And some see Supreme Court Justices as a breed apart—historians, prophets, politicians and philosophers, as well as judges. "The correlation between prior judicial experience and fitness for the Supreme Court," declared Felix Frankfurter, "is zero."

Senate Piffs. Naturally, every President must consider whether the nominee is truly able and whether he will please key groups in the body politic. The nomination must enhance presidential prestige—and, occasionally, satisfy precedents established by earlier Chief Executives. The court now has a "Jewish seat" (Fortas) and a "Catholic seat" (Brennan); if they are vacant, the President offend those groups by appointing members of other groups?

Presidents sometimes manage to ignore traditional considerations, such as geographical representation, which started in the days when Supreme Court Justices heard cases in their home areas as well as in Washington. Since 1841, when the practice ended, 23 of 68 Justices have come from only three states—New York, Ohio, Massachusetts. Nominating rival-party members is supposedly out; yet that heresy has been committed twelve times—mostly by Republican Presidents, though perhaps most dramatically in 1916 when

Democrat Woodrow Wilson named Louis Brandeis, the court's first Jew, who despite a decidedly Wilsonian record of liberalism was a registered Republican. Harry Truman ignored the Catholic seat, which started with Chief Justice Roger Taney in 1836; no Catholic served on the court throughout Truman's seven-year term. With equal independence, Truman was the only Democrat after Wilson to name a Republican Justice (Burton).

What no President can ignore is the temper of the Senate. Any long-delayed confirmation may be a serious loss of

ed since Parker, but the hazard is always present.

It was also Hoover who learned that the Senate can pressure a President into nominating its man instead of his own. After Holmes resigned in 1932, leaving the court with two New Yorkers and a Jew, Hoover's last choice was Judge Benjamin Cardozo—a New Yorker, a Jew and a Democrat to boot. Cardozo, however, had wide appeal as a reformer, and as the Depression deepened in an election year, Senate leaders indicated to the President that it was possible that no one else would be confirmed. Hoover was forced to name Cardozo—and hear his move landed on the Senate floor as the "finest act" of his administration.

CARTOONISTS' VIEW OF BRANDEIS & PARKER APPOINTMENTS



THE BLOW THAT ALMOST KILLED FATHER

Historians, prophets, politicians and philosophers, as well as judges.

political face, especially near election time. It is, for instance, unwise to nominate any man who is overidentified with some militant cause. As a muckraking social reformer, "Peoples Lawyer" Brandeis so irked Senate conservatives (and anti-Semites) that his confirmation took more than four months, the longest delay in Supreme Court history. Even now, a Negro nominee might rouse a similar backlash, with consequent resentment by Negro voters. When Thurgood Marshall, now Solicitor General, was named a federal appeals judge in 1961, Southern Senators blocked his confirmation for almost a full year.

Overlooked Hazards. The Senate has utterly rejected 19 nominees. In 1866, Congress was so angry with Andrew Johnson that it simply abolished the tenth court seat then in existence rather than approve a Johnson appointee. In 1930 Herbert Hoover overlooked labor opposition to Judge John J. Parker—known as "Yellow Dog" Parker in union circles for a decision upholding so-called yellow-dog labor contracts that barred workers from joining noncommunist unions. No nominee has been reject-

ed since Parker, but the hazard is always present.

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If that is so, Lyndon Johnson stands to lose a lot of friends. He has already named one Justice, Abe Fortas, and it does not look as though Tom Clark will

New York (93): Samuel Nelson, Ward Hunt, Samuel Blatchford, Rufus Peckham, Charles Evans Hughes, Harlan Stone, Benjamin Cardozo, Robert Jackson, John Harlan; Ohio (6): Noah Swayne, Salmon Chase, Morrison Waite, Stanley Matthews, William Day, John Clarke, Harold Burton, Potter Stewart; Massachusetts (6): Benjamin Curtis, Horace Gray, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Moody, Louis Brandeis, Felix Frankfurter.

Important Arthritis Information

"If there is any possibility that you have a rheumatic disease [including arthritis], see your physician. Don't delay. Early treatment can prevent crippling."

Your doctor will probably recommend aspirin in his treatment, because:

"Aspirin is the most reliable and least toxic of all arthritic drugs. It is the one that is most likely to provide sustained control of symptoms." —The quotations are from the folder, "Arthritis & Rheumatism," recently published by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

The makers of Bayer Aspirin urge you to remember this: *Bayer is pure aspirin*. Many of the other products that advertise arthritis benefits are *part aspirin*, but *Bayer is pure aspirin*, and aspirin is the drug doctors recommend for hours of continuous relief from arthritis pain, swelling and stiffness, so you can work, play and sleep in greater comfort.

If you suffer from arthritis, see your doctor at once.

When he recommends aspirin, take *Bayer*.

Pure aspirin,
not just *part* aspirin.



HOW TO GET COMPLETE FOLDER
You owe it to yourself to read the complete folder, "Arthritis & Rheumatism," published by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It is for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 20402—Price 5 cents each or \$3 per 100 copies.



leave the only vacancy in the next few years. Time must soon tell on Hugo Black, 81, Earl Warren, 76, William O. Douglas, 68, and John M. Harlan, 67, whose sight is failing. Should Johnson be returned to office next year, he could wind up naming six Supreme Court Justices, the third highest presidential record¹ after Washington's ten and F.D.R.'s nine. Still attuned to senatorial psychology (he voted to confirm all seven nominees considered during his Senate years), L.B.J. knows enough to stay away from any unacceptable nominee. But beyond that, there is an ocean of qualities and qualifications to contemplate. The task is all the more vital since he may well determine the future make-up of the entire court.

CHARLES PATRICK—THE DAILY NEWS



KONIGSBERG LEAVING COURTHOUSE (1965)

"Now shut up," said Mr. Court.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Talk Tactics

The Manhattan district attorney's office calls Harold ("Kayo") Konigsberg "one of the biggest loan sharks in the country," but Kayo deserves more notoriety than that. Singlehandedly, with consummate gall, he has been carrying on a blatant attempt to make a travesty of U.S. criminal justice. When he went on trial last December on ten counts of conspiracy, extortion and assault, he deliberately attempted to turn his hearing before New York County Judge Abraham Gellinoff into such a circus that he could later claim a mistrial.

Two years ago, he arrived in court for a preliminary hearing seated in a wheelchair, his body swaddled in blan-

¹ Jackson and Taft also nominated six.

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How old do you have to be to be successful?

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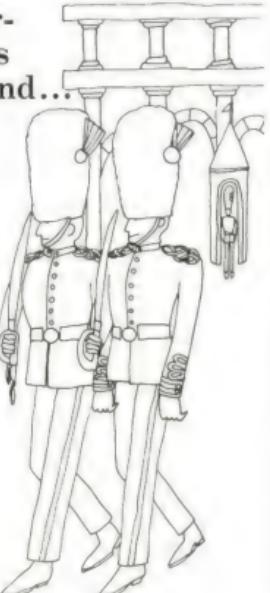
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You'll like the London Hilton.

The rooms at the London Hilton are Manager Louis Blout's special pride... and so beautifully appointed that guests compare them to apartments. They're on Park Lane in the fashionable Mayfair area with the center of London only a walk away. You'll appreciate a choice in your choice of four restaurants and dance on the roof with a view that takes in all of London. Sound like what you have in mind?

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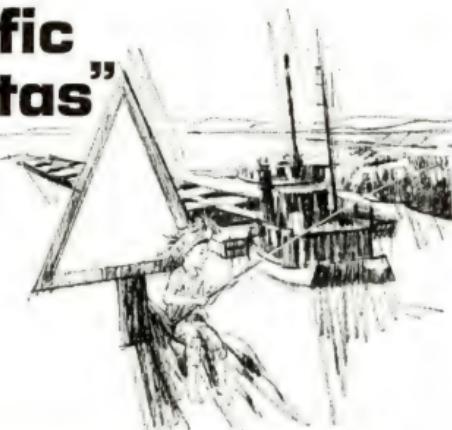
kets, a bandana hiding his face. He has feigned insanity twice and once arrived on a stretcher. In the middle of his trial last January, he fired his lawyer, Frances Kahn, because she was a "prosecution spy" and took over his own defense. The detective who arrested him he called a "sadist." Assistant District Attorney Frank Rogers became the "persecutor." Judge Gellinoff was an "animal." Once, while cross-examining a prosecution psychiatrist, Kayo posed an hour-long hypothetical question. "Now, Doctor," he finally concluded, "assuming everything I said to be true, do you have an opinion as to whether District Attorney Rogers is crazy?" Improper, ruled the court wearily. "Why, Judge?" asked Kayo. "Anybody who would try me on these preposterous charges must be crazy."

"*Deterioration.*" Gellinoff was patient. But after almost two months of buffoonery, Gellinoff excused the jury from the courtroom. "Now shut up and listen to me," he told Kayo. "You are a faking, lying, scheming, conniving person. I have an open mind as to whether you are guilty, but I want you to know, and I put it in the record, that I think you are sneaky and tricky. I now, on your behalf, move for a mistrial in this case—and deny the motion." Fifteen days later—after a four-hour summation in which Kayo offered to pay jurors for any inconvenience due to the trial's length—he was found guilty on five counts.

Because of his two previous felony convictions, Hoodlum Konigsberg faced a maximum sentence of 174 years. But Kayo decided to keep on staffing. On the day of the sentencing, he launched into another four-hour speech—this time assaulting the English language along with other targets. "It is because of people like you, Mr. Court," he said to Gellinoff, "that justice has deteriorated. It is bringing totalitarianism here. The court made 49 errors in law, and you foreclosed me in getting a fair trial. I will not kowtow to you or anyone else." Having thus blathered on, he next stood "mute" when asked if he had been convicted twice before. He had, of course, but by refusing to say so he forced the state to prove it before a jury.

It took two weeks before that hearing could be taken care of, then another month for a rescheduled sentencing date. But Kayo, apparently, was still talking. According to police and criminal grapevines, he is one of the most important sources of Mafia information now in captivity, and it was he who gave away the location of a gangland graveyard in New Jersey where FBI agents last month found the bodies of two gangland rub-out victims. Last week, Judge Gellinoff finally sentenced him, not to 174 years but to 30 to 44. He still faces trial on twelve counts of contempt of court as a result of his trial performance. But it may be that Stool Pigeon Konigsberg has finally found a kind of talking that makes a difference.

Georgia-Pacific plywood "deltas" unwind the Mississippi



The river barge skipper had the delta-shaped plywood markers in sight . . . four-foot triangles of overlaid Georgia-Pacific plywood used to mark channels along the lower Mississippi. With the triangles lined up, the skipper knew he was right on course. Around the next river bend, he knew there would be another pair of the plywood day markers to help him stay in the channel's center. Georgia-Pacific's tough overlaid plywood is used to mark channels on important commercial waterways (even the Atlantic Coast System with its high winds and corrosive salt spray) because colors are permanently bonded to

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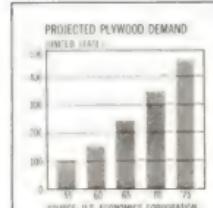
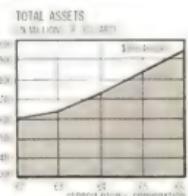
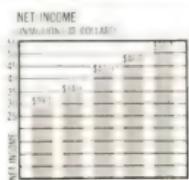
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Georgia-Pacific is the world's number one plywood producer. We've led the way in developing special plywood products for construction and non-construction applications. For instance, our unique Olympia, Washington, press can turn out gigantic panels. We recently made a panel 200-feet long and floated it into place as a pleasure boat pier! Extra long panels from this press are coated with Acrylic for signs along the nation's superhighways. Our high-density overlaid plywood is even used for acid tanks and outdoor bowling alleys. A special patterned non-skid plywood gets rough

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Plywood is truly one of man's most versatile building materials. No wonder plywood production has more than doubled in the past ten years. And industry experts expect production to double again by 1975. As the leader in developing new products and uses of plywood, Georgia-Pacific continues to live up to its reputation as the Growth Company.



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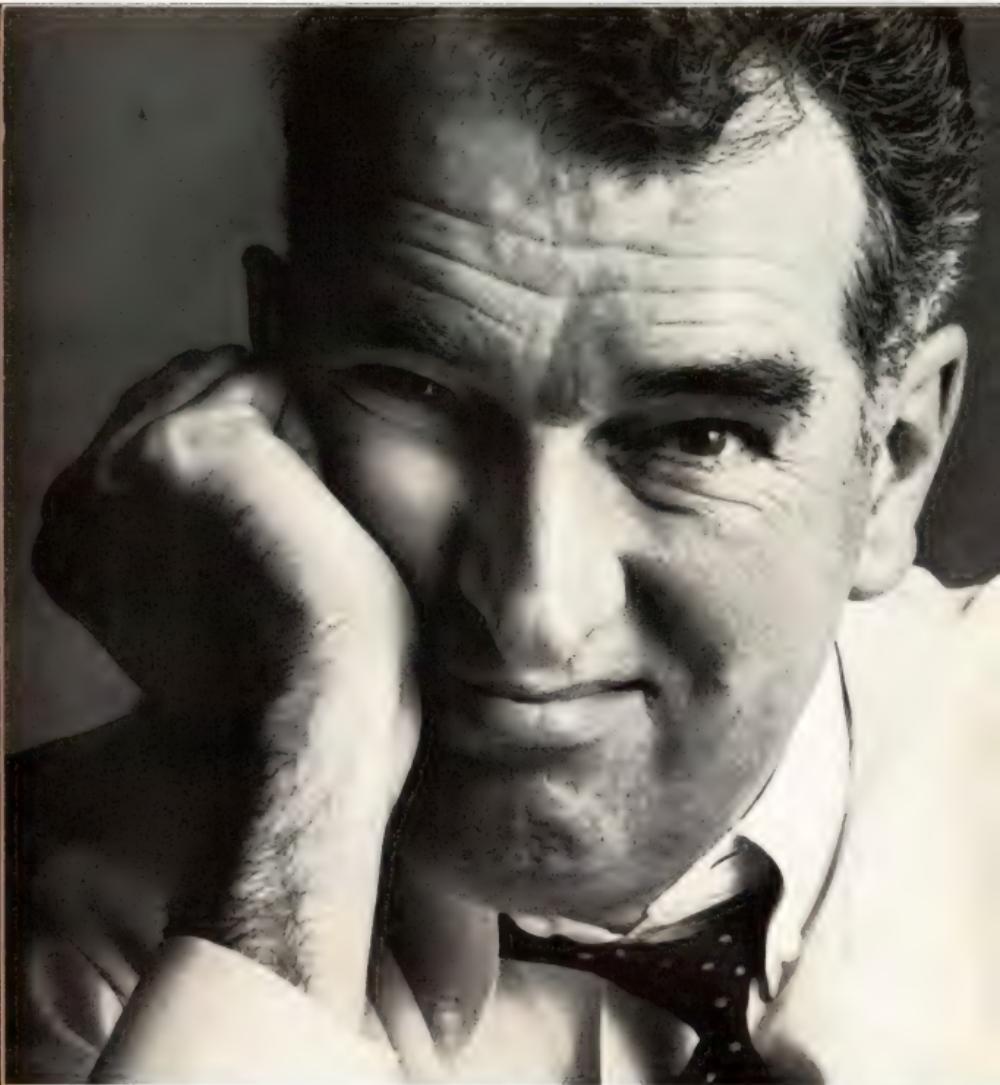
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THE THEATER

Gloomy Sunday

Ilyia Darling is a 15-watt musical with one trace of Greek fire—Melina Mercouri. She plays furiously across the footlights to keep audiences from realizing that there is nothing behind them. Flaccidly adapted by Jules Dassin from his film *Never on Sunday*, the stage version lacks the three elements that gave the movie a certain credibility as a holiday of the senses, the Greek sea, sky and sun.

The plot is as silly as ever: Puritan bore meets Piraeus whore. Object: education. He gives her a three-week refresher course in the classics which leaves her very sad. She gives him a glimpse of the possibilities of sensual love which leaves him very shattered. It is a distinctly gloomy Sunday all around.

As the gawky American, Orson Bean is a drearily familiar caricature. He has been typecast as an innocent for so long that he has become a professional with no surprises to offer. The part needs an innocent innocent. Alluringly gowned and ungowned, Mercouri has enough dramatic electricity in a finger snap to have prevented the Great Power Blackout of 1965. Her voice is a husky cousin to Marlene Dietrich's, but even amplification does not always make it audible. The character she plays, a kind of onzo-and-sympathy doxy, is unsalvageable since joyous sweet-souled prostitutes are about as believable nowadays as jolly fat men.

As for the harborside atmosphere of Piraeus and things Greek, *Ilyia* need never have left the port of Manhattan. Except for the stony of a couple of steamers, the sets are routine Broadway. Manos Hadjidakis' diluted bouzouki score is slumberously unvaried, and no number equals the appeal of the repeated *Never on Sunday*. The dancers spin like zany revolving doors and slap themselves like victims in a mosquito plague, and there is never the faintest hint of those teasingly slow, sinuous Greek male dances that seem to be sculptured out of air.

As usual, the Greeks had a word for shows like this—*katastrophe*.

A Passion for Survival

Galileo, Bertolt Brecht believed that historical forces rendered the individual obsolete and paradoxically, wrote plays in which flawed, split, and roguishly tenacious personalities like Mother Courage and Galileo exhibit a passion for survival that dwarfs history and dominates the stage. *Galileo*, offered last week at Manhattan's Lincoln Center, is like a formal ballet of the mind in which the prince of science and the princes of the church dance out their accustomed roles. But for Western civilized man, Galileo's recantation before

the Cardinal Inquisitor (Shepperd Strudwick) has the power and poignance of Socrates drinking hemlock.

Brecht's vision of the theater as a classroom works ideally in Galileo. To the audience, the great astronomer plays teacher, a kind of intellectual locksmith picking at the rusty encrustations of habit, custom and tradition as he elucidates his proofs that the earth revolves around the sun. This Galileo is a glutton of food, wine and ideas. As one character says, he has "thinking bouts." As Brecht sees it, this very appetite is Galileo's fatal flaw. His desire to save his skin ranks above any devotion to a pure priesthood of science, any will to suffer death for the truths he had discovered.

By betraying his faith in doubt, Brecht argues, Galileo also betrayed a

Puntila and His Hired Man, unlike *Galileo*, resembles a journey without a destination. In Brecht, dramatic conflict does not resolve itself in tragedy as a death struggle between good and evil, but in irony as a life struggle between irreconcilable divisions in the human psyche itself.

The play is being given by the Milwaukee Repertory Theater as part of an enterprisingly varied season that has included Sophocles' *Electra* and Noel Coward's *Design for Living*. The company displays more stamina than sparkle and sometimes throws itself at the play as well as into it, but Director Robert Kalfin wisely stresses the drama's pagan good humor rather than its repetitive class dialectics.

Puntila is a wealthy Finnish landowner and a totally different man when drunk than when sober. When drunk, he is generous, kindly, amorous,

PHOTO BY RON



"PUNTILA" SCENE IN MILWAUKEE



QUAYLE & STRUDWICK IN "GALILEO"

A locksmith picking at the rust.

new age of reason in which scientists would control their own discoveries for the good of common humanity. This is rather naive because it assumes that people alter power rather than that power alters people. It leads Brecht into his customary fallacy of assuming that power is good in the hands of workers and scientists and bad in the hands of statesmen, clerics and generals. As a historical determinist, Brecht curiously calls for a needless martyrdom. With or without Galileo's recantation, an age of science was inevitable.

After a series of ill-starred ventures, the Lincoln Center company has put together a creditable production, and it is luckiest of all in the British star, Anthony Quayle. His Galileo leaps at the tantalizing bait of new knowledge, delivers his lines with a purity that makes dictation a diadem, and knows bitterly the heart's blind wounds for which the mind has no tourniquet.

democratic and the soul of good fellowship. When sober, he is mean, arrogant, priggish and smoldering with hatred for his fellow man. Puntila sober, as Brecht sees it, is a class-conditioned animal. Puntila drunk is Rousseau's child of instinctive natural goodness. Some richly comic scenes pivot on this personality split. Puntila sober wouldn't dream of fraternizing with his chauffeur Matti; Puntila drunk begs Matti to marry his daughter. Puntila drunk gets engaged to four separate girls; Puntila sober throws the brides-to-be off his estate.

While the Marxist polemics are dated—who keeps servants, anyway?—the psychological tensions of the play are intact. Actor Roger Hamilton is a bristling poker of a Puntila; rutting, grunting and swilling his way through the part, but Michael Fairman's Matti is a trifle too stiff and condescending to be a Sancho Panza foil to this flamboyantly intoxicated Don Quixote.

THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Harry the Muckraker

Harry J. Karafin glittered when he walked the streets of Philadelphia, the perfect personification of the man who had risen from rags to riches. In 1939, when he was 24, he started newspapering as an \$18-a-week copy boy for the Philadelphia Inquirer. He was promoted to clerk, then to reporter. Harry had nerve. He dug. He probed. He was brassy, tough, cocky. Harry had pull at city hall. With the help of a former assistant district attorney, he browsed freely through confidential files in the D.A.'s office to get leads for his searing exposés of racketeers and corruption. By the 1950s, his byline appeared regularly; by last month, there was no dispute that he had raked more muck, produced more exclusive stories and uncovered more crookedness than any other reporter in the 196-year history of the Inquirer. Also, last month the Inquirer fired him.

The reasons are in the current issue of *Philadelphia*, one of the glossy, city-centered magazines that are now catching on across the U.S. (*TIME*, Dec. 24, 1965). Digging just as hard as Karafin, *Philadelphia* Writers Gaeton Fonzi and Greg Walter began by investigating a racket involving fly-by-night companies that bought retail items on credit, unloaded them fast at discount prices, and then went into bankruptcy. The trail led to the doorstep of a 600-lb. operator named Sylvan Scolnick. Arrested, prosecuted and convicted, Scolnick started singing. Karafin, said Scolnick, was a good friend, so good, in fact, that he vouched for Scolnick's moral character and signed his application for a gun permit. Not only that; he also served as president of a company set up to keep track of the merchandise handled by the bankruptcy-bound companies.

Doing Well. This helped explain how Karafin, on an \$11,000 Inquirer salary, could wheel around town in a pair of expensive Buicks, live in a house worth \$45,000, buy \$20,000 worth of furniture, and install such extras as central air conditioning and a custom-built staircase. And deck his wife in furs and jewelry, and vacation in Europe and Puerto Rico, and dabble in the stock market. But it was only part of the explanation. *Philadelphia's* reporters also discovered that Karafin was doing very well in a public relations sideline of investigative reporting.

One type of operation that obviously needed investigation in the late 1950s was the home-repair racket. Fast-buck operators would talk a homeowner into making improvements such as installing a new heating system or aluminum siding. The owner signed a credit agreement. The work, usually cheap and shoddy, got done and the fast-buck men sold the credit agreement at a discount



KARAFIN

Double role.

to a broker, commercial finance firm or a bank. If too many angry and defrauded homeowners threatened, the company simply folded. It was a business particularly vulnerable to bad publicity, and Karafin and Scolnick said so to one of its practitioners, Joe Py, Public Relations Man Karafin, they said, could help Py. He had a lot of friends and could provide valuable advice, especially since the Pennsylvania State Banking Department and the Philadelphia district attorney's office were looking into the business. They asked for a \$5,000 retainer. Py said he would think it over.

While he was thinking, a Karafin story appeared in the Inquirer under an eight-column headline, warning Philadelphians that house-repair frauds were spreading. "High pressure salesmen" were preying on "unwary home own-



WALTER & FONZI
Double exposure.

ers." A spokesman for the Better Business Bureau was quoted as saying that "the only way to stop this racket is to expose it." Scolnick and Karafin again dropped around to see Py, found him convinced. Py wrote two checks, one for \$3,000 and another for \$2,000. Thereafter, Karafin stopped by Py's office every Monday morning for a regular retainer check. Over the next four years, Py paid Karafin close to \$12,000. Many other companies and associations connected with the home-repair and credit-paper business also hired Karafin, paid him tens of thousands of dollars.

Trail of Checks. In 1962, Philadelphia's city controller stopped payments to the Broadway Maintenance Co., which serviced the city's lights and parking meters, charging negligence, destruction of records, padding of bills and payoffs to city officials. Reporter Karafin raked no muck this time. Instead, he came to Broadway's defense, accusing the controller of making wild charges, praising the company for its "good maintenance program." Eventually a judge ordered the controller to stop blocking payments to Broadway, and the firm received a new \$800,000-a-year contract from the city. All the time Harry was covering the story for the Inquirer he was on Broadway's payroll, getting \$10,000 a year. He still was as of the beginning of March.

Reporter Karafin watched out for the interests of the small guy as well as the big. Once, when a lonely, 51-year-old bachelor crippled with arthritis sued a dance studio for inveigling him into paying for 1,000 hours of lessons, Karafin wrote an incisive story about the case. Then Karafin called on the head of the company that owned the studio. Thereafter, Karafin wrote no more dance studio stories. A lawyer friend of Karafin's worked out a settlement by which the company repaid the bachelor a fraction of the money he had been charged. Karafin was paid more than \$2,000 "for services rendered."

Philadelphia's reporters followed a trail of information and canceled checks to other public relations clients. The Pennsylvania Refuse Removal Association, for example, paid Karafin \$1,000 after some of its members were charged by a federal grand jury with conspiring to fix prices (the members were found guilty anyway). And when the president of a Philadelphia loan firm was subpoenaed by a state senate investigating committee in 1962, he quickly signed on Karafin, paid him \$12,000 over the next few years.

When Karafin got wind that *Philadelphia* was planning a story on his activities, he filed for an injunction, charging that Fonzi and Walter had illegally obtained his tax returns. *Philadelphia* fought the suit, and published. Afterwards, a bank dealing in credit paper that had paid Karafin \$6,000 a year fired Karafin as its public relations representative. Other businessmen who

If you're interested in the amount of "tar" and nicotine in the smoke of your cigarette:

Report* finds Carlton lowest in "tar" and nicotine of the 30 most popular filter brands.



Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically by an independent laboratory. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged less than:



"TAR" 9 MG. PER CIGARETTE
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NO HEALTH CLAIM IS INTENDED OR
IMPLIED BY THIS LISTING.

*Smoke components commonly but inaccurately called "tar."

Light up the one with the great light taste.
Carlton—the light one.

No health claim is made for either Carlton or Montclair.

* As recently published in a national magazine

And the same report finds Montclair lowest in "tar" and nicotine of all menthol brands tested.



Just enough in every puff.
Just enough bright,
lively menthol flavor.
Just enough
light mild taste.

The 1967 Mortgage Market: Where do we go from here?

by Otto L. Preisler

President, United States Savings and Loan League

In talking with knowledgeable and interested people from all over the country, five questions have been asked most frequently. Let me share with you my views on the answers.

How do Savings and Loans see the "tight money" situation now?

The situation has eased. The supply of funds in Savings and Loans has increased in recent months. December, 1966, showed the biggest increase for any December in history. The first three months of 1967 have also been good months for our business.

What are the prospects for home mortgages?

Certainly better than last year when funds were scarce and our volume of lending dropped from \$24 billion in 1965 to \$17 billion in 1966. 1966 saw adjustments in the country's monetary policy that drew some savings from us and caused a shortage of credit in the mortgage market we traditionally serve.

After a period of limited lending, some of our Savings and Loans now have a surplus of funds and, ironically, the demand for mortgage credit is not strong at this time because of seasonal and other factors. These funds stand ready for use. Couple this with the fact that there has already been a drop in interest rates in some sections of the country, and you see that the prospects for builders and home buyers are looking brighter.

Savings and Loans will continue to make more home loans than any other type of financial institution. We shall continue to be "Number 1" in home financing.

How does the home building situation look?

The slowdown in building is expected to be over around the middle of 1967. Production for the year will be slightly better than in 1966.

The homes built will tend to be of high quality with a higher unit value than at times past. This trend is gratifying because associations want to loan on the best possible types of construction at all cost levels. The Savings and Loan business has worked with builders for years to improve the quality of housing.

Savings and Loan Associations

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How do Savings and Loan Associations view the competition for the savings dollar?

Some Savings and Loans have adopted "dual rate" savings programs, with a higher rate paid on savings certificates, so they attract a greater variety of customers. The Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation has raised its coverage from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and this is an additional assurance to customers who are interested in insurance of accounts.

Over the years Savings and Loans have paid higher returns on savings than any other type of financial institution. The strong inflow of savings and the increase in savings customers encourages us to believe we will have the funds to continue to be highly profitable for our savings customers.

How does the Savings and Loan business look now?

Our reserve ratios, including surplus and undivided profits, are at the highest level since the Korean War.

The number of savers has passed the 40 million mark and their savings with us are more than \$114 billion.

We believe there will be an \$8 billion increase in savings in 1967, as compared to the \$3.7 billion increase in 1966.

It appears that the mortgage lending volume will total \$20 billion in 1967, as compared to \$17 billion in 1966.

We are optimistic about the balance of 1967.

paid for Karafin's services now say they did so reluctantly. "I don't like to deal with Harry," said one client. "he can do things for you. It's like castor oil. You don't like to take it, but sometimes you have to."

At the Inquirer, the reaction was one of red-faced embarrassment. The paper's management gave Karafin his severance pay—47 weeks worth—hesitantly instructed all reporters to notify the company of any outside employment. One reporter who admitted doing freelance work for a public relations firm was warned to sever these ties immediately. And then "with profound sadness and bitter regret" the Inquirer published in this week's Sunday edition a ten-column story all about the mucky career of Star Reporter Harry J. Karafin.

PUBLISHING

Taxing the Tax-Exempt

For years, taxpaying publications have protested the tax-free status of competitors published by educational and other nonprofit organizations. The *National Geographic*, for example, or *Nation's Business*, put out by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. These magazines, operating with what was in effect a subsidy, could offer lower advertising rates. The *Geographic* argued that its rates were in line with other magazines, but last week the Internal Revenue Service ruled that equity, not rates, was the heart of the matter. After years of pondering, it decided that the tax exemptions should be ended.

Most of the 700 tax-free U.S. periodicals will not feel the bite, for they carry little or no advertising and operate in the red. But a minority, including *Nation's Business*, the *Geographic*, the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and *Analytical Chemistry* (published by the American Chemical Society), will be hard hit. Total advertising revenues of the tax-exempt amount to more than \$100 million per year. Taxes will take quite a bite out of this.

Except for pressure brought to bear on the Treasury Department and Congress by lobbyists for the tax-free publications, the IRS would probably have issued its ruling years ago. Even now, the Revenue Service plans to hold additional public hearings in order to enable opponents to repeat their arguments before the new rules go into effect. This might take another six months or more. The head of the A.M.A.'s legal department, for one, has already announced that it will argue against the regulation. The closemouthed National Geographic Society has declined to comment, but society officials said earlier that loss of its tax-exempt status might force a cutback in its scientific and educational activities. For the other side, cheers were led last week by former IRS Commissioner Mortimer Caplin, who has long fought to tax the tax-exempt. "The business community is elated," he said. "This is a sound decision."

Do two wrongs make you write?



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HOLLYWOOD

The Decline or Fall

Of Practically Everybody

What happened at last week's 39th annual Academy Awards show? Only a hairdresser could tell for sure. Some of the heads were in fall, others in decline; it was as if the whole actress community had flipped its wig or was trying to start the newest wave. Perhaps for the want of anything more compelling to depict, ABC television kept running its cameras through the girls' hair for the entire 2½ hours.

Runaway winner for the Wolf Girl Award was Julie Christie, who also sported the highest-riding miniskirt. Her bangs nearly reached her hem, while her tresses swung in savage disarray around—and over—her face. Ginger Rogers wore superlong locks reminiscent of the '40s. Ann-Margret, Anouk Aimée, Anne Bancroft and Singer Jackie DeShannon wore their hair laissez-faire—uncurled and uncut.

For their chandelier coifs, the Redgrave girls teamed up. Vanessa washed her own hair in midafternoon, then summoned Beverly Hills Coiffeur Carrie White for a comb-out and had her add a cascading fall for greater thickness. The whole business took all ten minutes. Lynn, meanwhile, puffed up her own do as well as Mum's (Rachel Kempson, Lady Redgrave).

The AFTRA strike against the networks ended just an hour or so before the ceremonies began, which heightened interest in the show and helped attract 65 million viewers (by ABC's estimate). But if the folks at home were hoping to see the big stars collect their Oscars, they were disappointed.

Paul Scofield, the best actor, for *A Man for All Seasons*, remained in Sussex, England. Elizabeth Taylor, the best actress, for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, sent her polite regrets from Nice.* Sandy Dennis, the best supporting actress, for *Virginia Woolf*, stayed put in New York. Only Walter Mat-

For want of anything more compelling,

SHOW BUSINESS

thau, the best supporting actor, for *The Fortune Cookie*, showed up—as did *All Seasons* Director Fred Zinnemann and Screenwriter Robert Bolt.

"Imagine," observed Master of Ceremonies Bob Hope in one of his few quotable lines, "not even coming here to pick up an Oscar. I flew to Greensboro, N.C., to become 'Chitlin' of the Month.'"

THE STAGE

Three in the West

Whatever movie fans may have thought, the big event in Los Angeles was not the Oscars but the dedication of the city's now completed Music Center of Los Angeles County.

The original building in the three-unit hilltop complex—a 3,250-seat music hall named the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion after the center's prime mover—opened 2½ years ago. Last week two handsome new structures were opened: the 2,100-seat Howard Ahmanson Theater for drama and musicals and the 750-seat Mark Taper Forum for chamber music and experimental plays. Together they give Los Angeles a visual fulcrum, not to mention one of the most versatile performing-arts centers in the country.

The theaters are named for two Los Angeles bankers who contributed \$1,500,000 each to Mrs. Chandler's fund drive. The three-building complex cost only \$34 million, much less than half the \$91 million that New Yorkers paid for their four-theater Lincoln Center. Another individual who eased the cost was Architect Welton Becket, who contributed over a million dollars in services.

Intimate Shape. Inside its drum shape, Becket's Taper Forum boasts a thrust stage surrounded by a semicircle of seats banking gracefully upward for 14 rows. The farthest spectator is just barely 16 yards from the action and the sound is superior. Considering its impressive size, the Ahmanson Theater is

also remarkably intimate; as in the trail-blazing Chandler Pavilion. Architect Becket has replaced the traditional shoebox-shaped auditorium with an almost perfect square. The proscenium is as wide and as high as the walls and ceilings, the stage semithrust.

For openers last week, the Ahmanson mounted *Man of La Mancha* with the original Broadway leads, and the Taper presented John Whiting's *The Devils*. Both productions were polished and professional, and the performances were first-rate. Elliott Martin, director of the center's Theater Group, hastens to point out that he is not running a rental hall for touring New York shows. Last week he announced that his first work of the fall season, a more characteristic center production, will be the U.S. premiere of Eugene O'Neill's last play, *More Stately Mansions*. The star: Ingrid Bergman, in her first U.S. stage appearance in 20 years.

Good Start. Gordon Davidson, the Taper's artistic director, plans to follow *The Devils* with two new dramatic works by U.S. Playwrights Romulus Linney and William Murray, and with



THE MARK TAPER FORUM
The farthest spectator ...

* Liz can now be called a foreign film star. It was disclosed last week that she renounced her U.S. citizenship in October, and became a British subject.

Friedrich Dürrenmatt's *The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi*.

Both Davidson and Martin are aiming for a theater life for Los Angeles that will compare with or excel Broadway's best. They've got a good start. By last week, the Taper had virtually sold out its first season with more than 30,000 subscriptions.

Haphazard Happening

One evening last week Actor Jerry Schultz, 35, flopped down on a couch, stretched, yawned and fell asleep.

It was the ultimate in Method acting, for at the time, he happened to be onstage in a new off-off-Broadway drama called *Life with the Family*, and playing the toughest role of his career: being himself. Schultz believes that real eating-talking-sleeping life has all "the pathos, humor and drama of the theater." To prove it, three weeks ago he and his sons Lyle, 4, and Elan, 5, a jazz musician named Marzette, 28, and three dogs and a cat set up house on the stage of the Headquarters theater in Manhattan's East Village—and invited the public to drop in at any hour of the day or night (tickets: 50¢ to \$1).

So far, playing to audiences of 20 to 200 daily, the "live-in" has been a series of haphazard happenings—arguments, jam sessions, talkathons—as well as plain old views of the Schultz family eating, watching TV, reading and chatting on the telephone. As theater, *Life* is worth leaving as peep show; it is an offbeat, sometimes curiously intriguing look at the denizens of bohemia caged, as it were, in their natural habitat. Among their most pressing problems are housekeeping and housebreaking the dogs. Just when things might get interesting, the mutts have the distressing habit of upstaging the cast by urinating on the floor.



IN LOS ANGELES

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MUSIC

MARTIN SCHAFFER



BALANCHINE TAKING BOWS



PATRICIA McBRIDE & EDWARD VILLELLA

A refraction of style, a spectrum of radiance.

BALLET

Gem Dandy

When most men visit Van Cleef & Arpels, the jewelry salon on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, the result is likely to be an overdrawn bank account. When George Balanchine visits Van Cleef & Arpels, the result is a ballet. Jeweler Claude Arpels once suggested that Balanchine create a jewel-inspired dance, so the choreographer took a stroll past the store's gleaming showcases, and sure enough, his head filled with visions of bedecked ballerinas. Why not a trilogy, he thought, based on the motifs of emeralds, rubies and diamonds?

Balanchine's polished New York City Ballet troupe gave the untitled work its premiere last week at Lincoln Center, and it was the most sumptuous and imaginative ballet in years. Typical of Balanchine, there was no story, but the way he molded the ebb and flow of dancing figures was as riveting as any narrative. Each jewel refracted a side of the Balanchine style; together, they showed a spectrum of radiance.

Sexy Grace. "Emeralds," set to Gabriel Fauré's stage music for *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Sylvia*, unfolded a set of suave, subtly intertwining dances that managed to be at once sweeping and intimately sensuous. Dancers Minn Paul and Francisco Moncion captured the combination of sophistication and passion in a *pas de deux* that was full of tantalizing hesitations but never without easy flow. In "Diamonds," Balanchine turned to the grand manner of classical ballet, spinning out variations that resembled traditional Russian dancing removed from the law of gravity. To the score of Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 3*, Suzanne Farrell, Jacques d'Amboise

and the *carps de ballet* traced lines that, for all their airy lightness, had an austere purity and grandeur.

If any one section outshone the others, it was "Rubies," in which Balanchine teamed with the composer who has inspired some of his finest ballets, Igor Stravinsky. For Stravinsky's spare, syncopated *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra*, Balanchine created lively, Broadway-flavored footwork. In the hot atmosphere of scarlet costumes and lighting, his dancers bobbed, swiveled and stretched in patterns of perky wit and sexy grace. Patricia Neary clowned elegantly, and Edward Villella and Patricia McBride drew cheers for the jazz *joue de vive* with which they bounded through their intricate roles.

But the biggest cheers were rightly saved for the last curtain calls, when out stepped the dapper figure of Balanchine himself—a gem of a choreographer.

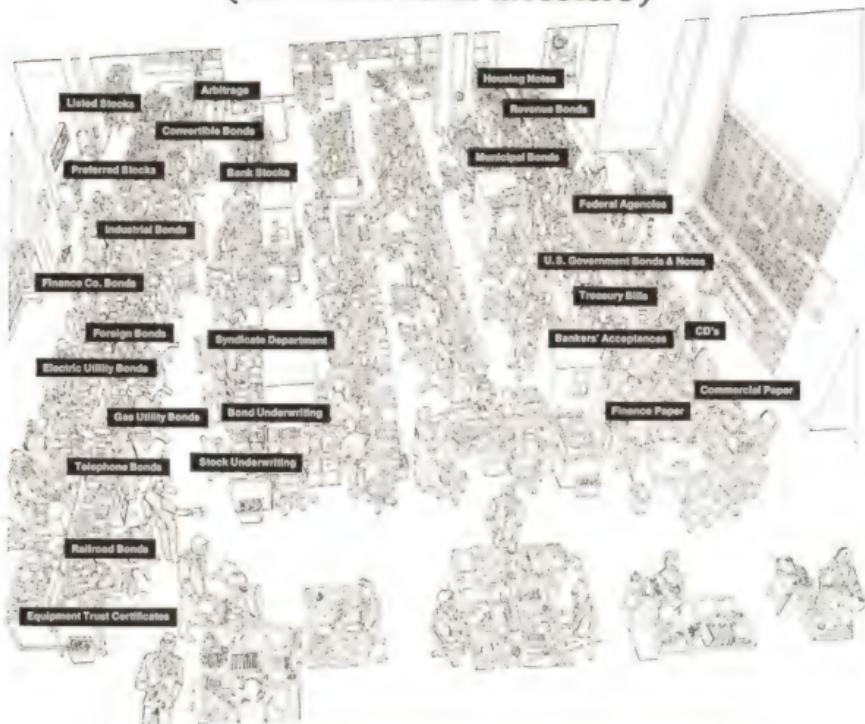
ORCHESTRAS

Tuba Turnabout

In a symphony orchestra, the tuba is like a ship's engine: it produces a rumble that is hardly noticeable when it is there, but is sorely missed when it is not. Thus it was a serious matter when the San Francisco Symphony learned recently that its stellar tuba player, Ronald Bishop, had been lured away by the Cleveland Orchestra. In its search for a replacement, the San Francisco Symphony rejected all the local candidates. That sent the Musicians' Union into a huff, and the orchestra had to take the union to court before it could carry its talent hunt outside the city. Last week San Francisco finally filled the job—just like a baseball team. It hired Cleveland's F. Chester Roberts.

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U.S. BUSINESS

CREDIT

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A socially irresponsible act to induce people to get deeper in debt.

—Excerpt from a talk at a Chicago church

Charge a tithe—

Use your BankAmericard.

—Sign outside a San Francisco church

That wide divergence between churches last week was prompted by the same phenomenon: the fast-spreading use of bank credit cards, which have become the hottest topic of debate and a source of frenetic competition among U.S. bankers. During the past twelve months, estimates the Federal Reserve Board, more than 1,000 banks have moved into the field. "We're on a credit-card binge," says Executive Vice President Paul Welch of Atlanta's Citizens & Southern National Bank. And most bankers agree that neither banking nor business will ever be the same.

Mortuaries & Teeny-Boppers. Though basically kin to such familiar cards as American Express and Diners Club, bank credit cards aim more at the ordinary needs of middle-income families than at travel and expense-account entertainment by executives. In a few cities, doctors, dentists and veterinarians already accept bank cards; in Chicago, several mortuaries and ambulance services have signed up, and at the city's Cheetah Twistedrome Boutique, teenyboppers allowed access to their parents' cards can even charge their miniskirts and papier-mâché earrings.

Most bank cards cost consumers nothing—provided they pay their bills at the bank within 30 days. After that, the banks usually collect a highly profitable 1½% a-month interest on the balance. Merchants who agree to honor the cards usually pay a 5% discount to exchange their charge slips for cash from the banks (v. up to 7% through American Express). In parts of the Midwest, competition has driven the rate down to 3%, but even that is not quite low enough to attract major retailers, who have a heavy investment in their own credit setups. President M. E. Arnett of Los Angeles' Bullock's Magin suggests that at a 2½% discount department stores might well join up. Meantime, bank cards are helping many small shopkeepers to lift their sales—to the discomfiture of their competitors.

"Absolutely Wild." The obvious goal for any ambitious bank or bank group is to span the U.S. with a single credit-card system. With computers keeping the bookkeeping costs within bounds, local banks would reimburse local merchants, then pass their bills on to the cardholders' own banks for collection. In the race to go transcontinental, the giant Bank of America has grabbed an

early lead. Last year it began licensing banks outside its California domain to use its highly successful (2,057,000 members, \$228 million annual billings) BankAmericard. Fifteen banks have signed up, adding 1,500,000 cardholders and 30,000 retailers to the system.

Battling BankAmericard at home, 62 California banks have formed the California Bankcard Association to start a joint credit-card plan in July; they hope to begin business with 60,000 retailers and 2,000,000 families. The combine has arranged to go nationwide by linking up with Interbank Card, a clearing house of eight big banks that issue local

based on computerized banking. In that society, businessmen would transmit everyone's bills by wire directly into a giant computer network. Debits would be paid by electronic transfer of money from one account to another. "Coins will remain, but mainly for carfare, sales taxes and penny-ante transactions," predicts Governor George Mitchell of the Federal Reserve Board. "It's technologically possible now," notes Vice President Edward Bontemps of Los Angeles' United California Bank. "The problem is: Will people want it?"

To find out, Wilmington's Bank of Delaware is testing an electronic credit



CHICAGO AMBULANCE



SAN FRANCISCO CHURCH

And some day, just enough left for carfare.

charge cards tampering them: Buffalo's Marine Midland, Pittsburgh's Mellon National, Phoenix's Valley National. "It's absolutely wild," says Vice President Glenhall E. Taylor Jr. of San Francisco's Wells Fargo Bank.

Another frenzied scramble for customers broke out late last year in Chicago when five banks organized the Midwest Bank Card System. By last week that regional system had expanded to more than 13 card-issuing banks in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Kentucky, with 60,000 retailers honoring cards held by 6,000,000 families. "Three things have come together," explains Marketing Director Jack White of Chicago's Continental Illinois Bank, one of the interchange system's founders. "Banks are expanding their traditional role in granting credit; they are using computers; and they are dealing with a charge-all society that is ready to use a standardized credit card."

Transactions on a Tape. Most bankers agree that the proliferation of credit cards is moving the nation inexorably toward a cashless and checkless era

card with the help of A.T. & T., IBM, some 200 depositors and Storm's Shoe Stores (three outlets). When a customer buys a pair of shoes, the clerk slips his card into a touch-tone phone, dials the bank and automatically records the sale. The bank's computer debits the buyer and credits the store—or, if the customer desires, makes the transfer later. New York's Irving Trust and Detroit's Manufacturers National have ordered similar equipment for electronic cash transfers among businessmen.

Bankers are already looking toward the day when most companies will put payrolls on a reel of computer tape that will be sent to the bank. (A few firms in California do so now.) The bank's computers will automatically credit each employee with his pay, deduct all his recurring bills and credit the deductions to the proper account. It may also be programmed to invest his surplus money in interest-earning bonds. No longer will payday mean long waits before tellers' windows and the tedium of paying monthly bills. Businessmen face still more sweeping changes. Conventional

credit-card firms may have to merge to survive; the Post Office's mail load will be lightened by millions of unsent bills and payments.

"We will have local checkless experiments in the early 1970s," predicts Vice President Herbert Schwartz of Manhattan's First National City Bank, "and tie into a national system in the mid-'70s—much as local telegraph companies connected countrywide a century ago. I visualize an annual statement with interest payments, amortization of the home, taxes paid, insurance—all ready to present to the tax people."

Some bankers dispute Schwartz's optimistic timetable, but James S. Duesenberry of the White House Council of Economic Advisers insists: "This electronic transfer of money has to

So far, 19 airlines (eleven of them foreign) have ordered 146 of Boeing's smallest jetliner at an average price of \$3,500,000. Boeing hopes to deliver the first models to West Germany's Lufthansa and to United Air Lines late this year. With a range of 1,300 miles, the 580-m.p.h. 737 can carry up to 101 passengers seated six abreast in its 12-ft., 4-in.-wide cabin. That is every bit as beamy as Boeing's longer 707s, 720s and 727s. A stretched-out version, the 737-200, will accommodate 117 travelers, and also comes as a convertible cargo-passenger plane. Unlike its chief rival, the Douglas DC-9, which has its engines mounted at the rear of the fuselage for a quieter ride, the 737 has its jets slung beneath the wings. The result, claim Boeing engineers, is a lighter



BOEING 737 TAKING OFF ON MAIDEN FLIGHT
Profits from only a quarter of the cabin.

come because of the terrific load of paper and mechanical transfers that's beginning to clog the banking system." What the bankers are saying, in short, is that people will get more out of their money if they hardly ever see it at all.

AVIATION

Fighting for the Short Haul

First came one of those infuriating 24-hour delays on the ground while a mechanic replaced a faulty electrical relay, a standard item on any jet transport. Then Test Pilot Brian Wygle gunned the plane down a mere 3,200 ft. of runway and climbed swiftly into the sky above Boeing Field near Seattle. Boeing's twin-engine 737 was making its late-starting entry in the race to sell short-haul jets to the world's airlines.

Once the plane got aloft, everything went so smoothly on the two-hour, 36-minute flight to nearby Paine Field that Wygle radioed: "I hate to quit. This airplane is a delight to fly." Beaming happily, Boeing President William McPherson Allen, 66, predicted: "We'll still be selling lots of these airplanes when Allen's in an old man's home—and I hope that won't be too soon."

plane with a roomier aft portion of the cabin. Both planes can make money with only a quarter of their seats filled, come equipped with their own boarding stairs, ground air-conditioning, and jet-starting units to keep intermediate stops brief. The planes thus satisfy the airlines' most immediate need: low-cost jets to replace obsolescent piston and turboprop planes on runs of up to 1,000 miles, which account for 50% of the world's air-passenger business.

In the fight to fill that market, estimated at 1,200 short-haul jets, Douglas' two-year-old DC-9 has moved into an overwhelming lead: 441 firm orders plus 118 options from 33 airlines. Last week the company turned over the 100th DC-9 from its Long Beach plant to Eastern Air Lines, British Aircraft Corp., which managed to heat U.S. passengers into the short-haul business, has delivered 85 of its twin-jet BAC One-Elevens, has orders for 67 more (none from U.S. airlines). And competition is growing. Next month The Netherlands expects to start test flights of its 65-passenger Fokker twin-jet F-28. At \$2,350,000 per plane, Fokker figures that it can still grab a profitable chunk of business.

MERGERS

No Guidelines in Sight

These days the Government seldom loses an antitrust case in the Supreme Court. And last week the trustbusters won big. In a unanimous decision, the court agreed with the Federal Trade Commission's contention that the ten-year-old Procter & Gamble-Clorox Chemical merger violated the Clayton Antitrust Act and should be dissolved.

P & G was understandably disappointed, and so was the rest of the business community. Noting that the P & G-Clorox link seemed neither vertical (between suppliers and customers) nor horizontal (between competitors), businessmen had hoped that either way the decision went, it would mark the first clear-cut application of antitrust law to a conglomerate merger (between companies in unrelated fields). And court-devised guidelines were anxiously awaited, for conglomerate unions today account for 70% of mergers.

A Washday Merger. Justice Douglas, who wrote the opinion, seemed reluctant to set any guidelines. "It does not particularly aid analysis," he wrote, "to talk of this merger in conventional terms, namely, horizontal or vertical or conglomerate." Noting that bleach complements Procter's other washday products, Douglas decided: "This merger may most appropriately be described as a 'product-extension' merger."

Having thus sidestepped the particular problems of conglomerates, Douglas proceeded to spell out his agreement with the FTC charge that the merger "may substantially lessen competition or tend to create a monopoly in the production and sale of household liquid bleaches." P & G, he noted, was the nation's leading sales promoter in 1957—and it still is, spending \$245 million on advertising and promotion annually. When it bought Clorox, it was latching onto the leading producer of bleach, which controlled 48.8% of the market. By applying its "huge assets and advertising advantages," contended Douglas, P & G. could dissuade new companies from entering the bleach business, to say nothing of intimidating those already in the industry. As a P & G. subsidiary, Clorox would be in a perfect financial position to wage price wars against competitors. Since P & G. could have developed its own bleach, it seemed clear to Douglas that it had bought Clorox instead, "to capture a more commanding share of the market."

High Time. Justice Harlan agreed with the order, but also shared the business community's disappointment. It was high time, said Harlan in a concurring opinion, for the court to "at least embark upon the formulation of standards for the application of Section 7 of the Clayton Act to mergers which are neither horizontal nor vertical and which previously have not been considered in depth by this court."

Until those standards are laid down, though, Douglas' vague decision allows



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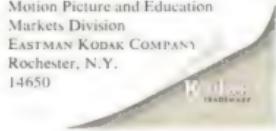
make an audience feel all the emotion of it. The need of it. The human nature of it. The social implications of it. The seriousness of it. The glee of it. Perhaps this is why Georgetown University is using a motion picture in its successful ongoing fund-raising drive.

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both Justice and the FTC time and latitude to study the snowballing conglomerate phenomenon. Clearly the court has not ordered a wholesale trustbusting attack. Nor has it gone out of its way to deter the application of antitrust law to conglomerate mergers.

Out at the Ballpark

Apparently unbothered by the Supreme Court's latest merger ruling, last week the board of Cleveland-based Stouffer Foods Corp. approved Litton Industries' buy-out offer of about \$110 million. For Litton, which annually sells over a billion dollars' worth of products ranging from ships to space components, the Stouffer acquisition marks a second venture into consumer goods. The first was The Royal McBee typewriter company, which the sprawling West Coast company picked up in 1964.

Although Litton is the king of conglomerates, its Stouffer deal may smack of what Justice Douglas called "product extension." Litton is, among other things, the biggest maker of microwave ovens, and Stouffer is one of the more advanced frozen-food processors. Together, they hope to create dishes that can be baked or broiled in record time.

The process that cooks a 10-lb. roast beef in just over 60 minutes is still in its infant stages, and Litton is currently producing its ovens only for restaurants. But the company is experimenting with ovens for the Military and is working up a prototype for TWA to facilitate airborne cooking. No company yet produces food specifically for the microwave market, and this is where Stouffer fits into Litton's plan. As one Litton executive explains it: "What did RCA do to enlarge the market for color TV sets? It began a vigorous campaign to produce color TV shows, thereby creating a consumer demand for color sets."

For its part, Stouffer was ready for a merger. Though outwardly in strong

shape, with 46 restaurants and six motor inns as well as its food-processing, the company has recently been having trouble keeping earnings up to snuff. As of January 31, six-month earnings were off \$140,000 from the same period last year on sales of \$43 million. Part of the problem, explains 65-year-old Vernon Stouffer, who parlayed his mother's recipes into millions, is cost control. "Rents and investments have grown tremendously, and higher salaries in other industries make executives difficult to obtain." Litton's resources, he points out, will be an enormous help.

Though the merger was no pushover for Litton—Stouffer's board rejected Litton's first offer last year—it seems sure that when the Cleveland company's shareholders meet within 90 days, they will agree to the proposal. Certainly Vernon Stouffer, after 43 years in the business, will not be dismayed when Litton Chairman Tex Thornton and his West Coasters take over. He will stay on as chairman, but only last year his family bought the Cleveland Indians, and, he says, "I'm looking forward to spending more time at the ballpark."

AUTOS

The Thinker (Detroit Style)

By Detroit's favorite yardstick—sales—the Ford Mustang is the most successful car ever introduced. And the men who were responsible for it are being suitably rewarded. Lee Iacocca, the Ford division general manager who introduced the Mustang (TIME cover, April 17, 1964), is now corporate vice president responsible for all Ford Motor Co. production and sales. Donald N. Frey (pronounced Fry), Iacocca's assistant general manager and chief engineer, the man who actually designed the Mustang, succeeded his boss two years ago as Ford division general manager. Last week Frey, 44, moved even higher. He was promoted to the brand-new post of corporate vice president of North American vehicle product development.

Frey is Detroit's sharpest idea man. Besides the Mustang, he is responsible for such innovations as the four-door Thunderbird, the stereo dashboard tape deck, and the station-wagon door that opens out as well as down. He is one of the few auto executives with experience in all three of the industry's essential areas: design, manufacture and sales. In his new job, which covers operations in all Ford divisions, he will take on such "think" assignments as building reliability into cars, cutting costs, and meshing the work of various divisions so that they will not duplicate one another's efforts. He will also be responsible for advanced planning—which involves everything from safety to anti-air-pollution devices, including electric autos.

A sometime metallurgy professor at the University of Michigan, Frey joined Ford in 1951 to get practical experience. He speaks Russian and French, likes opera, follows archaeology as a hobby, and reads the London Times Lit-



FREY AT WORK

Sharp in all three essentials.

rary Supplement as avidly as Ward's Automotive Reports. So professionally engrossed is he in his work that when Boss Henry Ford II tapped him for his new job, Frey forgot to ask whether it meant a pay raise. So far, it hasn't.

CORPORATIONS

And the Tennis Racket

The game's white-flanneled old guard could not have been more startled if the Supreme Court had suddenly decided to allow Wheaties to call itself the "Breakfast of Justices." To raise money for the cause of amateur tennis, the staid, 86-year-old United States Lawn Tennis Association signed a promotional deal with Manhattan's Licensing Corp. of America, a six-year-old merchandising whizbang best known for following up fads with floods of such items as 007 trench coats and after-shave lotion, Batman T shirts, Batpuppets and Batguns.

The company promises to "make tennis big business" in the manner, if not with the manta, of James Bond and Batman. In return for royalties, manufacturers will be licensed to stick "USTA" and "Davis Cup Team" endorsements on everything from sweat socks to sunglasses. This newest type of tennis racket was proposed by Licensing Corp. President Allan Stone, 43, who won the skeptical USTA over by arguing that 1) the U.S. Olympic Committee has endorsed Chap Stick and other items, and 2) the royalties should reach \$250,000 within two years. Says USTA President Robert J. Kelleher: "We never really knew how much our endorsements were worth."

The Hero Business. Licensing was just the outfit to tell them. It acts as a sort of broker in what Chairman Jay Emmett, 39, calls the "hero business." It contracts for the licensing rights to properties ranging from TV characters to sports figures. It then licenses manu-



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**The tuckaway fifth that
packs as flat as your shirt!**



EMMETT & STONE WITH MERCHANDISE
In white flannels and Batman T shirts.

facturers to use the names to jazz up their own products. Now, with a score of salable names in hand—including TV's *Batman* and *Mission: Impossible*—Licensing grandly claims to be No. 1 in "an industry that represents \$400 million in annual retail sales."

When they combined their small licensing businesses to form Licensing Corp. in 1961, Stone and Emmett already had such names as Superman and Singer Pat Boone. They really hit it big with James Bond. They began to peddle the rights to 007 in 1962, cashed in when *Goldfinger* reached the theaters in 1965, touching off sales of \$50 million in 007 products. The Batroom was even richer. Six months after the *Batman* TV series began last year, sales of Licensing-promoted Batstuff—1,000 items in all—reached \$100 million.

To the Locker Room. Hoping to profit from Licensing's touch, National Periodical Publications, Inc. (*Mad* magazine, *Wonder Woman*) comes bought the firm last year for \$2,400,000 in stock. Royalties from manufacturers, who pay Licensing 5% of the wholesale price of goods sold with its endorsements, last year totalled some \$5,000,000. Half of that goes to the owners of the names; the rest is nearly all profit.

Heroes, however, are not always easy to pick. One of Stone's early miscalculations was Jackie Robinson dolls—which were unaccountably outsold by Rival Joe DiMaggio dolls in Harlem stores. Now, with camp idol Batman beginning to fade, Licensing is going back to the locker room for more durable names. Not long ago, the company got French Diver Jacques Cousteau to give his name to a line of underwater gear. As for tennis and the U.S.T.A., says Stone, they "will outlive us all."

THE ECONOMY

Cheery Cherry Blossoms

In Washington last week, Government economists were as cheery as the cherry trees—and for much the same reason. Despite some sickly buds here and there, the economy seemed to be blossoming with the season. Warm weather had brought out the biggest show of shoppers in retail stores since last autumn. Retail business in March, reported the Commerce Department, was \$26.47 billion, a 3% increase over February. After adjustments were made for this year's unusually early Easter, March figures were still 4% above retail spending a year ago.

All winter, customers were squirreling money away in savings accounts, but the return of spring has put them in a mood to spend again. The Administration, too, has fertilized the economy with some extra cash. A billion dollars was turned back in the form of earlier-than-usual G.I. insurance dividends, and the higher withholding rate on federal income taxes has guaranteed a spendable rebate for many a taxpayer.

The upturn was what put Washington in a cherry-blossom mood. "I thought the figures would be good," said Assistant Commerce Secretary William Shaw. "I just didn't expect them to be that good." Even April sales of autos showed a sharp increase for the first ten days of this month. Chrysler reported a 25% rise, struggling American Motors had an 8% gain, and General Motors improved sales by 5%. Only Ford was still off with a 9% decline from last year. "People," said Pontiac General Sales Manager Thomas L. King, "walk into showrooms now in a buying rather than a looking mood."

Unpromising G.N.P. Along with such promising indicators, though, the Commerce Department reported that the gross national product, the total production of goods and services, increased during the first quarter of the year by only \$5 billion. And even that small advance represented merely a rise in prices. Meanwhile, wholesalers' and retailers' stocks on hand in February—the latest month for which figures were complete—rose to \$136.6 billion. Nor since February 1961, which was the worst month of the last recession, had unsold inventories been that high.

Administration economists were quick to blame the poor G.N.P. showing on the high, but not dangerous, inventories. Unlike 1961, when they had to be liquidated with a loss, the current stockpiles are being gradually sold off. Meanwhile, unemployment is a small 3.6% of the labor force, and industrial production rose in March to end a two-month decline. Certain that the mood represented by rising sales would continue into summer, Washington economists reaffirmed the forecast they made in January. After a slow first half, they said confidently, 1967 will end with a strong second-half finish.

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WORLD BUSINESS



TOWN CRIER ANNOUNCING BUDGET
Stout ship, surly crew.

BRITAIN

More Freeze & Squeeze

The land of the mod and the mini-skirt is also the home of the mini-growth economy. Last summer, faced with mounting international debts, a critical gap between rising imports and diminishing exports, and growing skepticism about the value of the pound sterling, Britain's Labor government put the nation on a deflationary diet. Wages, profits and dividends were frozen; taxes were pegged high to dampen spending, and even a slight rise in unemployment was tolerated by a Labor Party that had always stood for full employment. Saddled with such restraints, Britons quickly became uncommonly economy-conscious. And they listened with uncommon attention last week when Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan, with a rosebud in his lapel and a glass of orange squash close by to fuel him through a 36-page speech, rose in Commons to present the fiscal '68 budget.

"Restoring Our Fortunes Abroad."

"The measures," said Callaghan, speaking of last July's austerity orders, "are doing what the government expected of them, namely restoring our fortunes abroad while giving us an uncomfortable time at home. The freeze and squeeze have been worth it." The trade deficit, reported the Chancellor, dropped from \$126 million a month in 1964 to \$32.2 million a month last year, as exports rose 14%. Britain's balance-of-payments deficit eased from \$974 million to \$529 million as funds flowed in. As a result, Britain will be able to pay off debts amounting to \$896 million that it owes the International Monetary

Fund and foreign banks—probably before the December due date. Even more important, said the Chancellor, the pound has been restrengthened. As a result of Callaghan's speech, it rose to \$2.80 in foreign-exchange trading last week, the first time in 14 months that it managed to reach its parity rate.

The government was frankly pleased by such results from a year of freeze and squeeze. "We are back on course," Callaghan told the house. "The ship is picking up speed." Then, to the disappointment of his listeners, the helmsman added: "Every seaman knows the command at such a moment: steady as she goes." Callaghan urged another year of deflation. Government spending will rise by 8 1/2%, he said, but wages, profits, dividends will continue to be dampened—by law until the austerity measures run out in July, after that by persuasion and the specter of reimposed orders. To the alarm of businessmen, private investment will drop another 10% under government pressure.

Only modest changes will be made in tax laws, giving a break for example to motorcyclists and liquor-store owners. The way to health, said Callaghan, is through increased productivity rather than lower taxes. "If you happen to be an unmarried woman novelist running a liquor store and supporting a widowed mother who does part-time work, with a passion for motorbikes and wanting to buy a house this autumn for £5,500 then this is your budget," sniffed the Daily Express.

Stay-at-Home Vacations. For all the gains that Callaghan proudly pointed to, Britain is not yet clear of some economic shoals. The government still owes another \$1.4 billion to the IMF, which will come due in 1970. The trade gap is far from permanently closed. And lately it has begun to widen, largely because the U.S., on whom Britain depends to absorb its stepped-up exports, has problems of its own and is buying less. Unemployment, while leveling off some, is still 2%; the Selective Employment Tax that was supposed to force workers out of service jobs into manufacturing has plainly not been effective.

Under such circumstances, the average Briton may not have lost money under freeze and squeeze, but he has not gained much either. Prices are steady; he can cover his needs, visit a pub, even buy such luxuries as a new television set. But sales of autos and houses are slow because money is tight. Few people will vacation abroad this year because of the \$140 limit on money that can be taken out of the country.

The ship may be on course, but the passengers are feeling surly. After word of the new budget was passed last week —by press and tally and town crier—voters (see *THE WORLD*) went strongly Tory in local elections.

WESTERN EUROPE

Subterranean Surge

So many underground pipelines tunnel beneath the sprawling U.S. petrochemical center near Houston that the area has come to be known as the "Spaghetti Bowl." In its own subterranean surge, Western Europe seems to be cooking up a sort of alphabet soup. Ten years abuilding, its 3,000-mile crude-oil-carrying network includes such giants as the 283-mile R.R.P. (for Rotterdam-Rhine Pipeline), the 485-mile S.E.P.L. (South European Pipeline), and the 562-mile C.E.L. (Central European Line). Engineers are now making final tests on the newest, richest ingredient of all: the \$192 million T.A.L.

More formally known as the Trans-Alpine Line, T.A.L. is a triumph of agile engineering; its long pipe rises from sea level to 5,100 ft. in the Alps, pierces mountain rock in three 43-mile tunnels, and crosses 30 sizable rivers as it snakes for 288 miles from the Italian port of Trieste to refineries at Ingolstadt in West Germany. When its pumps begin pushing oil next month, the T.A.L. will be Europe's largest pipeline; eventually it will move one million barrels of crude a day.

Earlier Western European lines spread out from North Sea ports over relatively hospitable terrain, following the movement of refineries to fast-

PIPELINE PUSH



LIME Maps by J. Donovan

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Any number of extra services offered without charge here at Merrill Lynch, such as portfolio reviews, the safe-keeping of securities in our own vault, the collecting of dividends and interest payments and crediting them to the customer's account.

Yes, it's a buyers' market in the investment business today, and in a market like that we're more than pleased that something like four hundred thousand new customers a year now are giving us their business, coming to us for the investment help they need.

growing inland markets, which cannot be supplied by costly, inadequate rail transport. So strong is the demand for oil now that even the expense of crossing the Alps is no longer an economic obstacle. Though T.A.L. cost its owners, a consortium of 13 oil companies led by Esso and Shell, an average \$500,000 a mile, its Trieste terminal, where the first tanker put in from Kuwait last week, is advantageously close to Middle and North African oil sources.

Western Europe is now so thoroughly laced with buried pipe that T.A.L.

may be the last of the big crude-oil pipeline projects. Even so, there is still plenty of need for new lines to carry gasoline and other refined products. It is initials that are in short supply. T.A.L. itself will soon spawn A.W.P., a 258-mile spur to Vienna. And some of T.A.L.'s oil will be shunted along from Ingolstadt to Karlsruhe via R.D.O. (Rhine-Danube Oil Line). Since that means reversing the flow through R.D.O., which was originally built to supply Ingolstadt, the line already has a new part-time name: "O.D.R."

MILESTONES

Born. To Ralph Dungan, 43, U.S. Ambassador to Chile since 1964 and sometime J.F.K. presidential adviser, and Mary Rowley Dungan, 40; their seventh child, third daughter, in Santiago, Chile, thereby forcing Dungan to miss the first session of the International Planned Parenthood Federation convening in Santiago.

Divorced. Daniel B. Brewster, 43, Democratic U.S. Senator from Maryland; by Carol Leeper Brewster, 50, Baltimore socialite and notable campaign asset to her husband; by mutual consent; after twelve years of marriage, two children; in Juárez, Mexico. This week Brewster plans to marry Anne Bullitt Biddle, daughter of the late Ambassador William C. Bullitt, and divorced wife of Nicholas Biddle.

Died. Ngo Dinh Le Thuy, 22, petite, doe-eyed daughter of Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu, sister-in-law of assassinated President Diem, who just before the 1963 coup accompanied her mother on that famous U.S. speaking tour during which she captured her own share of attention with her fetching *ao-dai*, later moved to Paris while Mme. Nhu settled in Italy; of injuries in an auto collision; in Longjumeau, France.

Died. Luis Somoza, 44, President of Nicaragua from 1957 to 1963, elder of Strongman Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza's two sons, who with his brother "Tachito" continued the more or less benevolent dictatorship established by their father in 1937, espousing a policy of diligent economic progress coupled with blunt anti-Communism in foreign affairs; after a heart attack; in Managua.

Died. Sir Donald Sangster, 55, Prime Minister of Jamaica for seven weeks, who spent 18 years as self-effacing lieutenant of Sir Alexander Bustamante, the leader of Jamaica's push to independence in 1962 and its first Prime Minister, finally came into his own last January when "Busta," aging (83) and infirm, handed over the reins of his Jamaican Labor Party, which Sangster guided to victory in February's elections; of a brain hemorrhage; in Montreal. His suc-

cessor is Union Leader Hugh Lawson Shearer, 43, appointed by the Governor General after a party caucus.

Died. Thomas S. Lamont, 68, retired vice chairman of the board of Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. and one of the last links with the freewheeling Morgan era of U.S. banking; after open-heart surgery; in Manhattan. The son of one of Morgan's closest associates, Lamont went to work for J. P. Morgan & Co. in 1922, becoming a director and vice president in 1940, was prominent in the 1959 merger with the Guaranty Trust Co. to form the nation's fourth largest bank (current assets: \$7.6 billion), then retired in 1964 to the somewhat less rigorous life of director of half a dozen corporations. Aside from high finance, his abiding concern was for his alma mater, Harvard (21), on whose Corporation he served for 15 years, and to which he willed a sizable share of his many millions.

Died. Major General Thomas F. Farrell, 75, U.S. Army engineer and key figure in the development of the first atomic bomb, who in 1944 was recalled from crash building projects in India (the Ledo Road, the pipeline to China) to the even more urgent job of deputy to Manhattan Project Boss General Leslie Groves, sharing vital information that Groves previously held alone, assuring a backup in case of accident; later coordinated operations for the A-bomb drops on Hiroshima and Nagasaki; of cancer; in Reno.

Died. Arthur Gardner, 78, U.S. Ambassador to Cuba from 1953 to 1957, who stirred a storm among U.S. liberals for his support of Cuban Dictator Fulgencio Batista, and found no one ready to listen when he repeatedly warned that Fidel Castro, then regarded by many as a sort of swashbuckling idealist, actually "talked and acted like a Communist"; of a heart attack; in Palm Beach, Fla.

* In 1965, Lamont was accused of making illegal "insider" stock profits as a director of Texas Gulf Sulphur Co. Last year he was completely cleared of the charge.



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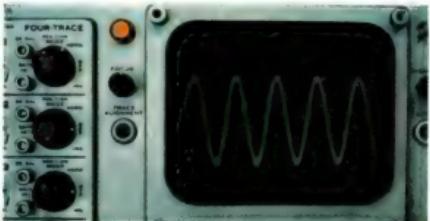
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CINEMA

BURTON BERKOFSKY



BOGARDE & SASSARD IN "ACCIDENT"
Glacial passion.

X-Ray Treatment

Accident. A metal-crunching car crash shatters the silence of a warm Oxford night. In the wreck lie a boy (Michael York), mangled and dead, and a beautiful girl (Jacqueline Slassard), in shock but uninjured. A university don (Dirk Bogarde) runs to the car, recognizes its occupants as his students, and gives the girl his hand. As she emerges, she steps on the dead boy's face—an act that symbolizes what is past in her life and what is to come in the film. The don takes the girl into his home, puts her to sleep on his bed, and—

Abruptly, *Accident* whirs into a lengthy flashback, detailing the events that led to the tragedy. Bogarde is an aging womanizer who has backed comfortably into pipe-puffing middle-age. Outwardly content, he is actually bored with his life and his pregnant wife, and yearns to recapture his vanished youth in an affair with Slassard, an Austrian princess. She, however, has two far more successful suitors. The first, an agreeable adolescent aristocrat (York), becomes her fiancé. The other, a university tutor (Stanley Baker) who seems to have a postgraduate degree in seduction, becomes her lover.

The accident unleashes the pent-up violence of sexual longing and outrushing rage. Bogarde coldly proceeds to make love to the humiliated girl, then smuggles her back to the safety of her dorm, protecting her from the police who will never know that it was she who drunkenly drove the boy to his death. At film's end, the princess leaves Oxford to fly home. Baker, the self-confident Don Juan, proves to be an ineffectual wan don, unable to stop her. Bogarde resignedly returns to his pipe, his books, his stoic, sad-eyed wife.

Accident's glacial dissection of human passion takes place against the brilliant background of a green Oxonian summer, accenting the mood of haunting irony that Director Joseph Losey (*The*



First name for the martini

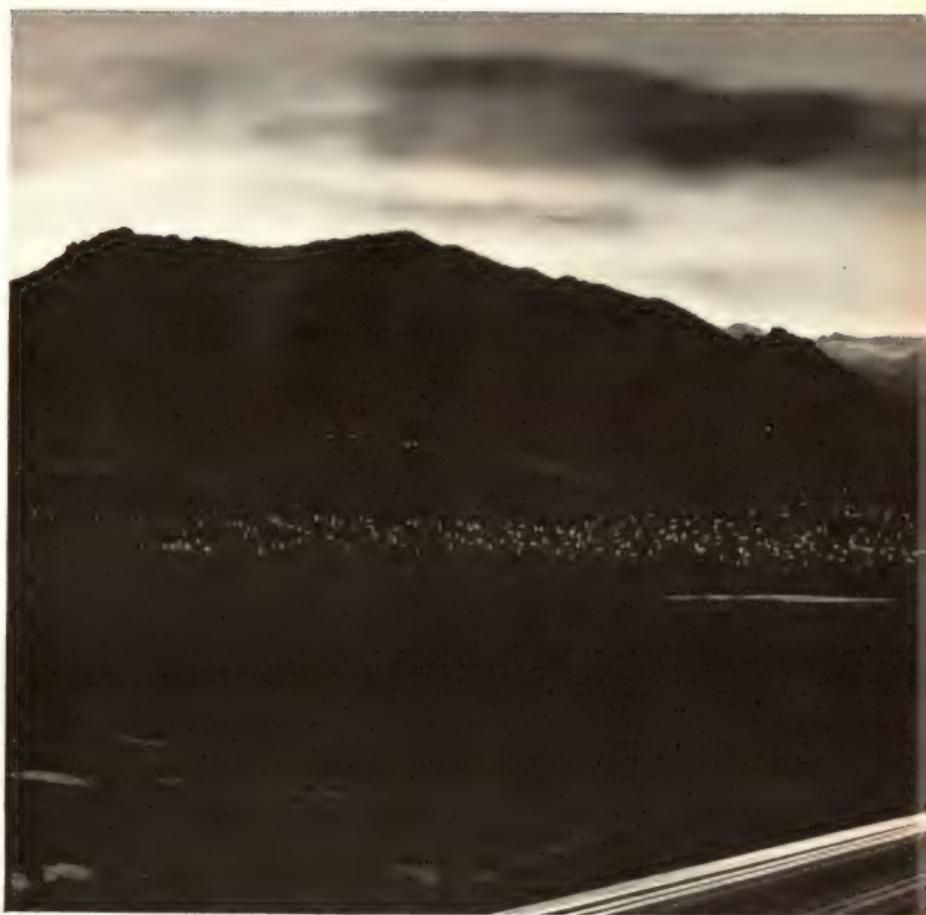
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The city that owns a glacier once had to ration water

It was an irony the people of Boulder, Colorado, faced each drought-ridden summer. Though city-owned Arapaho Glacier added its water to the rain and snow in Boulder watershed, the city itself was in danger of running dry.

Reasons were easy to find. Boulder, seat of the University of Colorado, had grown from a small college town of 20,000 in 1950 to 38,000 by 1960, was projected at

60,000 by 1970. Water consumption in the '50's alone had increased by 90%.

But Boulder's water system had not kept pace. Though peak daily consumption in the summer of '60 ran as high as 24 million gallons a day, the city's single transmission line—built 40 years before—could safely deliver no more than 18 million gallons daily. The drain on Boulder's three small reservoirs was

critical. In summertime, water rationing was routine.

Civic leaders knew that action was needed—urgently! Despite the failure of a water bond issue to win voter approval in 1959, they determined to try again. Without additional water supplies, increased storage facilities and a second transmission line, it was clear that Boulder's economic growth would be stunted, and even its present well-being threatened.



Community leaders, City Council and the Boulder newspaper mounted a massive voter education program to inform Boulder residents of the importance of water and the immediate need for water improvements. Committees were organized, speeches made, brochures issued.

When the referendum was held in the Spring of '61, voters, despite rainy weather, turned out in record numbers to approve the \$4 million

water bond issue by a vote of better than 2½ to 1.

Construction began on a 50-million-gallon underground pipeline and temporary storage was acquired in a private reservoir. Work will soon be completed enlarging the biggest lake in the watershed by an additional 2200 acre-feet of water.

With adequate water now assured, Boulder's prosperity increased dramatically. New businesses moved

into the area. Employment since 1960 jumped 12,000, and local payrolls have more than doubled.

But many parts of America still have inadequate water—or soon will. By 1980 we'll need twice as much as we're using now. Find out how you can help your community—and yourself—by sending for "It's Time We Face America's Water Problem," Dept. T-27, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.

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**Massachusetts Dept. of Commerce
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100 Cambridge Street, Boston, Mass. 02202

Servant strove for. But despite the excellence of his camera work, and of Bogarde in the central role, *Accident* is a flawed work. The fault is largely that of Scriptwriter Harold Pinter (*The Homecoming*). His customarily cryptic dialogue probes too deeply, revealing all of the characters' inner anxiety and guilt, almost none of their outward life and feeling. Although they suffer from pangs of the flesh, they seem to be skeletal symbols rather than passionate human beings, not truly moving or fully alive. *Accident* ultimately suggests a tragedy that has been recorded not by a camera but by an X-ray machine.

German Heist

The Great British Train Robbery is neither great nor British. It is, however, a robbery—by the Germans, of an idea that could have made an excellent picture. The film dramatizes the 1963 hold-up of a Royal Mail train from which a gang of crooks heisted a world-record \$7,000,000, most of it still unrecovered.

At least three different groups of British moviemakers—one of them including Richard Burton—have shown



THIEVES BURYING LOOT IN "ROBBERY"
Teutonic treatment.

some interest in a film about the true-life Lavender Hill Mob. What has held up production is worry over the country's stringent libel laws, and a ruling by Britain's film censorship board that such a movie might prejudice the still incomplete case. Meanwhile, German Producer Egon Monch has stolen the story from them. He shot 80% of the movie in England, changing names but otherwise re-telling the robbery in straightforward documentary style.

In scene after scene, the film accurately portrays the major sequences of the crime: the initial holdup at London airport to bankroll the big caper; the carefully planned mail call in which not a pound note was overlooked, and the only injury was suffered by a locomotive engineer who proved unexpectedly belligerent; the foolish, post-heist swaggering of the thieves; the burial of the loot in such out-of-the-way places as a church graveyard; Scotland Yard's

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massive descent upon the scene. At film's end, a voice ominously booms the warning that some of the robbers are still at large, plotting to spring their jailed associates.

If, by chance, the train robbers see their fictionalized selves in *Robbery*, they will doubtless be appalled by the Teutonic treatment of their dazzling crime, portrayed by an all-German cast mouthing dubbed dialogue. They may also be amused that the British have let yet another valuable property fall into the wrong hands—and foreign ones at that.

The Perils of Puberty

The Adolescents is a three-part Franco-Italian film in which puberty proves as difficult for the moviemakers as it is for the girls involved in the film's pallid episodes. In *Fiammetta*, a Florentine *figlia* who lives with her widowed mother gazes dreamily at the family's carefully manicured estate, brooding about the disorder within herself. "The warmth in me is so soft that it hurts," she mutters, in a plotless sequence as muzzy as her mood. *Marie-France and Veronica* tells of two chic Parisiennes, not yet 17, sophisticated but full of curiosity about the *homme-dinglers* hanging around them. While *Marie-France* reads Baudelaire, *Veronica* lives him, at an endless round of wild parties. Her destiny, she sighs, is a marriage of convenience when she is "25 and old."

Although all three episodes pretend to be offering a mature view of a difficult time of life, only the central one, *Geneviève*, avoids being kid stuff. In it, two French Canadian girls travel to the winter carnival in Montreal. On the way Louise (Louise Marleau) shows some photographs of a young man to her friend Geneviève. His first name, she says, is Bernard; his last name is "hands off." But Geneviève can't keep her hands to herself, and eventually she loses a girl friend by stealing a boy friend. As the junior vamp, Canada's Geneviève Bujold also walks off with the show. Featured in Alain Resnais' *La Guerre Est Finie* (TIME, Feb. 3), Bujold at 24 displays a confident talent and a perky, dark beauty that suggests the imminent emergence of a star.



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<i>CURRENT ASSETS</i>	<i>CURRENT LIABILITIES</i>
Cash..... \$1,238,001	Loans..... None
Accounts Receivable..... 28,814	Accrued Taxes:
Notes Receivable..... 12,961	Federal..... \$ 161,910
<i>INVESTMENTS (at cost)</i>	Real Estate..... 58,116
Listed Securities..... 1,684,635	Payroll..... 1,712
Bank Stocks..... 1,309,961	Accounts Payable..... 11,327
Other Securities..... 1,128,824	Deferred Income..... 503,910
Real Estate..... 819,907	Mortgages..... None
Contract Receivable..... 730,000	<i>CAPITAL STOCK</i> 6,080,000
Furniture and Fixtures..... 79,679	<i>EARNED SURPLUS</i> 312,348
Other Assets..... 99,562	
	\$7,132,353

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BOOKS

Autumnal View

MAY WE BORROW YOUR HUSBAND? & OTHER COMEDIES OF THE SEXUAL LIFE by Graham Greene. 183 pages. Viking Press. \$4.50.

"Grim grin" is the way some of his stiff-lipped countrymen seem to pronounce his name, offering a capsule description of the man's work. Graham Greene's fiction over the past four decades has alternated between pain and painful pleasure. He has explored the depths of damnation—and salvation—but with gusto; he has also turned out masterly, this-worldly entertainments. Perhaps the difference between the two is not really as great as it sometimes seems.

This new collection of short stories is basically a tee-off from the second green, down-to-earth escapist fare. But it must not be dismissed too lightly. The mature Greene is never a mere Sunday writer: there is always an element of earnestness about his game. And in *May We Borrow Your Husband?*, he is still the consummate pro: his picture swing is smooth, his stroke is completely unmanered yet perfectly controlled, his style is at once artful and impeccable. Yet beneath all the skill lurks an unprofessional but engaging note of bittersweet poignancy.

Georgy Girl. Author Greene, 62, sounds that note in the little story: "At the end of what is called the 'sexual life,' the only love which has lasted is the love that has accepted everything, every disappointment, every failure and every betrayal, which has accepted even the sad fact that in the end there is no desire so deep as the simple desire for companionship."



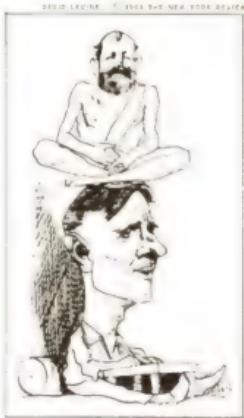
GRAHAM GREENE
Comedic yet concerned.

The story concerns the observations of an aging writer at an Antibes hotel. He is a kind of latter-day Maugham, who is taken with a gangly Georgy girl honeymooning with her "very sensitive" husband. A pair of prattling pederasts are taken in turn with the husband, and the writer watches with quiet horror as they gaily go about seducing the young husband—even using the writer's own harmless affection for the girl as a cover. The writer at length bows out: "If [the husband] has the wrong hormones," he wistfully but urbanely muses, "I have the wrong age." The plot may be no more than a Fey joke and the tone is often bantering, but Greene gilds the slender tale thoroughly with the sensibilities of an informed heart.

Two Gentle People, a paean to a love that might have been, and **Mortmain**, a chronicle of mistress's revenge for a love that was, are too slick, but, on the whole, so well told that one scarcely minds. It is in *Cheap in August* that Greene delivers the full measure of his talents.

Sins Hushed Up. A married Englishwoman living in the U.S. and nearing the edge of 40 goes vacationing to Jamaica in August. She is more than half set on having a holiday affair: "it was the universal desire to see a little further, before one surrendered to old age and the blank certitude of death." After disappointedly encountering instead "the essential morality of a holiday resort in the cheap season," she finally meets an old blueberry American. He is over 70, fat and decrepit, scarcely the image of her dreams. But his disarming frankness as an unsuccessful American ("I'm afraid of the dark," "I'm afraid of dying, with nobody around, in the dark," "I pay not to be alone") impels her toward him. "It was as though she were discovering for the first time the interior of the enormous continent on which she had elected to live. Nobody anywhere admitted failure or fear: they were like 'sins hushed up'—worse perhaps than sins, for sins have glamour—they were bad taste." And she makes love to the fat old frightened man, wondering afterward what they had in common, "except the fact, of course, that for both of them Jamaica was cheap in August."

Everywhere in this collection, Greene is mellow and compassionate, comedic yet concerned. Though sex is billed into the subtitle itself and often seems close to the core of the stories, it is rather a disinterred sex, a sex of summers long past as viewed through memory from an autumnal vantage point. The total effect is like a swim in comfortable warm waters through which occasionally streak cold currents: the chill and final reminders of mortality add pungency rather than detract from the pleasures of the dip.



CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
At least Maugham had a point.

Brothers & Others

A MEETING BY THE RIVER, by Christopher Isherwood. 191 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.50.

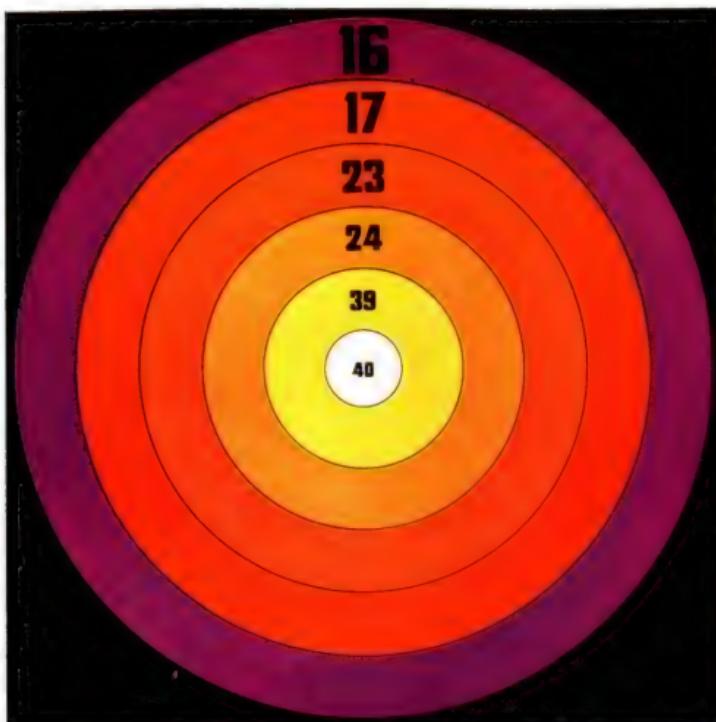
At a dinner party 30 years ago, Somerset Maugham turned to his hostess and, in one of his rare pronouncements on writers and writing, remarked that the future of English literature was in the hands of a handsome young man across the room, Christopher Isherwood. Not long afterward Isherwood abdicated: in 1936, he emigrated to California and left much of his creative vitality in England. Apparently only Irish expatriates write better when they leave their native land.

If Maugham was exaggerating, he at least had a point. Isherwood writes so well that his recent brief, cameo-like novels, *Down There on a Visit*, *A Single Man* and now *A Meeting by the River*, surpass most of the encyclopedic psychodramas produced by men laboring under weightier careers.

The plot meanders down the familiar path to self-discovery that earlier pilgrims—Aldous Huxley, Maugham himself—have tread before. The hero is Oliver, who, like Isherwood, has become fascinated by Oriental mysticism. He decides to become a monk—a step that Isherwood considered but never took—and goes to India to become a swami. On the eve of the final vow-taking, his elder brother Patrick, a London publisher and one of the most cheerfully decadent characters in recent fiction, appears at Oliver's monastery by the Ganges. Unable to leave so much integrity untouched, Patrick tempts Oliver with prospects of money and fame, hints that his wife and even he himself would be available for Oliver's pleasure.

It seems to be Isherwood's intention to show the spirit of Vedanta trium-

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Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat

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phant against such corruption, but it is the evil Patrick who runs away with the book. Much of the story is told through his letters home. They all tell the same facts, but each is satirically slanted to fit in with the several views of himself that Patrick wants to cultivate: the dutiful son, the weak but loving husband, the homosexual friend in power. The letters also give Isherwood a chance to poke fun at Olde England in parades ("This brassy tea, this wooden toast, these chalk-white scrambled eggs as dry as leather").

The disappointment, though, is that Isherwood stints. Patrick is fully as alive as Sally Bowles, the heroine of Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*, and could support a longer novel. But Patrick is too briefly met. For the reader taken with the charming villain, *A Meeting by the River* is only a teaser.

From Battlefield to Law Court

LIGHT CAVALRY ACTION by John Harris. 315 pages. Morrow. \$4.95.

As publishing goes, readers must be grateful for small favors. This novel is a medium-sized favor. It is a literate adventure story with a historical background—the Russian Revolution.

Sir Henry Prideaux had bad luck in World War I. In his first cavalry charge, he was taken prisoner. Then, happily for him, Britain decided to send an expeditionary force to Russia in hopes of defeating the Bolsheviks. Prideaux promptly volunteered, led a brilliant cavalry attack on the Reds at Dankoi, and emerged with the D.S.O., and speedy advance up the military list.

Now, on the eve of World War II, Prideaux has within his grasp the command of the British Expeditionary Force in Europe should Hitler invade Poland. At this moment, a letter appears in a British magazine, suggesting that Prideaux had actually blundered at Dankoi and, in fact, was not present when needed. Prideaux, naturally, sues for libel, whereupon the whole story is re-enacted for judge and reader.

A prolific writer of adventure stories, Author Harris knows his way around a war and, in particular, the chaotic landscape of a routed army. His military men are simple enough to recall George Henty, the turn-of-the-century bard of boyhood. But Harris is so skillful that he keeps the suspense mounting in the best of two action worlds: the battlefield and the law courts.

More Chicken Soup

THE CHOSEN by Chaim Potok. 284 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.

If some future sociologist were to analyze the character of New York City solely on the basis of certain of its novels, he might conclude that the bulk of the population was Jewish, lived in broken-down Brooklyn brownstones and consisted largely of boys, half extremely Orthodox, the other half re-

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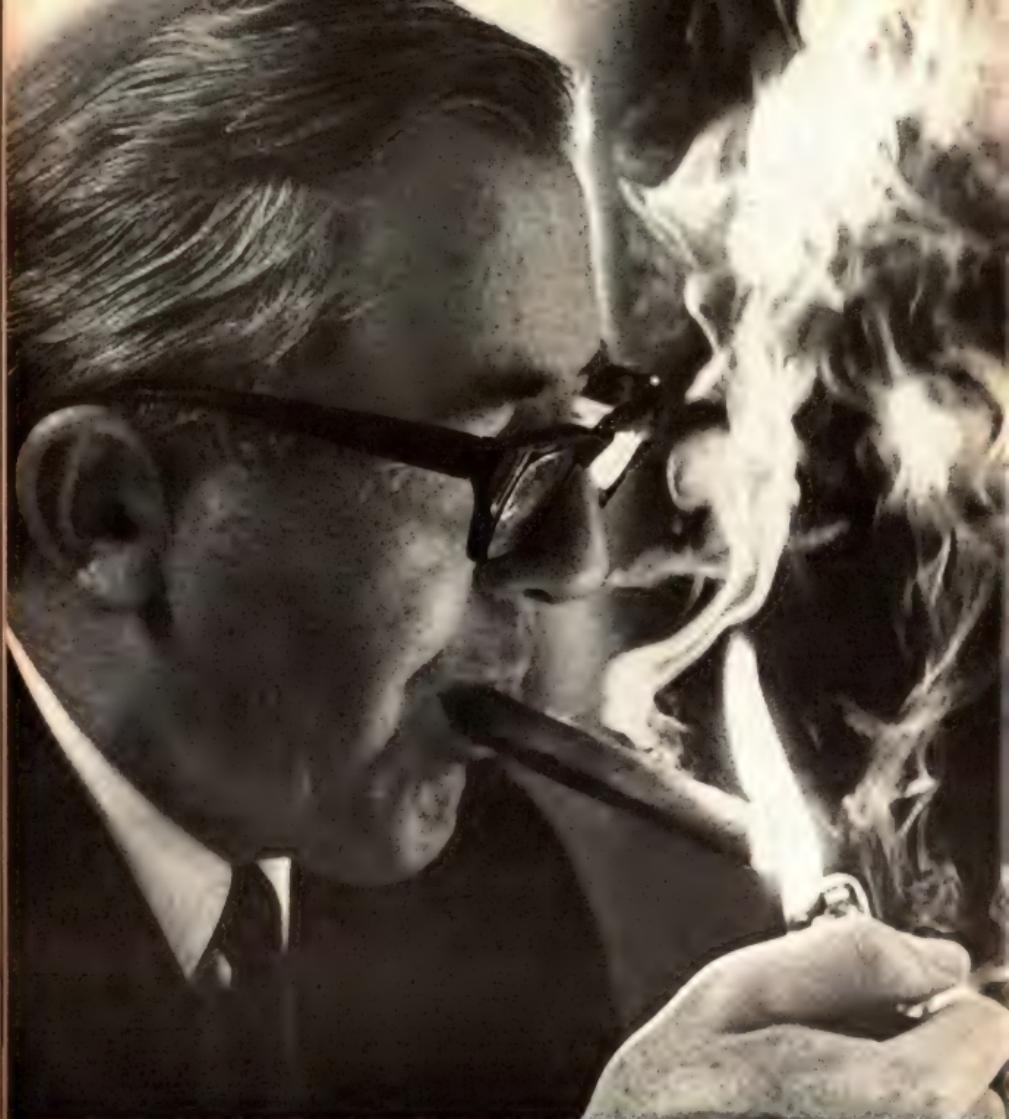
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bellious. The fathers of these boys, he would discover, were physically infirm but wise and gentle. Of women there were few: a strong, sad-eyed mother or two kneading krepelch day and night, and an occasional gentle girl with dirty underwear. Inevitably, rebellious and Orthodox boys alike resolved their socio-theological dilemmas and went off somewhere to become either novelists or dentists.

In this first novel, Chaim Potok, 38, editor of the Jewish Publication Society of America and graduate *cum laude* of a New York Jewish boyhood, brews up a hearty bowl of the same old chicken soup whose recipe was laid down a generation ago by Henry Roth in *Call It Sleep* and Daniel Fuchs in his *Summer in Williamsburg* trilogy. Potok, however, adds a slightly different flavor: the conflict of his youthful protagonists is resolved against the waning days of World War II on the home front—a background that, in the hands of novelists of all creeds, is becoming a genre in its own right.

Inevitable Break. Potok's confrontation begins when 15-year-old Reuven Malter, brave but bespectacled star of his yeshiva (parochial school) softball team, clashes on the base paths with Danny Saunders, intense, blue-eyed and a sort of Jewish Frank Merriwell. Danny deliberately slams a line drive into Reuven's glasses. Precipitating a 58-page hospital sequence, during which the two boys' enmity grows toward friendship even as the Allies invade France and push out of Saint-Lô toward the Rhine.

Danny is a Hasid—a member of the ultra-Orthodox sect that affects earlocks, broad-brimmed hats and long, black overcoats—while Reuven, the novel's narrator, practices a more liberal Judaism. As the son of a *tzaddik* (as the Hasids' hereditary rabbis are called), Danny must follow his father as the sect's leader, though his personal bent is toward psychology. Gradually, the two boys work toward Danny's inevitable break with tradition and discover along the way that the humanistic content of Judaism far outweighs its rigid ritualism.

Flat Shofar. As an insight into the self-righteous intricacies of Hasidism and the endlessly wrenching interior dialogue of the faithful Jew, Potok's novel is sound and satisfying. In craft and characterization, particularly in the passages dealing with the boy's reaction to World War II, it rings as flat as a shofar blown by a gentile. Listening to a radio report on the Normandy invasion, Reuven thinks miserably of the "broken vehicles and dead soldiers" on the beaches. No baseball-playing American kid—Jewish or otherwise—thought for a moment of bodies on that glorious day; he imagined brave jut-jawed soldiers in spotless khakis charging through the cringing, craven "Nazzy" lines.

Reuven mopes over the Battle of the Bulge: no American kid doubted for a moment that the Bulge would bend the other way, and quickly. No American



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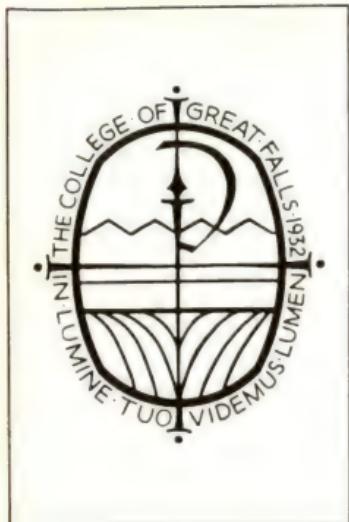
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CHAIM POTOK

Cum laude from the boyhood.

kid really wept with horror when the bombs went off over Hiroshima and Nagasaki; he grabbed two garbage-can covers and clashed them together and cheered. All that doubt and grief came later, much later than Chaim Potok remembers it. In that sense, this book is the way things were not and more's the pity.

Charley Who?

LITTLE CHARLEY ROSS by Norman Zierold. 304 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.95.

Any connoisseur of mysteries knows that the unsolved ones are best. They command the imagination far more powerfully than the most neatly solved crimes. "What ever happened to Judge Crater?" provoked a number of literary discussions without drawing the judge into the open. In this well-documented addition to the annals of crime, a New York freelance writer now asks, "What ever happened to Charley Ross?"

The first question should be, "Who was Charley Ross anyway?" In 1874, Charley was the fetching four-year-old son of a Philadelphia dry-goods merchant. On a drowsy July afternoon of that year, he (or so the author claims) became America's first known victim of a kidnapping for ransom.

Two days after the abduction, the kidnappers sent Charley's father the first of 23 notes demanding \$20,000 for the child's return. The father tried to pay, but the police protested that this would encourage further kidnappings—and so, for that matter, did the press and the outraged nation.

Five months later, Joseph Douglas and William Mosher, a couple of small-time burglars, were shot while robbing a house on Long Island. As Douglas lay dying, he told a witness: "It's no use lying now. Mosher and I stole Charley Ross." Where was the boy? "Mosher knows," replied Douglas. "Ask



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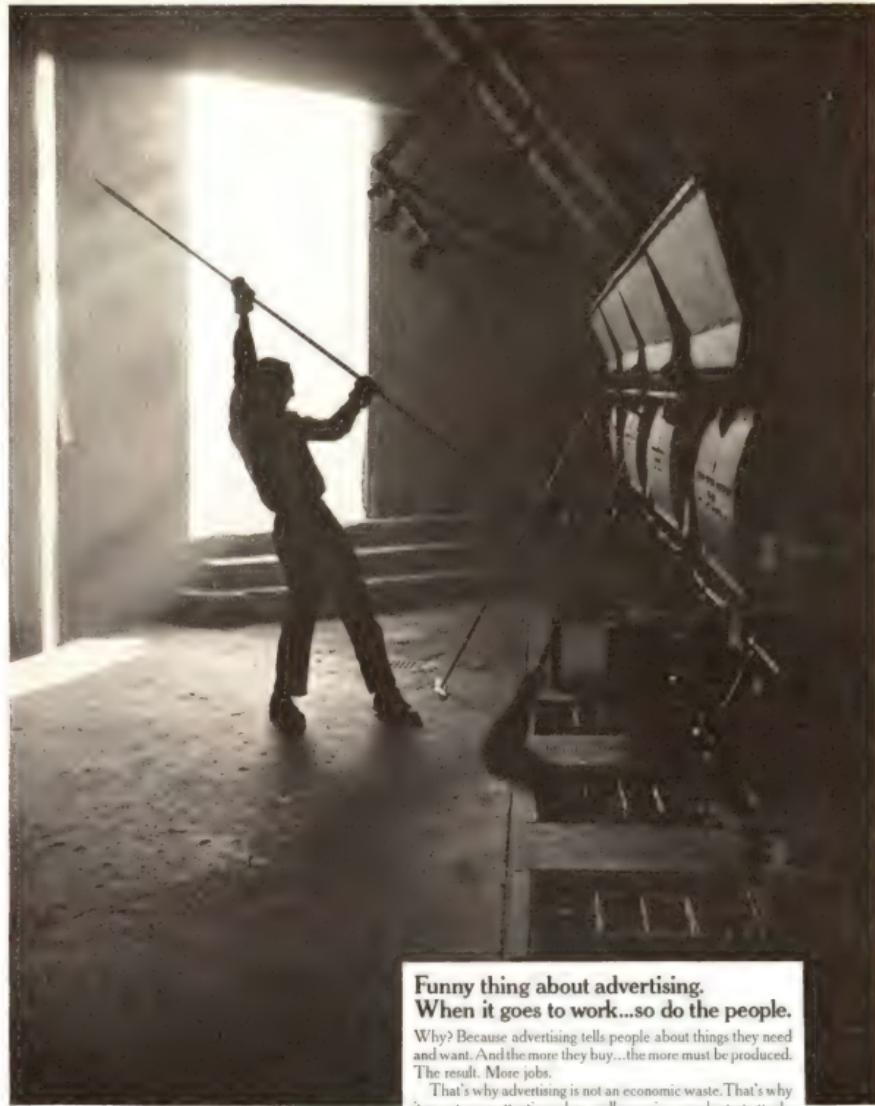
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**Funny thing about advertising.
When it goes to work...so do the people.**

Why? Because advertising tells people about things they need and want. And the more they buy...the more must be produced. The result. More jobs.

That's why advertising is not an economic waste. That's why it pays to pay attention when well-meaning people start attacking advertising. They'll tell you advertising makes people want things they don't need. And they're right. Advertising builds dreams. But not idle ones. A new home, a new car, a trip. Maybe they're not lofty or awe-inspiring or earth-shaking. But they're one person's private dreams...and his alone. Put enough of them together and you'll know what made this country great.

Magazine Publishers Association.

Advertisement of 365 leading U.S. magazines

Photograph by The Commercial Photo Service, Inc., New York City

MEMO TO ILLINOIS SMOKERS

Should you pay more for the right to smoke?

There are bills presently pending in the Illinois Legislature which, if enacted, could increase the taxes on cigarettes 4 cents per package. These taxes, added to the present federal, state and sales taxes, would mean that over 50% of the cost of each cigarette you smoke would be taxes.

Passage of these bills, will make Illinois one of the highest taxed states in the nation. Illinois smokers already pay annually to the state over one hundred million dollars per year for the privilege of smoking.

No one disputes the right or the necessity of authority to tax, but we believe the taxes on cigarettes are becoming very discriminatory. In opposing any further cigarette tax increase, you are not asking any special concession. It is unjust to single out any commodity or the consumer of that commodity for an unreasonable share of special taxes.

If you as a smoker feel that these proposed taxes are unjust and discriminatory, PLEASE WRITE YOUR STATE LEGISLATORS OF YOUR FEELING.

**Illinois Association
of
Tobacco Distributors**

New York has a hotel with flair



New York is the opulent shops of Fifth Avenue . . . opening nights on Broadway . . . the swirling glitter of Lincoln Center with its Opera, Philharmonic Hall and the Repertory Theatre. In the midst of all this exciting activity is the glamorous Pierre, home of the celebrated Pierre Grill and Cafe Pierre (dancing and entertainment from 6 P.M.). Rooms and suites of elegance and charm await your visit. See your travel agent, write or telephone (212) TEMpleton 8-8000.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60618
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Three
easy ways
to get YOUR
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Code

- 1 Ask your postman.
- 2 Look at the Zip Map in the business pages of your phone book.
- 3 Call your post office.

Always include your Zip
Code in your return address
so others can easily Zip mail
to you.

him." But Mosher was dead. "Then God help his poor wife and family," said Douglas.

For the next 60 years or so, the hunt for Charley Ross continued all over the country, while young boys, then mature men, then greying old folks—5,000 people in all—turned up to claim the honor. But none of them proved it, and to this day nobody, the author included, knows what happened to Charley. He has either gone the way of Judge Crater, or, at 96, is alive and well in Argentina.

Behind the Front Page

THE WHOLE TRUTH by Robert Daley 409 pages New American Library, \$5.95.

Even before publication, Robert Daley's satirical *roman à clef* about a Great New York Newspaper set off much who's-who gossip in the city room of a Great New York Newspaper. Who, for example, is Paul Pettibon, the Paris bureau chief with the ego of a De Gaulle and a sense of insecurity to rival that of Charlie Brown's pal Linus? Who is Jack L. Banglehorster, the slow-moving, ruminative foreign editor who feels that his first duty is "to report the same news the opposition papers reported?"

No matter whom they may more or less resemble in life, author Daley's caricature creatures seem more like conventioneering Rotarians or stodgy minor bureaucrats than journalistic giants. Bureau chiefs loll about sidewalk cafés or tool around in chauffeur-driven limousines, rewriting local newspapers, and big-name correspondents interview one another over grog. The biggest fraud is Pettibon, "The Paper's" man in Paris. Despite the Pulitzer Prize he won, the books he wrote, the generals and Prime Ministers he met and conquered, Pettibon is a cheesecloth hero. He pretends fluent French and trets over whether his latest story will be gloriously "fronted," ingloriously "shorted" or humiliatingly "not used."

Pettibon's ultimate downfall is accelerated by the discovery that he has been having an affair with plain Willow Plunkett, a randy secretary in his Paris office. That is too much for visiting Editor Banglehorster. A man of Pettibon's status, he feels, "should have got an actress or an ambassador's wife. Such a man did not belong in Paris. He did not belong in London. He did not belong on the foreign staff."

Unfortunately, Author Daley (who used to be a New York Times correspondent) commands a prose style all too reminiscent of the newspaper he satirizes. And the satire itself is nowhere near the first rank of press spoofery, which is occupied alone by Evelyn Waugh's brilliant *Scoop!* *The Whole Truth* can only be taken as a broad burlesque of pat-a-cake editors, cream-puff reporters, puff-piece journalists—crumb-bums all.

If it cools,
why in the world
do we call it
a "Heat
Pump"?



Answer: Because it cools a building by pumping heat *out*. And warms a building by pumping heat *in*.

(An amazing fact: The all-electric heat pump can draw heat from below freezing air and use it to heat a building! And, in most cases, this process requires less electricity than does conventional electric heating.)

Lennox has led in heat pump research and development for ten years. Reliable Lennox models are available in a range of sizes and

types for every home, apartment, school, store, commercial building.

A unique Lennox feature for commercial use is POWER SAVER.TM It uses outdoor air for free cooling at any temperature under 58°. This is important because commercial buildings often need cooling even when outdoor temperature is low. True economy.

LENNOX
AIR CONDITIONING + HEATING

And, many days, buildings need heating and cooling alternately. The flameless electric heat pump does both automatically. It's two machines in one.

For information, call your factory-trained Lennox dealer listed in the Yellow Pages under Air Conditioning. Your local electric utility company can quote rates.

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Marshalltown, Iowa

How a
short plug
takes the fear
out of long
water holes.



PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

The Wilson Staff Dynapower Iron
is not much for making a big splash.

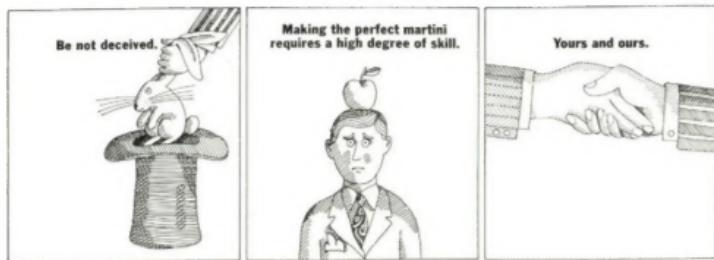
That's because the new, accentuated flare of the blade places extra weight in the hitting area without disturbing the over-all balance and feel of the iron. This means more distance and greater accuracy for you!

The big and exclusively Wilson feature is the way the hosel is drilled through to the heel of the blade to remove dead weight and to make room for a perfect union of head and shaft.

That's where the short plug comes in. It replaces drilled out weight which has been added to the hitting area where it really counts!

These are reasons why more and more golfers are joining the swing to Wilson Staff Dynapower Irons. After all, why water down your game when you can keep it high and dry?

(Available only through golf professional shops.)

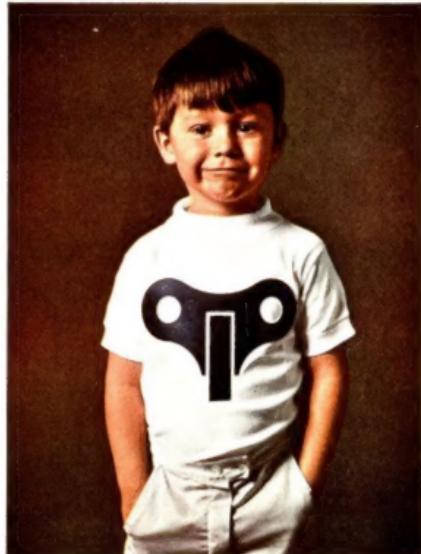


SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.



Seagram's Extra Dry / the perfect martini gin, perfectly smooth, perfectly dry, perfect.

Does Sheraton's unwind crusade also apply to little Harvey Miller?



Everybody coast to coast can join the Sheraton crusade to unwind America.

Keyed-up executives, most certainly. But how about families who travel?

Imagine mom and dad driving for keyed-up hours—with some active kids in the back seat, bouncing, kicking, hungry, thirsty, tired, crying...

That's when it's great, finally, to ease up to a Sheraton. Then blissfully unwind. You have Family Plan—kids share your room free. There's free TV, superb food, comfortable beds. Many Sheratons have swimming pools, playgrounds.

Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns are for keyed-up executives, naturally. They travel the most, get keyed-up the most, need to unwind the most.

But couldn't you use a little unwinding, yourself, every so often?

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed rates, call any Sheraton.

**Keyed-up
executives
unwind at
Sheraton**

Sheraton Hotels & Motor Inns

140 coast to coast in the U.S., in Hawaii, Canada, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Venezuela, Nassau, and the Middle East. Opening April '67: Ciroca; June '67: Manila; July '67: Malta. Sheraton Shares listed in New York Stock Exchange. Diners Club, Sher-Oil Co. cards honored at all Sheraton Hotels.

